

MCCALL'S MAGAZINE



NOVEMBER

5 CENTS

1914

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McCALL'S MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

The McCall Company, Publishers, McCall Building, 236 to 246 West 37th St., New York City

EDWARD A. SIMMONS, President and Treasurer

W. WALLACE NEWCOMB, Secretary

BRANCH OFFICES

119-114 South Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

140 Second Street, San Francisco, Cal.

34 to 40 Chauncy Street, Boston, Mass.

88 North Pryor Street, Atlanta, Ga.

70 Bond Street, Toronto, Canada

50 Cents a Year

75 CENTS A YEAR IN CANADA

\$1.00 IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES

Entered as second-class matter at the New York, N. Y., Post-Office.

August 5, 1897. Copyright, 1914, by The McCall Company

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To insure prompt attention, please address all orders and communications to The McCall Company, McCall Building, 236 to 246 West Thirty-Seventh Street, New York City.

Vol. XLII No. 3

New York, November, 1914

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If your magazine is wrapped in pink paper and a subscription blank enclosed, your subscription has expired. Please fill out the blank, enclose 50 cents in stamps and mail to us at once, so you will not miss the next number. Always sign your name the same. Do not sign it Mrs. George Brown once and later Mrs. Mary Brown. Write plainly your full name and address, so there can be no mistake. Mention the issue with which you wish your subscription to begin.

If your magazine fails to arrive before the 27th of the month preceding the month of issue, notify us by postal and we will mail you a duplicate copy.

If you intend to change your address, please give us four weeks notice. We cannot make a change of address on our list, unless you give your complete old address as well as your new address.

The editor is not responsible for loss or injury to manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted. Manuscripts must be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes for their return.

The subscription price is 50 cents a year (12 issues), postage free, for United States, Alaska, Cuba, Porto Rico, Mexico, and the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands. Price for Canada is 75 cents; for foreign countries, \$1.00 a year.

ADVERTISEMENTS

We will not, knowingly or intentionally, insert advertisements from other than perfectly reliable firms or business men. If subscribers find any of them to be otherwise, we will esteem it a favor if they will so advise us, giving full particulars.

INFORMATION FOR EVERY SUBSCRIBER

THE PEOPLE'S UNIVERSITY

EDITORS sometimes cast their eyes over the boundary fences which shut them cosily off from the other departments that go to the making of a magazine, and are naively surprised at the interesting and important things which seem to be going on.

I have been entertaining myself in just this fashion, making an excursion into the territory of our advertising department, and figuratively sitting down to look about me.

Perhaps the advertising pages have seemed to you a purely business section of the magazine, solely engaged with dollars and cents; but after I had watched the painstaking care with which every need of the woman who was to read the magazine was considered, and the advertising world searched for just the practical help to fit each problem—just as I try to divine and satisfy her needs; after I had seen every advertisement tested for its sincerity, for the soundness and reliability of the people behind it—just as I test and weigh a story or an article before I admit it to our pages; I decided that editing a magazine and conducting an advertising department were as closely related as the Siamese twins.

I REALIZED, then, what I had dimly felt before, that the advertising pages of the magazines and newspapers, are, in truth, the People's University. Through their medium, every live, wide-awake man and woman is being kept abreast of the achievements of the age, advised as to sources of information, and given the benefit of the work of experts in every field of human endeavor. The labor of the housewife is being simplified; her distance, whatever it may be, from the advantages of the big cities wiped out; and avenues of culture and self-improvement opened to her.

If it were not for what advertising has done for the woman of America, the readers of McCALL'S would still be using the old back-breaking iron kettles of their grandmothers, plucking geese for their feather beds, making soap, spinning and weaving, knitting the children's hose, sewing Husband's shirts by hand, and in a thousand, thousand ways wasting strength and energy and time.

The literature of advertising acts as courses in home decoration, in cooking, in gardening, in physical culture, in mothercraft, in hygiene and sanitation, in diet reform, in the choice of textiles, in correct dress, in every branch of domestic science.

THE woman who reads her advertising pages as she would study a text-book at school, and who takes advantage of the opportunities offered, will never be in danger of being behind the times, no matter in what remote little town she may live. She will know, as soon as you or I, the newest things in silver for the table, how asparagus is served, what will simplify the serving of buffet refreshments at an evening party, the correct shoes to wear with any costume, the most economical method of canning, where to place her piano for the best effect, and how to remodel her attic bedroom at little cost.

It is because I, as a woman, have suddenly felt a new recognition of the liberal education in things social and domestic to be secured through the advertising section of the magazine, that I want you to feel it, too.

USE the opportunities open to you. Whenever an advertiser offers you special booklets, catalogues, nominal-priced samples of his products—write for them. This is education in a practical form. Then prove, by purchase, the truth that advertised articles are the cheapest; the manufacturer who makes large sales buys

his materials in large quantities, operates on a large scale, and so reduces the cost per article and its price to the purchaser.

You are buying in a safe, as well as an economical market, for no manufacturer can advertise in our pages unless we are absolutely convinced of his integrity, and the slightest dissatisfaction of a subscriber receives our personal attention and adjustment.

Perhaps you have read the advertising pages of McCALL'S monthly with an eye to your current needs; try reading them with a broader view and the determination to use them and the free literature they offer you to increase your information and efficiency.

WHAT IS YOUR ANSWER?

On page 12 of this issue you will find the story of a woman's problem.

What would have been your solution if you had been confronted with the same situation?

Was Caroline Nelson's duty to her brother and her brother's children, or had she the right to claim of life the opportunity for self-expression which she craved?

We want to hear from all the readers of McCALL'S, but especially those into whose lives a similar problem has entered. For the best ten letters received, we shall be glad to send checks as follows:

For the best letter.....	\$10
" " 2d best letter.....	5
" " 3d " ".....	3
" " 4th " ".....	2
" " 6 next best.....	1 each

Letters should reach us by November first, addressed: The Woman's Problem, Editorial Department, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City. Names of writers will be held in confidence, that you may be able to give any vital experience from your own life which has made your answer what it is.

OUR FORECAST FOR DECEMBER

PLANNING a Christmas magazine is as much fun as packing a Christmas box for the folks at home, but quite as weighty a responsibility. There must be something for every one and, tucked in all the corners, jolly little surprises to add zest to the unpacking. I hope you will find between the covers of our December number the very things you would have chosen for yourself, and that you will not fail to discover packed in and around all, the warm Christmas spirit and the friendly thoughts of you which have gone into the making of each page you turn.

Yuletide Fiction

PHILIPPA'S Christmas list was like a regimental roll-call in time of peace—nobody was missing. But just before she had bought her way down to the very last name of all, what should she do but have one of her excruciating sick headaches? There was nobody but Sylvanus—dear, absent-minded Sylvanus—to shoulder the burden of *Philippa's Tag-Ends*. A situation around which Annie Hamilton Donnell weaves a most amusing and tender little tale.

Edna Erle Wilson gives us the real spirit of Christmas in *The White Bungalow*—all about a Boy and a Little White Bride, and a Happy Christmas that looked as if it wasn't going to be. Perhaps it wouldn't have been, except for a wise little girl who just knew that anybody would rather have "something alive to love" than any toys to play with—even a Career.

The Santa Claus Girl

YOU may have formed the erroneous idea that Santa Claus is an old man with white hair and beard, a jolly red coat, a pack on his back, and a reindeer sleigh. Not at all! Santa Claus is exactly seventeen, has limpid eyes just like the heroine of a novel, softly waving hair, wears the newest basque gowns, the pertest little hats, has a dimple in her cheek, and uses Uncle Sam's automobile trucks instead of reindeer.

Her name is Olive May Wilson, she lives in Philadelphia, and she is known from one end of the United States to the other, by ragged little boys, and lonely little girls, and hardworking wistful mothers, and by big-hearted, generous people with fat purses, and big-hearted, generous people with slim purses, and by Mayors, and



Governors, and Senators, and Representatives, AND by the President of the United States, as *The Santa Claus Girl*. How she got her name, who she is, and what she does, Eleanor Tracy will tell you in our Christmas number.

Zona Gale devotes her Friendship Village space this month to a talk on *Christmas and Charity*, and how little Lords and Ladies Bountiful have to do with the real spirit of Christmas.

The Bigger Christmas

IF YOU don't believe in fairies, of course there is no use in telling you about a little girl who wished a Christmas tree right into the heart of a busy city, because it doesn't sound at all like a true story. But it is! *The Bigger Christmas*, by Reinette Lovewell, is the tale of this little girl and of how Worcester, Massachusetts, and Bridgeport, Connecticut, and Cleveland, Ohio, and hundreds of other towns and cities, woke up last year to the fact that, while Christmas is a family festival, there's a twentieth century definition of the word family.

The Shepherd Who Stayed Behind

THAT the real significance of the day may not be smothered in all the thought we give to feasting and merrymaking, gifts and goodies, we print a tender little melody, *The First Christmas*, music by Harold Vincent Milligan and words by Emma Lente, and, as a companion feature, a Christmas parable by Montanye Perry, in two illustrative pages, being a tale of the first Christmas Eve, of the Wise Men who followed the Star, and of *The Little Boy Who Tended the Sheep*.

Holiday Helps

YOU will find the magazine full to overflowing with Christmas plans and ideas, from *Novel Ways of Distributing Gifts* to directions for *Making the Christmas Candies*; from *Aunt Mirandy's Plum Pudding* to *A Jolly Holiday Party*. As for gifts, there will be pages and pages of *Suggestions for Christmas Gifts*, with illustrations and directions; some for the woman who embroiders, others for her who is merely apt with her sewing-needle, not forgetting a dozen or more ideas for *Gifts the Children Can Make*.



Suppose your children had their choice of homes to which to go for breakfast, And one home offered them a dish like this—Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice with cream and sugar, or mixed with any fruit. Dainty grains, flaky, crisp and tempting—eight times normal size. Grains that taste like toasted nuts.



Where would they go for breakfast?

Suppose your folks, for a dairy-dish supper, had their choice of bread or crackers, or Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. And they saw these toasted Puffed Grains—airy, thin, inviting—floating in bowls of milk. Grains four times as porous as bread.



Which would they choose for their milk?

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

CORN
PUFFS
15c

These bubbles of grain were created for you by Prof. A. P. Anderson. They are scientific foods. Every food granule is blasted to pieces—blasted by steam explosion. They are both foods and confections.

There are three kinds now with three distinct flavors. Serve them all, and see which your people like best.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(695)

SOME THANKSGIVING PIES

By MRS. C. A. BROWNE

A GOOD pie, somehow, seems to belong to Thanksgiving, perhaps because it is a typical New England dessert, recalling the origin of this national annual celebration, after the yellow pumpkins and rosy apples are harvested. If you prefer serving small individual pies, choose any size tins desired, and use the same receipt.

PUMPKIN PIE.—Beat well together two eggs, half a cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of flour, and half a cupful of stewed pumpkin. Add half a teaspoonful each of cinnamon, allspice, cloves, and nutmeg, and half a pint of milk. Bake in one crust.

JAM PIE.—Cream one cupful of sugar with three-quarters of a cupful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch; add the well-beaten yolks of four eggs, one cupful of sweet milk, two large tablespoonfuls of jam, and a pinch of salt. This is enough for two pies. Bake in single crusts. Beat the whites of the eggs, with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, to a stiff froth. Spread over the slightly cooled pies, and return to oven to brown.

LEMON PIE.—Cream one cupful of sugar with half a cupful of butter; add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, one tablespoonful corn-starch, and the juice and grated rind of one lemon. Beat together thoroughly, and bake in single crusts. Beat the whites of the eggs, with three tablespoonfuls of sugar, spread on pies, and brown.



A DESSERT WHICH CAN BE MADE AT ANY CONVENIENT MOMENT

SQUASH PIE.—Use two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, a good pinch of salt and one of ginger, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, and a dash of nutmeg. Stir all together and add one beaten egg, one and a half cupfuls of stewed squash, and a cupful of milk. Bake in one crust in moderate oven.

CREAM PIE.—Put in a dish half a cupful of sugar and pour over it one cupful of cream. Let stand while you whip to a stiff froth the whites of three eggs; then whip all together thoroughly. Flavor to taste, and bake in one crust.

VINEGAR PIE.—Mix one and a half cupfuls of sugar, two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, and one teacupful of hot water. Flavor with nutmeg, and bake in one crust.



November

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

1914

IF ever a Thanksgiving Day in American history could approach the spirit of that first snowy Thanksgiving, in 1621, it should be this of 1914.

Perhaps only the wives who sent their men to the battle front in our own Civil War can give thanks with a full understanding of what it means, in the midst of wars and rumors of wars, to have our country at peace and its fireside circles unbroken.

I have just been turning over a packet of old letters which bear the postmarks of many an army camp. There are long gaps between the dates, when battles intervened and movements of troops, while away back in a distant village a little white-faced bride asked each morning of the postmaster, "Anything for me?" to hear the pitying answer "Nothing for you," and people clustered in silence about the posted lists of dead and wounded.

Those faded letters, which tell of death, privation and hardship, with their brief, tragic mention of this or that "boy from home" who had marched off so gaily to fife and drum, bring sharply home the terrible meaning of war.

AND those other letters, the ones which went out from that little village post-office—long; closely covered sheets, each letter trying to conceal the terrible haunting fear that to it might never come an answer, each letter quite unconsciously betraying the pathetic little economies and sacrifices which are the lot of a soldier's wife in war—give the woman's side of warfare, what it would mean to you and me.

War is an inconceivable barbarism! To-day, in the cities of greater Europe, one out of every ten women would be wearing the garb of mourning, except for the Imperial command, homes are utterly destroyed; schools unopened; churches dismantled; fertile meadows heaped with sons and brothers, husbands and fathers, lying in eternal silence. If a single country, which has both strong and weak among its citizens, can

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

By the EDITOR

devise a form of government by which each abides, and under whose rulings all disputes must be settled, why not an international government for governments, with executive, legislative and judicial

machinery, acting in international matters with the same power and authority as the government of each country acts in national matters?

Perhaps out of this vast world-calamity, which has enveloped so many countries in its shadow, some such lasting peace may rise. It cannot justify nor wipe out that terrible, tremendous list of "The Missing" which is rolling up into the hundred thousands, but it may keep those other women who are to come after us from the same sorrow, and is something for us all to hope and work and pray for.

THE war has brought some temporary hardships upon America. Wherever our industries have been weak, or over-dependence upon other nations has caused us to fail to provide for our own wants, there is a shortage of supply. But this is not disaster; it is opportunity. mill-wheels may turn slowly for a few weeks while casting about for substitutes for imported products, but America is big enough, fertile enough, ingenious enough, to meet every need of her citizens. And, in the end, her strength and prosperity will have immeasurably increased.

There are hungry nations to be fed, clothed, and sheltered. England is reported as placing an order for 1,500,000 blankets, more than our mills, running double time, can possibly produce in addition to the domestic demand. For practically all of the necessities of life, the nations of Europe must turn to us, both now and for a long period to come. It is a tragic fact, which sympathy and sorrow cannot alter, that the misfortune of one country is the prosperity of another, but it is to America's credit that her sympathetic identification of herself with the plight of her sister nations has been so spontaneous and complete that she can hardly yet be convinced that she, too, is not in the heart of a national disaster.



HER APPEARANCE SEEMED TO HAVE MADE NO STIR AT ALL

LEFT-OVERS

By E. M. JAMESON

Illustrated by HARRY LINNELL

TO THINK," said Ariadne dejectedly, "that in these so-called enlightened times a girl can't even marry the man she wants to marry!" As she spoke, she thrust the poker deep into the heart of the coals and sent a myriad sparks flying up the wide-mouthed chimney. But she saw in a blur, because her eyes were full of tears.

Jane, the person addressed, saved from destruction an apple roasting mellifluously on the shovel. She turned it round before replying.

"It's Father, you see. He's so frightfully keen on your marrying well—with your looks, great things are expected of you."

"I am tired to death of being the Beauty of the Family!" Ariadne spoke without a trace of vanity, the fact having been accepted by their world ever since she emerged from infancy into 'teens. "I wish a thousand times I'd been born just ordinary, like you, Jane. You might announce your engagement to the sweep, if you chose, and no one would raise a voice in protest."

Jane's peaked face tilted to an angle of scorn.

"Except the sweep, I suppose? Well"—she sighed, and dug a skewer into the apple to test its progress—"ugliness may have good points, although I don't know them; but beauty is a wonderful, wonderful thing to possess, especially when it's unmistakable beauty like yours, Ariadne—the Greek goddess business, you know, the beauty that makes people nudge each other when you come into a room. I believe your name must have had something to do with your development. Who could be anything but homely growing up on a name like mine?"

"What nonsense!" interposed Ariadne. "Really, you know—"

"I always imagine Father must have been in a rage when he settled on it—stocks were below par, or whatever they call it—"

She paused, and busied herself with the hissing morsel on the shovel; then, as Ariadne made no attempt to con-

tradict her, she went on: "Has it never struck you that the family vicissitudes may be traced in our christenings?"

"I have not your imagination," said Ariadne, serenely.

"There was you, the first, wanted, rejoiced over, coming when copper shares were booming—you needn't laugh, Ariadne, I got it all out of old nurse one day. Shares were at the top notch again when Claude arrived on the scene, but down, badly down, at Tom's birth. Rupert came on the full tide of oil or rubber—I forget which; while the markets were in a panic when I—"

Ariadne put her fingers in her ears.

"Stop! Do stop! You certainly get the most absurd notions."

"Come to think of it, life isn't fair," went on Jane, fully wound up. "You seem to imagine that I don't mind being plain; certainly, I'm plainer than I need be. Clothes are lavished on you, who'd look lovely in a check duster; while quite a dreadful amount depends on the color of my frocks and hats." Her voice shook a little. "And I've never been able to choose just the shapes and styles and colors I know would make the best of me. I just have to be content with your left-overs, Ariadne. Blue is your color, but it makes a fright of me. And your frocks, though we're the same height, never really fit me anywhere."

Ariadne raised level brows in surprise.

"I never supposed you minded, Jane, dear. How was I to guess?"

Jane reached for the sugar, and sifted a spoonful over the now completed apple. But for the leaping fire-glow, the room was in darkness. The light seemed to concentrate on Ariadne's lovely lounging figure, and to find a home in the warm gold of her hair.

Jane's intense glance softened as she looked. No one admired Ariadne more whole-heartedly than Jane. "You never guessed anything in your life, did you, Ariadne?"

"I'm not a bit of good at riddles, if that's what you mean," said Ariadne placidly.

"Not altogether."

"Have you suddenly thought of all this?" asked Ariadne.

"I've thought for ages," said Jane unemotionally, "but I've tried to be a stoic. To-day—well—it seemed as if I must hold forth to somebody—and Tom's away. And December is a hateful month, anyhow"—her voice shook again—"and I've never tried being twenty until to-day."

Ariadne colored swiftly and sat up.

"Oh, Jane, I forgot your birthday! I'm so sorry."

"Everybody forgot except Tom," said Jane—"he wrote. It doesn't matter. Only I seem to realize I'm getting old, and things—don't improve." Her voice jerked on the last word and she stopped suddenly. "I should like to have some sort of a good time before I die. It's all so—so—drab."

The pent-up injustice of years found echo in Jane's voice. Ariadne rose in her slow, stately way, and, coming over, put her arms around her.

"You shall have that pink scarf of mine, Jane dear—I feel so mean to have forgotten, when you always save up for my birthday—and the little gold band for the hair. You admire them both, don't you?"

Jane freed herself and made a poor pretense at a laugh. It was the same tale again. The scarf and the bandeau had been well worn; but, after all, the scarf was rose-pink, and Jane admitted the bandeau might look well in her hair.

But, as usual, Ariadne did not understand the innermost, and she had been heard to say that neither the pink scarf nor the bandeau was becoming to her.

Jane laughed softly under her breath, not scornfully, but with a vast indulgence for Ariadne's want of comprehension.

"I'm glad the scarf happens to be pink, but it isn't really that I want scarfs and things. You simply don't understand, Ariadne."

"I'm afraid I don't," remarked Ariadne patiently. "You're so queer, Jane."

"Am I?" Jane's face grew wistful. "Perhaps I am. It's only . . . How can I explain? I should like just once to be first with somebody, really first—the only thing that counts most in all the world. I'm not jealous, Ariadne—you don't suppose I'm jealous?"

"Of course, I don't." Ariadne had never suffered the qualms of jealousy herself, and she spoke truly. "You might have all my admirers, if you'd leave me Sandy Blair." Ariadne's beautiful face grew radiant, and she spoke with a soft, unexpected passion. "All I want in this world is to marry Sandy. I'm not a bit ambitious, Jane, about money and position. So long as he and I had a horse apiece to ride, we'd be perfectly happy mooning around that ramshackle old place of his. It's going to fall to pieces one of these days, but we'd just sit smiling among the ruins if we could be always together." She spoke dreamily, building her castles in Spain, and Jane, to whom this was a revelation, stared at her, fascinated afresh by her beauty.

Alexander Blair was ugly, and rather awkward in movement, and shy in manner, a big raw-boned young man with only one idea beyond horses and dogs, and that idea—Ariadne. But Ariadne in love with Sandy! Jane felt the hopelessness of the situation.

"I thought you didn't even like Sandy?" she said in a moment.

Ariadne dried a tear that trembled like a jewel on her long lashes.

"Did I pretend so well? Sandy knew, anyway."

"Father will never consent," said Jane distractedly. "He means you to make a big match."

Ariadne laughed in her slow, amused way, and glanced at the watch on her wrist.

"In ten minutes Sandy will be waiting for me in the lower drive."

"Oh, Ariadne! Suppose Father—"

"It's Father's fault." Ariadne spoke with suppressed passion. "He has forbidden Sandy the house because of some stupid disagreement. Soon he is coming to ask for me, and if Father doesn't consent, we shall just take our own course."

THIS evening Mr. Massingberd is coming to dinner. Have you forgotten?" Ariadne's face paled a degree. Even in the firelight Jane could see that her eyes looked frightened—rather like those of a stag at bay.

"No, I haven't forgotten."

"What is he like?" asked Jane. "I'm frightfully interested in him."

Ariadne drew her brows together as she conjured up the picture of the man whom she knew, and Jane knew, and the household knew, had every intention of demanding Ariadne's hand in marriage.

"Big," she said, "and broad, and tall, and dominating, with a jaw like iron, and eyes rather deep-set that bore like gimlets into everything that interests him. He's what is called a self-made man but he spends his money like the proverbial lord. And on just one fraction of his yearly income Sandy and I could be gloriously happy!"

Jane thrilled. This was fiction brought to fact—the big, bullying, masterful man who had forged his way through difficulties to millionaireship, who meant to marry a wife of beauty and good family to take the head of his table, and to put the key-stone to his strenuous life.

In fiction Jane had always admired the masterful hero. She had no use for shy young men, such as Sandy Blair. In fact, from masculine immaturity of any kind she fled. There are some girls like that. And, as a consequence, young men never sought out Jane as an object of their attentions. They clustered around Ariadne like bees around a beautiful flower. Ariadne enjoyed it, and by her lazy indifference kept them in subjection. And, of them all, she actually put Sandy first, the least likely of them, the poorest, the plainest, the most awkward. Love, truly, is an uncertain quantity. Sandy Blair was nice, Jane admitted, and kind; but as a lover she felt he cut a sorry figure of romance. Jane pushed the remains of the apple on one side, and looked again at Ariadne.

"He sounds more interesting than Sandy," she remarked. Ariadne, rarely ruffled, laughed in her slow, indolent fashion.

"Sandy's interesting enough for me. You see, I'm not clever either, and we just fit into each other's ways. He's more clever, though, than people think, and—and—anyhow, does it matter? I love him—I always have, and there's no accounting for the way love comes. It just comes, and when you get the real feeling you know it, especially when other men turn up who have intentions."



SHE WAS LIKE AN OLD
SPANISH PICTURE—A
VISION IN BLACK
AND IVORY

Ariadne waxed unwontedly eloquent. The logs had burned down to a steady redness that left all the corners in darkness. Even the window was only a glimmering outline with the after-glow of a wintry sunset sky beyond. There was one rose-red streak left amid the gloom. Jane loved gay colors. Her thoughts went now to the pink scarf embroidered in gold.

"May I have the scarf to-day, Ariadne? And the gold band?"

"Of course! Help yourself. They're both in the top drawer of the wardrobe. 'And, now'—she rose, and from behind the easy chair brought forth a dark cloak—"now, I'm going to have fifteen short but precious minutes with Sandy."

Jane mounted the staircase at a run. Life was full of romance, after all, even if it were only other people's; and Ariadne's confidences had gone like wine to her veins, irradiating the dulness of a depressing day. She visited Ariadne's room on the way to her own, and secured her plunder, in the shape of the pink scarf and the adornment for the hair and one single large pink rose which Ariadne had flung aside.

NOW I'm twenty, I mean to make a difference," Jane said, banging her own door upon herself and turning the key. "It's my opinion that I might look better than I do. And, anyhow, these left-overs are more promising than usual. Pink is such a lovely, lovely heart-warming color."

She slipped out of her frock, putting on a wrapper, which, like every other belonging, had descended to her from Ariadne. The air of the room was cold. She shivered and looked longingly at the grate. The fire was laid there, but a stern father, who believed in the hardening process for every one of them but Ariadne, had forbidden fires in the bedrooms. Jane felt reckless to-day and with swift decision struck a match.

"A little birthday attention from myself to myself," she said, and as she knelt there, her slender body vibrant with some unaccustomed force, she looked nearer beauty than she imagined. The paper under the wood flared up, and presently the grate was one crackling mass that warmed Jane's very soul, and strengthened her purpose.

She was really a little sybarite at heart, brought up on strenuous lines, and now, as the fire sparkled and spluttered, shedding a rosy glow over the room, something of radiance dawned in Jane's irregular peaked little face, and made her look altogether different. Jane was a dreamer of dreams and, lost in one, she let the time pass until the fire had gained a steady hold, and a glance at the clock startled her into action.

She let down a stream of hair so dark that it was almost black, and bundled it up again in a smooth coil low down in the nape of her neck. Most women are aware that hair dressed in a hurry often succeeds in effect where more leisurely methods fail. And it was just that way with Jane's hair to-night. It clung like black satin round her head.

The gold band she discarded in favor of the rose. She tucked the latter somewhere in the region of her left ear, where it achieved instant success. Jane stood back to survey herself, and gave a little smile of satisfaction.

"Even if they snub me, I shall always wear a rose just so on special occasions," she told her reflection. "It makes all the difference in the world. Perhaps, when Ariadne has married her millionaire, they will bestow a little money and trouble on me."

The frock she took out of the wardrobe was black, a thin, filmy stuff which Ariadne had chosen in a weak moment and which had proved disastrously unbecoming.

But it suited Jane, draping the thin arms and shoulders, and hiding her angles, even if it increased her sallowness until she took the rosy scarf and put it round her shoulders.

Then with her dark eyes and hair and the black of her gown relieved from somberness by the vivid touches

of pink, she looked like an old picture as she revolved slowly before the mirror, her lips curved, her eyes shining their tribute to the power of the "left-over" when properly applied.

"I had no idea I could look so nice," she told herself naively. "I wonder if they will notice the difference, or whether it's just imagination on my part?"

The booming of the gong startled her. They were expected to be in the drawing-room five minutes before visitors were due. She flew in search of a handkerchief, ran down three long flights of stairs, across a corridor, and into the drawing-room, where she was just in time to get into line. She caught her father's angry glance, and became aware of some one very tall and broad beside her meek little mother.

Massingberd had the eye of an artist. He admired Ariadne in her sheath-like white satin and the perfect beauty that was just a degree too placid for his taste. But as the mistress of his vast household she would be ideal. He had come fully prepared to demand her hand in marriage, and tolerably prepared, also, for acceptance. Ariadne had not caused his pulses to travel one moment faster. She was beautiful, well born; that she was portionless did not signify. He had been looking out for a wife who could take the head of his table, a wife of whom he could feel proud.

Ariadne was part of his plan, and he had planned his life from a boy. He would be rich; he would be master of great ventures; he would marry beauty, and grace, and family. All his projects had come, or were coming, true. He was so sure of himself that it gave him an oddly disconcerted feeling when this vision of black and ivory and rose came into the room, and into his life. She was like an old Spanish picture he had seen somewhere. While many men might not have looked at Jane when Ariadne was by, Massingberd realized in a flash Jane's odd charm—her aliveness.

Some quality in her, which the family in their bewilderment about Ariadne had overlooked, made instant appeal to him. He even felt his pulses going a little faster, a little stronger, since her entry.

In the background the little invisible god who jibes at cut-and-dried methods of loving laughed softly, and stole from the room shouldering his quiver, in which was one dart the less.

AFTER dinner several people came in, some of them young men, who surrounded Ariadne at the piano. Snatches of rag-time floated to Jane's ears as she sat near the far window. Her appearance seemed to have made no stir at all.

Massingberd presently strolled over, and surprised something that looked amazingly like tears in her eyes. But, as Jane glanced up at him, towering above her, he concluded that he had been mistaken.

Owing to her late entry, nobody had introduced Jane; yet he imagined she must be a relative.

"I am John Massingberd," he said, drawing a chair near her, the suggestion of a smile on his strongly marked features.

"I am Jane Hildrop," replied she, with a sedateness that matched his own. "Ariadne is my sister, though you would never suppose it."

He glanced across at Ariadne in her satin gown. The light from a pendant over the piano fell full upon the white and golden wonder of her. His glance came back to Jane.

"There is certainly very little resemblance," he replied, never realizing that Jane took his words in the usual unflattering sense. "Your sister is very beautiful."

"Isn't she?" responded Jane eagerly. "And just as nice as she looks. Never in a hurry, never in a temper—an absolute dear, all along the line."

And she talked Ariadne until Massingberd grew restive.

"And now let us talk a little about you, Miss Jane."

She became suddenly dumb. Two roses to match the one she wore in her hair bloomed in her cheeks, her eyes grew softly luminous. She had never been deferred to before. Was it even possible that he, as well as herself, was affected by the pink scarf and the rose in her hair. The thought went like wine through Jane's veins.

Massingberd, not understanding, realized her charm, and again felt that odd, disconcerting thrill pass through him.

He was not accustomed to have his plans go astray as they were going astray to-night. Presently, under the tribute of his manner, Jane was induced to talk of herself, of her dreams, of her birthday. He smiled when she spoke of growing old, and with a rueful sigh subtracted twenty from forty-one.

"You sighed," Jane broke into his ruminations. "Am I boring you? I so often seem to bore people."

He smiled again, that same rueful smile.

"I was doing a little mental calculation, Miss Jane, deducting twenty from forty-one. How much does that leave?"

"Twenty-one," said Jane, who was quick at figures.

"It is an appalling difference," said Massingberd gloomily, seeing she looked puzzled. "More than twice twenty."

Then somebody claimed him for bridge, and Jane slipped away to her own room. She was in bed long before Ariadne arrived, looking with intent, wide-awake eyes at the dying embers in the grate.

Ariadne sat down and raked them together. A little gleam flared up suddenly, irradiating the perfection of her beauty. A pang shot through Jane's heart. Quick at deductions, she knew that something altogether strange and wonderful had overtaken herself. And here was Ariadne, come to tell her—Jane turned her glance on the pink scarf and the rose lying on the dressing-table. Never could she bring herself to wear those left-overs again. The rose, and perhaps the scarf, should be buried with her. She hid her eyes in the pillow and waited.

Ariadne looked radiant.

"Thank Heaven, he never said a word about me to Father. Never so much as hinted at his intentions, if he has any. Oh, Jane, dear, what a reprieve! Father was quite cross when he said good-night to me—just as if it was my fault."

She yawned and rose to her full height. The pink scarf caught her eye.

"How smart you looked to-night, Jane, in my old left-overs—quite different."

"Did I?" Jane's voice was muffled under the bed-clothes. Ariadne stooped to kiss her.

"Good-night. I suppose he will come to-morrow to see Father. Of course, it is out of the question. Sandy and I have settled our plans."

Jane suddenly sat up, her hair falling in a great cable to the pillow.

"If John Massingberd has made up his mind to marry you, he will, Ariadne; he's that sort."

Ariadne stared at the vehement figure, then smiled indulgently.

"You don't know how strong and determined love makes people—Sandy and me, for instance."

DON'T I? Jane fell back on the pillow as the door closed between. "Don't I?" She drew the sheet over her eyes and lay very still. It was long, long after Ariadne had fallen asleep that Jane followed her example—to dream that John Massingberd had declared his love for Ariadne, and then, being rejected, had come to her. And, in her dream, Jane found herself saying passionately:

"But for once I want to be first. I am tired of left-overs, especially in love. I want to be first!"

And she, too, in her dreams, sent Massingberd away, though it tore her heart-strings.

The next day it snowed. Ariadne, in the draughty old school-room, crouched over the fire, imperturbably

cheerful with a novel and Sandy's last offering of chocolates. Jane, who hated the cold far more than did Ariadne, suddenly appeared in the doorway, a coat turned up to her ears, a felt hat pulled down low on her brows.

"I'm going out for a walk," she announced shortly.

"It's snowing pretty badly, and the wind's icy," said Ariadne. "And the cold shrivels you up. How queer you are, Jane! Won't you

have some chocolates to keep your circulation going?"

Jane shook her head and went out of the room again, leaving Ariadne with an impression of two big haunting eyes wide with unhappiness.

"What can be the matter with her?" Ariadne asked herself. Then, with a glance at the gray sky outside, she shuddered deeper into the easy-chair, and resumed her novel.

Jane tramped down the drive, and along the lane towards a common. It was the coldest, the most exposed place she could find, and she hoped, in a battle with the elements, to rid herself of that curious, unaccustomed ache at her heart. As she breasted the height and left the more protected lane behind her, the wind and the sleet lashed her face, and took her breath away. She set her teeth and struggled on, her head bent down, seeing nothing and hearing nothing but the roar of the northeaster in her ears.

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HIS ARMS CLOSED
AROUND HER AS IF
HE WOULD HOLD
HER AGAINST THE
WORLD

ACHIEVEMENT

By ADELAIDE WILLIAMS GROSS

Illustrated by GEORGE VARIAN

MISS Caroline Nelson, hastily changing her thin morning dress for street clothes, vowed to herself to talk things over with her brother John that very day, without fail. Some different arrangement from the present one must be found possible.

John's house stood at a high point in an outlying suburb; and from her windows, as she dressed, Caroline glanced first toward the west, over a surge of green tree-tops, broken here and there by the white drift of a blossoming horse chestnut, and billowing away to low hills, haze-hung; then toward the east, where, in the distance, the murk of the city loomed, staining and fading the blue. It was down into this murk that she must now hurry. For Sarah had given notice.

Caroline's eyes had opened that morning at the first gleam of dawn and the first waking robin's note. While the gleam strengthened into spring sunlight, and the note became lost in a chorus, she lay awake, entranced and possessed by the glory of the June day. Clearly its message came to her in those early hours, and eagerly her heart and brain rose to claim and cherish it. For Caroline knew that in her lay the gift of the interpreter. Something of this inarticulate beauty she could express in musical human speech, for the joy of many.

During the morning household stir, she had held, as well as she could, the visions of the dawn, hoping to find an hour to imprison them in words. But, breakfast over, and John and the children gone, Sarah had given notice.

Caroline caught the half-hourly car, and, as it sped toward the city, she told herself that this morning's experience was merely typical. This time it might be a renewal of the wearisome old search for a good general-housework girl at five dollars a week which kept her from the work she loved and could do so well. But if Sarah had not given notice, something else would have demanded her time and attention. The man would have come, after many delays, to put down the new linoleum in the pantry. Or Sammy would have been sent home from school sick—he was a greedy little fellow, and never missed a chance at sweets. Or something would have been found needing cleaning or mending.

AS A young girl, Caroline's great joy had been the writing of what she had then called quite simply "poetry". It was a secret joy, almost of necessity; for all Caroline's people were "practical". If time and increasing knowledge had shown her that this "poetry" rarely deserved the name, they had revealed, nevertheless, a rare and undeniable gift, growing with her growth and with exercise. Experience at college had encouraged her belief in her own ability, and the readiness with which two or three simple poems secured acceptance by good magazines had further confirmed it. She was a poet, could soon become recognized as one. In the fulness of youth and aspiration, Caroline dedicated herself to the development of her talent.

She had been very happy at that time, she thought now, her absent eyes on the fleeing country. She was to teach and to write, to lead the life for which she was fitted. Then, just as she had finished college, and before she had entered upon the duties of an already secured position, her only brother John had become that always appealing figure, a widower with young children.

Looking backward, Caroline passionately told herself that she would never have gone to him at all, had she foreseen, even as a possibility, that which had actually come to pass. Yet another inward voice demanded: How could

she have done anything else? Her parents had been neither young enough nor rich enough to help John in his trouble, and his income had been too small to hire competent care for three-year-old Elizabeth and baby Sammy. There had been no one but Caroline to go to the rescue.

So she had gone, expecting to stay two or three years, at most. John would marry again, or be earning more by that time, Caroline had felt sure. But now Elizabeth was nearly thirteen, Sammy was ten, and the time when their aunt could give up the care of them and their home seemed farther off then when she had assumed it.

AND always Caroline had been in love with achievement. To be able to say of one worthy and beautiful thing: "It is good, and I did it," alone seemed to her to set the seal of justification on a life. To bend one's energies toward no particular end, but to let the drift of the years carry one where it would, was to show a fatal slackness of spirit. There was none of this slackness in her.

It was partly owing to this, perhaps, that she had found it impossible to run John's house, bring up his children, and write her poems at the same time. She could not sit down to verse-making in a room that cried aloud for a dusting, or while Elizabeth's dancing-school dress needed fresh lace. The practical Nelson strain was too strong in her for that. And when the rare hours of leisure did come, Caroline's poetical sensibilities were too often as though drugged with sheer physical and nervous weariness. Delicate phrases, fine images, telling turns of expression which had come to delight her earlier, turned into mere words and sound. Only three times during her long years with John had Caroline produced verses which she was willing to see in print. And always, just beyond her reach, like beautiful angels with reproachful eyes and outstretched hands, hovered the poems she might have written.

She had just returned after a two months' absence, the secret purpose of which was to see whether John's household might not possibly be able to get on without her. She had come back to a disordered house, to bills that made her gasp, to Elizabeth untidy, Sammy sickly, and the fairly competent Sarah turned ill-tempered and eager to leave.

"John must simply find some way of managing without me," Caroline said with determination, as she made her way along the hot pavement to the intelligence-office. "Surely, I have given him and his their share of my life."

The day's quest was unsuccessful, and Caroline returned home facing the prospect of a repetition of it on the morrow. It was good to get back to the little house among its quiet neighbors on the hill, to lay aside the garments which appeared as jaded as she herself, and, in a thin wrapper, to lie down upon her couch.

A little knock opened the eyes Caroline had just closed. As she answered wearily: "Come in," she wondered had she forgotten to order dessert.

It was not Sarah who entered, however, but Elizabeth, bearing a glass on a plate.

Elizabeth was what Caroline privately called "a dumpy girl". Mrs. John lived again in this daughter, who was neither pretty nor engaging, and whose mental processes were often so slow that much of her aunt's stock of patience had been acquired in dealing with her.

"Oh—I didn't know you were lying down, Aunty," Elizabeth exclaimed apologetically. "I just wanted to tell you that I washed my hair myself this afternoon, and that

I think I did it all right. I've marked my calendar 'hair' every two weeks all through the year. I'm not going to bother you to think of it any more. And—I thought you'd like some iced tea. I saved it from lunch. No; of course, we children didn't have any. It was only Sarah."

A smile brightened Caroline's tired face. She sat up to take the tea, and to approve the shampoo, from which the straight, drab locks had not yet entirely recovered. Elizabeth might be dumpy and slow, but she was dear, too. She sat down now, tailor-fashion, by the couch, and watched the disappearance of the tea with much satisfaction.

"It was too bad you had to go to the city this hot day," she said presently. "Did you get a girl?"

Caroline lay down again.

"No," she answered. "It's very hard now to find one good for anything who will come for five dollars a week. And that's all we can afford to pay."

She closed her eyes, wishing the child would leave her to rest, but not liking to say so, since in her own way Elizabeth was sensitive. Caroline was surprised a little later to find herself waking from a nap, and to see the cross-legged figure still on the floor beside her. Elizabeth blushed as their eyes met, and Caroline smiled.

"I didn't disturb you, did I?" Elizabeth exclaimed with a sort of bashful eagerness. "I wanted to stay, because I hated it so when you were away, and it seemed to-day as if you'd gone 'way off again. It was horrid."

Caroline took and patted the girl's hand, casting from force of habit a glance at the nails as she did so. They were clean.

"I'm still with you, Elizabeth," she assured her. Then, after a moment: "Don't you think, though, if you began now, that you could learn to keep house for Father by the time you are eighteen?" she asked.

"Why? Won't you be here? Oh, Aunt; don't go away again; now, or when I'm eighteen, or ever!" And Elizabeth clung to her aunt's hand, searching her face with alarmed eyes. "Are you going to be married?" she demanded breathlessly.

Caroline laughed. "If I were, you would have to let me go, Elizabeth," she returned. "And every girl ought to learn housekeeping. You may marry, yourself, some day, you know."

"Then, if you are gone, who will take care of Daddy and Sam?" inquired Elizabeth practically, adding after a little hesitation: "You've been single so many years now, Aunt, I shouldn't think you'd mind."

At this Caroline could only laugh again, while admitting to herself that she could look for no help from Elizabeth in her efforts toward escape.

Dinner over, the children went off to a neighbor's, and Caroline, lying in a steamer-chair on the porch, and watching her brother light his evening cigar, resolved to let him smoke it out in peace. Brother and sister were both short and dark; but while John was thick-set and growing stout, and the black eyes behind his glasses were merely those of an amiable, fairly competent man, Caroline was slight and alert, and her eager, brilliant eyes had only their color in common with her brother's.

Finally, John threw the end of his cigar over the rail, thrust his hands into his pockets, and leaned back comfort-



"OH, AUNT;
DON'T GO AWAY
AGAIN; NOW, OR
WHEN I'M
EIGHTEEN, OR
EVER!"

ably in the big, easy, porch chair, turning a contented smile upon his sister. "It is mighty good to have you back, Carrie," he said affectionately. "We were all at sea here without you."

This was a bad opening for what Caroline wished to say. She could only make a perfunctorily suitable reply, and wait for a better moment.

John continued to smile, as if at some pleasant thought.

"I CAME out to-night with Sargent in his car," he said presently. "It seems he was playing with the boys at his place the other day when Sam was there. He told me he wished we'd send Sam over oftener, and give Herbert a chance to catch some of his good manners. I knew that would please you, Aunt. I feel sorry for Sargent, poor chap. His wife is so devoted to bridge that she has no time to train her boy."

This was worse than the other, though gratifying. But as trees and shrubs bent suddenly and whispered under the touch of a passing breeze, fragments of the morning's message returned to Caroline, and strengthened her resolve. Unless she spoke now she might never again have the necessary courage.

"John," she said abruptly; "I want to talk to you."

Unsuspecting John continued placid and content.

"All right," he rejoined. "Fire away."

Caroline began a little breathlessly.

"When Anna died, and I came here, John, I'm sure you know how glad I was to help you. I think I have shown how much I love you and the children. But I never meant nor expected to stay on so long. I had fitted myself to

teach, to support myself and live my own life. I never intended to give up that and all it meant to me. I have been with you now nearly ten years; and I want to arrange matters with you so that I may go in the autumn."

Startled now from his easy mood, John stared at her for a moment, speechless. Then: "Why, Carrie," he exclaimed; "what has happened? I have never thought of your wanting to leave us."

"No, I know you haven't," Caroline returned. "I ought to have spoken of it long ago. I am thirty-four. If I am to teach, it is surely time I began. And while I was away, I talked it over with Margaret Chalmers. She thinks I have kept up enough with educational methods to teach without any further training, and she will give me a place in her school in September."

Greatly perturbed, John got up and began walking about the piazza.

"Aren't you the head of my house? Don't I leave everything in your hands? Haven't I always backed you up with children and servants?" he asked. "Heaven knows I'd earn more money if I could, and make everything easier. But I do my best now. A woman doesn't realize the strain. I don't understand all this, Carrie," he ended uncomfortably.

"Will it be any easier to understand if I say that my life is passing, and that I am not willing to live it entirely for you and the children?" Caroline exclaimed with some warmth.

JOHN stared at her again, then took another uneasy turn or two.

"What could I do, what arrangement could I make, if you were to go?" he asked.

"You might marry again. I always expected you to do so," his sister replied.

He made a sound of exasperation.

"And whom should I marry?" he inquired.

"Mrs. Davis?" murmured Caroline rather faintly. Mrs. Davis was a pleasant-tempered widow of independent means, living a couple of blocks away, of whom Caroline had had hopes for a year or two.

"Mrs. Davis," returned John incisively, "is better off as she is. She knows it, I know it, and so do you, Carrie. Why, in Heaven's name, should she marry me, or I ask her? She is merely an acquaintance." He paused, evidently controlling his annoyance, then continued with decision: "I do not wish to marry again. Please understand that, once for all. I have the children, my means are small, and I am settled in my way of life. And, if you'll allow me to say so, this seems to me your natural home. I can't see how you'd be better off teaching. Every one admits it is drudgery. Before long you'd be just as tired of that, perhaps, as you are now of house-keeping."

Caroline was silent. Her heart ached for her brother as well as herself, for she could see the situation with his eyes. To say to him: "Others can bring up your children, but only I can write my poems," would but make matters worse. John could never be brought to think poetry, especially any poetry his sister could write, a matter to be taken into serious consideration. And simply to leave, to desert him and his children, was more than Caroline could bring herself to do.

John dropped into his chair again, and looked at his sister. He noticed the lines in her face, and the slightly strained expression about mouth and eyes. It was hidden from him that these things were caused by a hundred small worries and petty cares connected with what she daily did for him and his, no less than by the constant suppression of a strong and noble desire. He could read in them only the restlessness and dissatisfaction of a single woman, eager to lay aside duties which had become irksome. He drew his chair close to Caroline's, and laid an arm about her shoulders.

"Dear old sister, I don't want any one but you in your place in this home, and neither do the children," he said

affectionately. "You have made us too comfortable and happy to endure the thought of a change. We can't spare you, Carrie."

Caroline sat without stirring, spent and sad. It was too true. She had made them all too comfortable. Her own hands had imprisoned her.

Sammy came running up the path. "It's only just eight, Aunty," he panted. "I ran as soon as I heard the town clock. The other boys all sit up later. I don't see why I mayn't." He stopped by Caroline, still breathing quickly, and eyed her anxiously. "Are you sick?" he demanded.

"No, dear; only tired," she replied with an effort. "You are a good boy to be so prompt. Now run up to bed."

He leaned toward her for his good-night kiss, his face radiant.

"Gee! I'm glad you're back!" he exclaimed.

Elizabeth appeared presently, and before long Caroline bade father and daughter good-night and went in. On the landing she saw a little figure in a short white night-gown.

"I was just coming to ask you if I should get out a clean shirt for to-morrow. This one's all over grass stains," Sammy announced, holding out the garment in question. Then, as the shoulders of his aunt on the stairs came level with his own, he suddenly dropped the shirt and caught Caroline suddenly in one of his rare strangling hugs. "Gee! I'm glad you're back!" he exclaimed. Sammy's range of expression was not great.

Caroline went to her room, a curious comfort stealing into her heart. For in the moment when those lean, sinewy little arms had clasped her neck, there had come the realization that, in spite of the reproachful angels, she was not without an achievement, after all. She had made herself what few are privileged to be, indispensable, and to three people. If this had been accomplished through mere force of circumstances, and strongly against her inclination; if this man was not her husband, these children not hers, so that she must lack the comfort and help of wifely and maternal affection and illusion in her dealings with them, the achievement was no less. Almost Caroline dared say to herself that it was greater.

She sat down by her west window. The green billows below, flooded now with the high, clear light of a moon near the full, moved with gentle sway and sound. Everywhere around her in the outdoors, there was peace.

In the quieted mood now upon her, Caroline could face the fact that escape from her present place was practically impossible. If, made apparently for one life, she was forced to live another, she knew herself in that but one of a great company: happier, indeed, than many, since her achievement, however undesired, was plain. It still remained to her to set upon this achievement its final seal and crown. However great the pain of thwarted aspiration, of seeing, as Caroline knew she probably must, her talent wither and die for want of exercise, that pain must be hidden. No one must ever be able to apply to her that term of horror, a disappointed woman. And, possibly, things might change in some unexpected way. She need not yet give up all hope.

SHE heard the voices of John and Elizabeth as they came up to their rooms, then Sarah's heavy foot creaked the stairs. Soon the house grew quiet as the night outside, yet still Caroline sat her window. Then, rending without mercy her peace and resignation, there rose in her suddenly the familiar high longing and keen distress.

True child of her day and training, Caroline had long ago given up articulate prayer. But now, in her need, the instinct of long generations drew her from her chair to her knees by the open window.

"One perfect poem, O Lord!" she begged in a broken whisper. "Only one!"

But, even as she prayed, she knew her answer.

ELLA L. BLAIR—LAWMAKER

AN EXPERIMENT IN STATE HEALTH LEGISLATION

By MYRA G. REED

BABY Joseph was now five months old, and although he himself was not aware of it, he was not acting at all as a normal baby should. Instead of crying lustily when he wanted something or when his clothes were uncomfortable, he either lay in a stupor-like sleep or whimpered softly. Mother Zimmerman was worried about him, because he was the first of her five babies who had not learned to smile back at her before he was two months old. Each day he grew thinner and paler, and less inclined to notice the existence of the world around him. Mother Zimmerman herself did not have time to give him much attention, because she did the washing for seven families, but Martha, the oldest girl, was supposed to have him in her special charge. Every morning, after she had dressed him, she took him with her to the vacant lot, which was the special playground of the children on her block, and let him lie there on a pillow. But it was the family's belief that little Joseph was not destined to live long; that he had been born weak; and that there was no hope for him.

And then, one Saturday morning, something happened! A lady, passing by, stopped at the sight of Joseph and spoke to Martha.

"The baby seems sick," she said.

"Yes'm," answered Martha, "we're afraid he won't live much longer." It would take too long to record all the conversation that followed, but ten minutes later Martha and Joseph were going along with the strange lady, with half a dozen of the neighborhood children trailing after to see what was going to happen to Joseph.

A fifteen-minute walk brought them to a clean-looking store with a big sign over it: "Infant Welfare Station". There the lady transferred Joseph to a nurse, who undressed him, bathed and weighed him, and handed him over to a physician. All the things that were done to Joseph cannot be told here, because this is not a story of "The Infant Welfare Station"; but the fact that he is now enjoying life as any normal baby should is evidence conclusive of the thorough education Martha was given. He was not to be swathed in the bundles of clothes he had known heretofore, she was told; he was to be bathed every day, instead of once a week; the water he drank was to be boiled; he was to be given

no food but milk, and that pasteurized and secured from the station itself; and he was to be brought twice a week to the physician in charge for examination.

It may seem a long step from Baby Joseph to the legislative body of a big state, but a woman, indirectly perhaps, but none the less potently, has bridged the chasm.

About a year and a half ago a commission was appointed by the Governor of New York to investigate health matters throughout the State. When the recommendations it submitted went into effect, New York State, besides a complete reorganization of its health department and the division of the State into twenty sanitary districts, found itself presented with a Council of Health, a unique institution in the history of health legislation. This Council, consisting of but seven members, was given the power to make sanitary regulations in regard to all matters affecting the public health. There is no red tape about the procedure: the Council has but to recommend a reform, a regulation, a restriction, and the mere expression of that recommendation gives it, at once, the force of a law. Nor has even the Governor the power of veto.

The selection of the members to constitute a body of such unique and unrestricted power was necessarily an important task. Of the seven members provided for in the law which gave the Council existence, three were required to be physicians, and one a sanitary engineer. The biggest available men in the state in these professions were chosen by the Governor: Dr. Hermann M. Biggs, of New York City, who was made chairman of the Council, Dr. Simon Flexner, director of the Rockefeller Institute, Dr. T. Mitchell Prudden, vice-president of the Scientific Board of the Rockefeller Institute, and Henry N. Ogden, professor of sanitary engineering at Cornell. For the fifth member, the Governor appointed the Hon. Homer Folks, secretary of the State Charities Aid Society, and long prominent in health work. With this list, expert knowledge was assured, both of existing conditions and their remedies, but the means of bringing these new health doctrines to every individual in the State, of making the recommendations of the Council really worth while by getting action on them, was still lacking. Although the State can force a certain dairyman, for instance,



ELLA L. BLAIR



A SPOT WORTHY OF A COMMUNITY'S ATTENTION

to keep his cows healthy, it cannot step in and force the individual to drink only milk from that man's clean cows. The individual himself must be educated to insist on healthy conditions everywhere around him. Here was apparently the biggest task of all left unrepresented. So the Governor decided that the sixth member of the Council must be some one who could most effectively carry the message back to the people.

An able writer, or an educator might have been chosen, but they were both inadequate before the stupendous task the State had in mind. Health, the Governor reasoned, was even more woman's matter than man's—it was woman, who, through protecting her children from contagion and disease, would be quick to realize the necessity and value of laws which made her task the easier. There were all the Baby Josephs to be considered. How could they be reached? Who would feel the warmest human interest in them? Indubitably a woman! So, the sixth member of the Council, then, must be a woman who could reach out and wake into thought and action all the women of the State. And with this decision reached, the Governor's task was made easy. He simply wrote into his list of appointments the name of Ella L. Blair, president of the Woman's Club of Albany.

Years ago, women's clubs were prone to be looked upon by husbands, sons, and fathers as something akin to "tea-fights" or other expressions of the feminine social instinct. Indeed, it may be that there still exists a prehistoric man or two with some such idea of the function of woman's clubs. Yet, all these years, an organization of tremendous political power has been building up. From isolated clubs, state and national federa-



GOOD MATERIAL FOR A CLEAN-UP-DAY



A SUPERIOR BREEDING-PLACE FOR FLIES

tions have sprung, until now one club member advocating a public measure in New York may mean over two million women following her example in every part of the United States.

It was with a full knowledge of the power wielded by women's clubs and of their facilities for propagandist work, that Governor Sulzer added Mrs. Blair to the list of the Council members. As the founder and president of the Woman's Club of Albany, Mrs. Blair had helped to build up in four years an organization of 650 women, conspicuously active in civic work. In addition she had served as

president of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, as director of the National Federation of Woman's Clubs, as a member of the Committee on Delinquents of the New York State Board of Charities, as vice-president of the State Consumers' League, as vice-president of the Albany City Plan Association, director of the Albany Girls' Club and the Albany House of Shelter. Here was a woman conspicuously fitted to perform just the service the State was seeking, and put it into communication with public-spirited women within its borders whose activities might be enlisted in behalf of the public health. As Professor C. E. A. Winslow, director of the Division of Publicity and



IN NEED OF A SANITARY INSPECTOR

Education of the New York State Department of Health says: "We can spend millions of dollars annually on health work in the State, but the results are comparatively small unless individual health education has kept pace, and it is in large part on the women's clubs of the State, which Mrs. Blair represents, that we have to depend for the thoroughness of this education." New York State has over nine million inhabitants—a tremendous task for one woman!

From Mrs. Blair, herself, one would never guess the importance of the mission that has been entrusted to her, nor of the various activities in which she had taken a prominent part before this new honor was given her. Quiet, unassuming, she gives no hint, except, perhaps, in a sudden surprising insight into, or knowledge of, some public matter, that she is anything but a home-bound woman. Yet, quite sensible of the honor conferred upon her in making her a colleague of such eminent men as Dr. Flexner and Dr. Biggs and the others, she is enthusiastic,

[Continued on page 104]



A CITY SLUM READY FOR THE HEALTH EXPERT

THE CROWNING

By MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

Illustrated by MARY LANE McMILLAN

WHAT IT IS ALL ABOUT: Virginia Fairfax, an American girl traveling across Europe to join her aunt, finds herself, through an unwitting exchange of bags and passports, mistaken for the Countess d'Espinac. She is requested to leave the train at Terek, the capital of the little mountain kingdom of Arcanidia, on the pretence of a railway accident; is directed to the hotel by a handsome young officer she meets at the station, whom she afterwards discovers to be King Rupert; is called upon as the Countess d'Espinac by Count Mirovitch, the Prime Minister, and discovers herself supposed to be an emissary of Russia. On the impulse of the moment, she does not disclaim her identity, and so learns that the Russian Grand Duke, from whom she is supposed to come, hopes to gain the throne of Arcanidia, either by marrying the Princess Olga, daughter of the late king, or by assassinating Rupert. After the departure of the Prime Minister, Virginia goes to the palace, hoping to meet some one through whom she can send word to the King of his danger, but encounters the King himself. She promises him to keep her character of Countess for several days more, if it will aid him, and just then Billy Knapp, an American war correspondent, and a childhood friend of Virginia, comes upon the scene, surprising a look in the King's eyes that makes him decide to warn Virginia that kings cannot marry whomsoever they may choose. She goes back to the hotel with Billy, who tells her that her old friends, the Potters, are staying there.

CHAPTER V

TEN minutes later, Virginia was in the Potters' private drawing-room at the hotel, trying to answer all Mrs. Potter's questions at once, which was no easy matter.

"To think of it—such luck, Virginia! You've simply got to stay here with us awhile. Really, it's a charming place and we know quite a lot of people. The coronation was magnificent, and the King is Rupert of Ehrenberg; his mother was an English Princess. Yes, the Princess Mary Louise, don't you remember?"

"Dear me, Judy, I'm not prehistoric."

Mrs. Potter shrugged her plump shoulders. "Neither am I. But it's this way: Rupert's father, the late King's brother, died when Rupert was a baby, and his mother brought him up in England. He graduated from Oxford and was famous at foot-ball; wasn't he Billy? There was no thought of the crown, then; King Charles had a son—he only died a year before the King—and Rupert was brought up like any young Englishman with money."

"He was the prince who toured America with a tutor, Jinny," supplemented Billy Knapp, "don't you remember? I was with him, then. He came near visiting your father in Virginia."

"Oh!" Virginia remembered. "Was that the prince?"

Judy nodded vigorously. "He's very democratic, this Rupert the First, and that's what is the matter. You see King Charles died and left only a daughter, the Princess Olga, and they've got a poky old law here, no woman can succeed. Think of it, the savages! They need the suffragettes. It seems there was a big fuss in their House of Deputies and they called Prince Rupert because—well, because there's another heir, Queen Xenia's nephew, the Grand Duke Sergius of Russia, and half the kingdom refuses to have Russia swallow it up, while the other half is trying to jump down the Czar's throat—I notice that it's the half farthest away from Russia! This way of putting it isn't elegant, but it's true. Rupert came here post-haste to save the Germanic Alliance or the Concert of Europe—I always get mixed—it doesn't matter in the least, anyway, as long as he got here! He arrived at midnight and was nearly assassinated in the cathedral."

"I think I begin to understand it all a little, now," said Virginia, and went on to tell them of Mirovitch and her promise to the King. "I've telegraphed again to my aunt, and if she consents to my staying here I hope you'll all remember that I'm the Countess d'Espinac!"

"Thanks to Rupert First!" said Billy Knapp.

Quite unaccountably, Virginia blushed. "Tell me more of Mirovitch," she said, turning to Mr. Potter.

"Prime Minister to King Charles the Third, one of Queen Xenia's followers, a Russian by birth and a Tartar by nature. He hasn't resigned yet, and no one knows what he'll do next."

"I'm thankful I didn't confide my troubles about my passport. I came near it; I couldn't get at our Embassy. What is the matter there?"

"The Ambassador's gone back to Washington on leave. Comerford's chargé, a nice fellow, but, just at present, he's got the measles."

"How inconvenient!"

"Some say 'how convenient!'" Mrs. Potter explained. "You know the situation is very awkward, and will be—until the King marries Olga. She's lovely, Jinny, very tall and graceful—like you, only not so pretty, but she has the softest, mildest, most soothing, big brown eyes!"

"Just like a cow's," said Mr. Potter.

"Putney!"

Virginia nestled back in her chair, a soft color in her cheeks, but her eyes thoughtful. "He's nice," she remarked gently. "I liked him. I'm glad Olga is so charming."

"She isn't," Mr. Potter insisted bluntly; "she's a German princess with big feet. By the way, Jinny, who's that maid of yours? She's an antique."

"She's not mine at all, she's Fanny Lawrence's. I had little Rhoda with me, and Fanny thought her too young to be any protection when I had to come alone. You see when I got Aunt's telegram, the Lawrences volunteered to leave the party—we were all going on to China and Japan—and come back with me. At Bucharest Mr. Lawrence had an attack of his lumbago, and I couldn't wait indefinitely. So we decided that I'd better come on, as fast as I could, with Ellis to chaperon me to Vienna. She's as good as gold, but too funny; and she has a deep-seated dread of foreigners and bombs."

"So have I," said Mr. Potter. "I'll shake hands with her to-morrow. I'm afraid of bombs and I can't bear caviar. I'm simply pining for American beefsteak and fried onions."

PUTNEY, don't be vulgar!" warned his wife. "Jinny, the Prime Minister will wait on Her Highness, the Princess Olga, this afternoon at five," she added irrelevantly; "we must be sure to be there. The Raasloffs—intimate friends of Olga's—will present us; we'll take the Countess d'Espinac!"

Billy Knapp looked up. "Jinny, she must have your bag."

Potter chuckled. "Yes, and I'll wager a crown she'll let the cat out of that bag before night."

"She'll wire to Mirovitch!" exclaimed Judy.

"Rupert has fixed that already; we've been tapping wires before now. He got Jinny's telegram this morning, but, of course, that's gone now."

"I'm going to keep Jinny, anyway," insisted Judy. "Go and get ready for the reception, dear."

"I'll unpack my loveliest gown," said Virginia; "perhaps that may help the cause. But I don't believe he'll tell me much more. I fancy he was trying me."

"Suppose you ask him for a note to the Grand Duke," suggested Potter, "play a trump card, Jinny."

She shook her head. "He won't write it. Judy, come and help me choose my gown."

"I'll be there in a minute; I've got to sew a button on my glove, my maid's in love!" Mrs. Potter said, but when Virginia went out and closed the door behind her, Judy attacked Billy Knapp.

"What's the matter?" she demanded. "You look like a thunder-clap, and Putney's absent minded—what ails you two? I'm sure Virginia saw it. She must have thought you didn't want her to stay at all."

"Well, what's the use of keeping her here?" Billy broke out harshly. "She never ought to be mixed up in this. It's simply outrageous—the King had no right to ask it!"

Mrs. Potter gazed at him in mild reproof. "Billy Knapp, I thought you loved the King!"

"I do, confound him! But he's falling in love with Virginia—what's the use of exposing her to that?"

"Oh, not really? How romantic!" Judy clasped her hands. "He's so delightful, too!"

"That's it," groaned Billy. "Suppose Jinny falls in love with him!"

OH, SHE won't! Jinny's sensible, and I'm going to take her to see the Princess Olga. She'll know it's all settled."

"Yes," replied Knapp dryly; "she'll see that Olga's in love with Kurt von Tannen, and that the King doesn't care a scrap!"

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish," said Mr. Potter; "Judy, you ought to have let the girl go straight on."

His wife tossed her head. "You men are perfectly absurd! Virginia has too much sense to fall in love with a king who couldn't marry her. I hope," she added severely, "that this precious Rupert of yours is a gentleman and won't make love to her."

"He's a gentleman, all right," replied Billy ruefully, "but when a man's in love, he sometimes forgets he's a king, you know."

Mr. Potter fumbled in his pocket for a match and lit his pipe. "How do you know he's going to fall in love with her?"

Knapp looked thoughtful; then he blurted it out. "I came on them this morning in the park—I saw his face!"

There was an eloquent little pause; even Judy Potter looked grave. Her husband smoked furiously. Through the open window came the wild sweet notes of a native love-song; a band of strolling players were singing in the street.

Mr. Potter took his pipe out of his mouth. "Jinny's got sense," he remarked; "but I think we'll leave here this day week."

Knapp nodded.

Only Judy smiled faintly. "Oh, you dear, benighted creatures!" she said; "think of all the things that can happen in a week!"

Yet, that afternoon, at the chateau of the Princess Olga, Virginia looked radiantly unconscious of their anxiety. She was presented by a lady-in-waiting as the Countess d'Espinac, and she wore a gown that did more than credit to the new position. It was a miracle of pale blue, with little threads of silver in the draperies, and it clung to her graceful figure like the blue petals of the Arcanidian lily, which is famous the world over.

The Princess Olga was entirely eclipsed, although she was young and rather pretty, with pathetic, soft, brown eyes and a look that was more appealing than majestic. She was very gracious to the Americans, Virginia especially seeming to appeal to her. She left the others—though her reception-room was more than half full then—and stood talking to her, just as two girls might talk together anywhere, with a sympathy and understanding not given to the rest.

"Don't they look lovely together?" Mrs. Potter whispered to Knapp. "And such a contrast! The Princess—with her dark hair and eyes—is a perfect foil. How simple she seems, too, and appealing; but she hasn't any style. Give me an American girl, every time! Jinny looks just like a queen!"

Knapp groaned. "Heaven send the King somewhere else!"

Judy Potter's eyes sparkled with fun. "Does he go calling, then? Do you really think he might come here?"

"Of course he might. She's a Princess of the Blood. Besides, he's going to marry her. But I hope he'll stay away. There's Mirovitch, now."

"The dear old man! Doesn't he look just like a big black spider?"

Billy Knapp nodded, watching the short, stout figure of the Prime Minister. Mirovitch made his way slowly from the ante-room, responding on all sides to the greetings of friends, and when he bowed at last over Olga's hand, he seemed to bring consternation with him. The Princess was plainly disturbed, and a young officer, who stood near her, frowned heavily.

"That's Kurt von Tannen," explained Knapp, in an undertone; "he's in love with Olga."

Mrs. Potter was deeply interested. "Oh, Billy, how romantic! He's fine-looking, too, a big, nice German. What does the King think?"

"The King only knows! Von Tannen is one of his aides, von Hillern the other."

"Do you think Mirovitch can influence von Tannen?"

"Influence him to give up the Princess to a Russian? My dear lady, no! He loves the King, too; I don't know how his conscience feels about it, but his heart has betrayed his head."

"Poor fellow! I like him for being human. How ridiculous these royal marriages are! Look, Billy, do look at Virginia and the Prime Minister! Bless her heart, isn't she fine?"

Mirovitch had singled out the supposed Countess d'Espinac and followed her into the deep circle of the bay-window that looked out over the garden. Virginia had gone there to escape him—she had an irresistible feeling of panic when she saw him. But since there was nothing to do now but face him, she remembered Mr. Potter's advice.

"The Gate of Arcan still faces east, Count Mirovitch," she said lightly. "I'm surprised to see you here; I have reason to think that, were you in St. Petersburg to-day, you'd hear great news."

He was standing with his head bent, and he shot a keen look at her from under his bushy brows.

"No dispatches have come in from Russia this morning, Countess," he said quietly. "You didn't mention this suggestion—yesterday."

"Yesterday I hadn't seen the Princess Olga."

"Ah!"

VIRGINIA reddened. She wondered if he doubted her, or if he already knew? Then a spirit of daring led her on. "The Princess is charming; I'm told the Arcanidians love her. Is she to marry the King?"

"Her husband will be King of Arcanidia," he replied significantly.

Virginia looked steadily out of the window; across the garden she saw the street, and there were three men on horseback coming toward the chateau. She turned to the Prime Minister, a slight flush still on her delicate face.

"You gave me your message, Count, and you're pledged to wait for the answer."

He bowed silently.

There was a sudden hush in the hum of talk in the now crowded rooms and an usher cried:

"His Majesty, the King!"

Every eye turned toward the door, men rose to their feet, and women courtesied low. Rupert the First walked slowly across the wide space made for him, and greeted the Princess Olga. He was in full and splendid uniform of white and gold and scarlet, with the broad pale blue ribbon and the star, but his face was pale and a little worn. He looked like a man who was performing a somewhat tedious duty and his eye, traveling past the Princess, fell on the Prime Minister and Virginia.

Mirovitch started forward to greet him, but he had scarcely taken two steps before one of the pages slipped a dispatch into his hand. He glanced at it involuntarily, crushed it in his fingers, and went on to make his obeisance to the King.

Rupert, standing in an easy attitude, his hand on his sword, turned his head. "You seem to have pressing news, Mirovitch, when they follow you even here with telegrams."

"Not so important as it seems, sire. I suspected a traitor—this is the reply to my inquiry."

"My dear Mirovitch, I wish we might all know a traitor when we saw one!"

Just for an instant there was a flicker in the Prime Minister's expression, then he bowed low. "The eye of the King's servant must be keen, sire."

"I've great confidence in yours," replied Rupert, and laughed lightly.

The King met it kindly. "I'm keeping the others waiting, Olga; von Hillern wants to speak to you, and so does the Swedish Minister. I'll let you have a little grace to greet them;" and he turned away, giving the signal to his aides to present the diplomat to the Princess.

He found Virginia still in the window; she courtesied, coloring suddenly under his eyes.

"Madame la Comtesse," he said smiling, "I fear the game's played out."

"You mean you think he knows?"

He nodded. "He got a dispatch from Russia."

"She wants her bag, sire."

"Perhaps; anyway, he has news."

"I told him the Gate of Arcan still faced the east."

"What did he say?"

"Very little, sire; I thought he knew already."

"If so, we'll get nothing more; he'll be on his guard."



"DON'T THEY LOOK LOVELY TOGETHER?" MRS. POTTER WHISPERED TO KNAPP

The old man drew back sharply, his face dark. The royal tone was almost an affront, and the courtiers nearest to them echoed the King's laugh.

"Old servants are less prized than old wine, Your Majesty, and I crave your license to withdraw."

The King inclined his head and Mirovitch took leave of Olga, who was flushed and trembling.

"Why do you make him angry, sire?" she whispered, as the Prime Minister went out.

Rupert laughed good-naturedly. "My dear Cousin, why does the sun shine and the rain fall? Isn't it all in the process of nature? I was a thunder-storm to-day for Mirovitch."

"I don't like him, Rupert!"

"He wants to marry you to Sergius, and the Chancellor wants to marry you to me. After all, you have a choice of evils, Cousin."

She gave him an appealing look, her soft eyes wet.

Virginia paled. "Your Majesty must be more careful; they'll try to kill you to save him!"

"Very likely. But, after all, a man can die but once, and the risk is glorious."

She looked at him earnestly. "You're a King; have you a right to throw away your life?"

HE TURNED sharply and met her look; the light from the window fell full on his fine face and splendid uniform; it shone in his clear eyes and sparkled on the star he wore on his breast.

"Upon my soul I never felt less like it! Yet, sometimes, a King's life is less to him than any other man's!" he exclaimed with bitterness.

Virginia caught her breath. Then her eyes dropped, and she felt herself trembling. "I must ask Mr. Knapp to tell you how the people feel," said she; "he knows."

[Continued on page 102]

THE HONORABLE FLOWER TEACHING

By GERTRUDE EMERSON

Drawings by THE AUTHOR

THE Land of Cherry Blossoms, for any one who has ever lived in it, is equally the land of pink plum blossoms, and crimson azaleas, and trailing wistaria, and purple iris, and peonies, and golden

lotus flowers, and many-colored chrysanthemums. As soon as the first plum blossoms begin to come out in Japan on the leafless trees, toward the end of February or early in March, the little Japanese people all put on their gala kimonos and hurry to the Gardens of Ikegami, if they live near Tokyo. In April, the city goes light-heartedly wandering along the banks of the Sumida, or through Ueno Park, where the ground is white with petals, tying poems in praise of the cherry blossoms onto the branches of the trees. In azalea time, they go to Hibiya, where lantern illuminations are strung along the banks of flowers at night. And so, with each flower in its season. Everywhere there are special "famous places" where you must go "flower-seeing", as the Japanese say. And when the flowers are gone, you visit the scarlet maple groves of the little lace-like leaves, for these, too, are flowers in the eyes of the Japanese.

It is not, as is generally supposed, that Japan has more flowers than other countries. We have many more varieties, and our flowers are more easily grown than those of Japan. It is simply that the Japanese love their flowers more. There are many festivals held in honor of special flowers, but these are scarcely more charming than the ordinary fairs, held in the streets usually three nights a month. Shortly after sunset, when the lanterns of the little shops and of the *rikisha* men are beginning to glow here and there through the dusky blue twilight, the flower venders come pulling their carts, and spread out on the ground on either side of the street their wares of innumerable flowering plants and delicate dwarf trees; and then, presently, the people come scraping along in their wooden *geta*, and buy. The little brown men with their wrinkled faces, or the old women with lacquered teeth, or the boys, as they happen to be, offer you some beautiful tree whose gnarled

trunk is covered with gray lichen, just bursting into flower—measuring, with its pot of soft blue glaze, perhaps two or three feet in height or even more! The price? The price is twenty-five cents!

"Ten cents," you bargain.

"No," says the flower vender, shaking his head, but showing a double row of fine ivory white teeth as he laughs good-naturedly. He holds up two fingers. "Twenty!"

"Fifteen."

He shakes his head. A group of interested bystanders has gathered, and they open a little passage to let you through as you turn away toward the next stand.

"Fifteen! Fifteen!" the vender calls eagerly after you when he thinks you are really going, and, the usual little scene accomplished, you return to take possession of the prize.

In the daytime, too, men go about the streets with carts or with baskets of flowers strung on a pole over their shoulders, and up and down through the narrow twisting streets you hear the cry of "*Hana! Hana!*" or, sometimes, the little click-click of scissors, which is the sign, as a flower-man comes to your door. For a few cents you can buy enough flowers to decorate the whole house. I remember once being impressed by the sight of an old man, evidently of the poorest laboring class, returning home at night with a great bundle of white camelia branches over his shoulder: and I realized suddenly that flowers, in Japan, are for all the people.

It is not surprising, then, that in a country where flowers are so universally appreciated, and where the people are so naturally artistic as are the Japanese, flower arrangement should long ago have become a science and an art.

The Japanese word for flower arrangement, *ike-bana*, means *living* flowers, and it explains one of the fundamental principles of the art: namely, that the flowers are to be arranged to simulate actual growth, however fantastic this actual growth is sometimes conceived to be in the minds of the Japanese. As a result of this idea, arrangements of flowers consist of arrangements of branches and leaves as well; as, under natural conditions, the flower itself is only a small part of a living whole, and by no means even the most important

part. The term "cut flowers" surely never would be understood in Japan. It was because the flowers were the most common offering to the temples that the priests, centuries ago, set about learning ways of preserving their life as long as possible. The simulation, in arrangement, of living conditions was a natural outgrowth. Flower arrangements of the early period, however, as we know by the paintings, were crude and stiff from the point of view of art.

Somewhat as we study music or painting, so the women and girls of Japan study to become proficient in arranging flowers. And it is not easy. My Hon-



HANGING ARRANGEMENT OF WISTARIA

白
流
の
花

蓮
花
前
流



COMMON WATER LILIES IN A BAMBOO DISH



ARRANGEMENT OF PEONIES

上
花
菊
蓮
花
九
輪
中
流

orable Teacher of Flowers—a gentle old man who did not know a word of English, immaculately neat, marvelously dexterous in twisting and bending the stems of the flowers, always laughing with a curious half-shy amusement over my ludicrous attempts to make him understand my broken Japanese—told me that some of his pupils had studied ten or twelve years. At the successive stages of progress diplomas are awarded, long scrolls of rice paper written over with characters revealing the tenets and certain of the secrets of the chosen school. Mine, after a year of study, measures sixteen feet!

Yet flower arrangement is not wholly a feminine accomplishment. Most of



ARRANGEMENT OF IRIS (WITH FAN)

way up in the mountains of Nikko, squatting for a whole morning on his heels on the floor of a little balcony overlooking one of those fascinating secret gardens so often hidden away in the heart of a house, making flower arrangements for his guests. Fancy one of our busy hotel managers engaged in a like occupation!

It was always amusing to watch the arrival on Wednesday mornings of my Honorable Teacher. Almost as soon as his steps sounded on the little walk bordered with camphor trees that led to the house, Mrs. Chrysanthemum, slow enough to answer other calls upon her attention, went running to open the funny sliding gate with its tinkling bell. He would be ushered in with many bows and a best company manner, for the *O hana no sensei san* was a very considerable personage. At the end of the lesson, she would bring in a brass bowl of water and a blue and white towel for him to wash his hands, sweep up the leaves and stems cluttering the floor, and presently appear carrying a tray of cocoa or black "foreign" tea and cakes, and sweets. If it were the end of the month, and a hieroglyphic bill of one dollar for the lessons, and forty-two cents or thirty-seven cents for the camellias and plum blossoms and peach blossoms and aspidistra leaves used, were forthcoming, she would run clattering down to Valley Street to get the exact change from the fan man. Then, finally, she would usher him out with as many bows as she had ushered him in, and one or two extra ones thrown in.

To the Japanese, *ike-bana* has always signified something of peculiar and serious beauty, something to be



LOTUS IN A WOODEN TUB

the masters are men, and many men are artists.

I remember once watching the proprietor of a rather large Japanese inn,



FLOWERS AND BRANCHES IN A DOUBLE BAMBOO VASE

蓮花
前流

treated with the greatest respect. An arrangement is always placed in the *toko-no-ma*—the slightly raised recess which is the theoretical shrine of every Japanese room. A guest, entering the room, is supposed to get down on the floor and bow to the arrangement, according to the rules of flower etiquette. It may be that some unknown presence makes itself felt in the aspiration of flower and leaf . . . who knows? And these same rules of flower etiquette, very strange and even absurd to our way of thinking, are in themselves proof of the esteem in which flowers everywhere are held:

"Keep the distance of one mat between you and the arrangement you are admiring."

"First look at the base where the branches enter the water, and the water; then the branches and flowers."

"Give specific praise. Do not say, 'This is beautiful', but say, 'This branch is bent in a very interesting manner'."

IF YOU give a present of flowers to any one, give buds rather than full-blown flowers. The pleasure is in watching them come out."

"Never put grains into an arrangement. They suggest food."

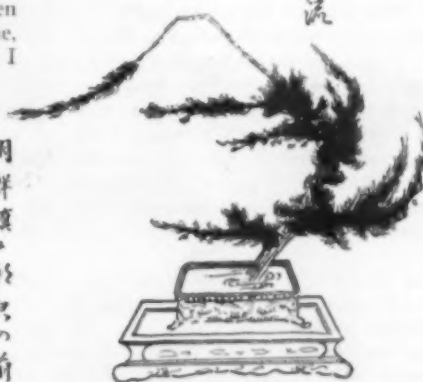
"Do not arrange flowers you can see from your window in the garden."

"If you give a present of cultivated flowers, wrap them in paper; if wild flowers or garden flowers, tie the stems simply with a knot of grasses or weeds."

Do not cut off the dead leaves or thorns." These are some of the simplest rules laid down in the "text-book" of my diploma.

The annual exhibitions of the work of a flower teacher's pupils are most commonly held in temples, and are very formal occasions. At the time of a first exhibition, a student is given a flower name, corresponding, I

朝鮮
模範
の
前流



ARRANGEMENT OF SPRUCE TO SUGGEST MOUNT FUJI

suppose, to a Ph.B., or an A.B., for he may attach it thereafter to his own name as a kind of supplementary honor. All the various arrangements, with their individual vases and stands, no two ever alike, are placed around the temple room, empty save for the clean mats of the floor. A little strip of wood with a red or green tassel stands by each arrangement, giving the name and flower name of the maker. The Honorable Teacher, of course, performs the honors of the day. Every time a visitor arrives, he gets down and bows with his head touching the floor, and then he conducts her around the room. It must not be forgotten that the visitor kneels

[Continued on page 62]

THE WIFE WHO MADE ME

By A REFORMED EGOIST

Illustrated by HARRY LINNELL

I WAS too successful as a young fellow to be agreeable. I was successful with money matters; at twenty-six I had a flourishing business. I was successful in accomplishments; I excelled at out-of-door sports; and I was known as a welcome guest because of my parlor tricks. I was successful with girls; I never lacked a sweetheart; and the prettiest girl in the town was mine if I wanted her. Consequently, at twenty-six, I was as pert and conceited and altogether self-satisfied a youngster as one may meet. And then I married.

I didn't marry the prettiest girl in town, nor the most sought after, somewhat to my own surprise. I fell in love in much the regulation way, only I didn't quite understand why it should be Eleanor whom I wanted, and not pretty Polly Hastings or popular and accomplished Mary Watts. Eleanor was a rather quiet girl. Not that she couldn't enjoy things, only it was in her own way. She was good-looking enough, but not pretty; and she had no accomplishments that marked her off from any other girl. I knew her, as I knew every girl in town, and had never paid her any particular attention, until, one night, I rescued her from a sudden downpour of rain and took her home under my umbrella. I remember, to this day, the conversation we had. There was a tennis-match on the next day, and Eleanor began to talk of it. My opponent and I were about equally matched, and I knew it. Eleanor began talking about his method of playing. I hadn't thought of his method. I was a good player, but I won the game just by going in and trying hard, as I had won everything else I had tackled.

"He wins on his snaky low balls," said Eleanor. "If he once meets some one who can master them, he is done for."

I thought that over that night, and in the morning I made my younger brother send me "snaky low balls" until I felt I could hit any that came to me. And I did. I won the match, and I took Eleanor home. It never occurred to me that her helping me out was more than an accident, but I thought she deserved the attention. She did not say a word about the low balls, and neither did I. She congratulated me very prettily and invited me to call. And I did.

IN ABOUT a month I found that I wanted to marry her. It surprised me a good deal to find I felt that way. But I never doubted her reply for a moment. I was probably the best "match" among the town boys, and, frankly, she didn't hold any such place among the girls. I went up to ask her to marry me, as certain of her answer as if I had it already, and not a little sensible of the honor I conferred upon her. And she said "Yes", just as I expected, and seemed to be quite aware of the prestige she was acquiring—which made me like her better than ever.

So we were married.

I attended to everything—that is, I decided that it should be a quiet home wedding. I had had too many affairs with girls in the town to make it comfortable for me to have anything else. Not that the affairs were not innocent enough, but, as I have said, I was popular, and more than one other girl might have suspected that some day she was to be the one selected. Eleanor acquiesced readily enough. I picked out the house we were to live in; Eleanor never even saw it, until I had the rent paid. I took her to look it over, afterwards, and she went over it thoughtfully, planning where things were to be put. I decided on the places for our wedding-journey, and bought the tickets without her knowing anything about it. I picked out a good deal of the furniture, even the kitchen things. I felt wholly com-

petent to do it all. All Eleanor had to do was to get her clothes in order and go through her part of the ceremony.

We hadn't been in the new home six months before I knew that I had chosen a bad place. The house was inconvenient, and the neighborhood not nearly so good as it appeared. I looked about, some, when I had the time, and about decided to lease one of the new houses on the outskirts of town. I told Eleanor about it at dinner, that night.

"They're nice houses," she said cheerfully.

"I've reserved one," I said; "and I have a notion to close the deal to-morrow." Eleanor didn't say anything; but, after we had rested for an hour or so, she asked me if I would mind walking with her to her dressmaker's, as she had a parcel to leave. It was a lovely moonlight night, and Eleanor guided me through one of the old-fashioned streets of the town which has gardens in front. Most of them were in bloom, and in the moonlight made a pretty picture.

"Nice old neighborhood, this," I said, as we strolled along.

YES," said Eleanor, "some of the nicest people in town live here." I wondered for a moment how our new neighborhood would be. The houses were unoccupied as yet, and a thing like that is always a gamble. Then we came to a corner and there, nestled back among the rose-bushes, was a low white house, and on it the sign, "To Rent". I stopped and looked at it. It was old-fashioned; but it had been done up recently, and it looked inviting.

"We might look at that," I said tentatively. It was the first time I had ever asked Eleanor to look at anything. She glanced at me and smiled.

"I know that house very well," she said. "I went over it about a month ago. I was calling on Mrs. Maberry next door, and she suggested our running over to look at the flowers. The door was open, and the agent was in the hall; so we just went in. It was somewhat out of order; but, as I told him, he never would get a tenant if he did not fix things, and this fresh paint looks as if he had."

"Do you know where the key is?" I asked eagerly.

"No—o," said Eleanor; "but I know where there is a window we could unfasten, and the Maberrys would lend us a lantern."

We went into the Maberry's. I barely knew Maberry, who is one of our town's big men, and it surprised me a little to see how warmly Mrs. Maberry greeted Eleanor.

"You dear child!" she said, as she kissed her. "You are a perfect godsend. You have no idea, Mr. X," she said, turning to me, "what a help Eleanor has been to me."

Eleanor laughed, and said Mrs. Maberry overrated her, while I smiled, completely puzzled.

We got the lantern and went over the house. It had been newly papered and was most attractive. As we left, I said:

"I think we'll take this, Eleanor. I like it better than the new one, and, besides, I like being near the Maberrys. What have you been doing for her? When did you meet her?"

"I met her last month at the bazaar for crippled children," answered Eleanor. "She needed help at her booth and I volunteered, for I wasn't very busy; and I have been helping her at the Home a little, since."

"Well," I said, "you have made an acquaintance that may be a good thing for me. The Maberrys are good people to know, and I may need Maberry's help some time in business."

"I am so glad," said Eleanor.

Well, I was as pleased as could be at getting a nicely fixed-up house in a good neighborhood, and I took a good deal of pleasure in telling of my find to my young friends. We moved the next month.

We were pretty quiet for some time after that; Eleanor's first baby was born three months after we moved, and that kept us both busy. I was doing well, but I didn't seem to get in with the real business set. I was popular enough with the young men, but my business was getting to a point where I needed the cooperation of older men, and, conceited as I was, I could see that I wasn't much of a favorite. I thought, by showing them how smart I was, I could impress them and force my way in, but I didn't succeed. It worried me some, and once I even talked of it at home.

"The older fellows are jealous," I said, a bit bitterly.

"Well," said Eleanor gently, "you know it is hard, dear, to belong to the generation that must soon lose hold. I have often thought how hard it would be, when my time came. And your power, you see, dear, is all ahead of you."

That put the thing in a new light to me. I thought over the men I had envied. Yes, they were all a good deal older. It must be hard to know that they would lose out and leave me at the top of the heap, and still young. I began to feel sorry for them; and the next time I met one, I never considered my smartness, nor about impressing him, nor really using him at all, but just of how I would feel towards a youngster in my place. And he invited me out to the Golf Club with him!

Now, I would have given about anything I possessed to get into the Golf Club. It is our town's distinctive organization. If you are a member, you are of the elect. And I had never had an invitation.

"And, by the way," said Ralston, "I hope you can induce your wife to come along. We should like to have her."

I thought that a pretty compliment to Eleanor, and hurried home to tell her. She accepted at once, a little to my surprise, as she seldom left the baby, even though we had a reliable maid.

"But to go to the Golf Club with my husband," she argued prettily, "is a most important matter."

When we got there, Eleanor seemed to know about three times as many people as I did, which surprised me again. After I had finished my rounds, I sat on the piazza by her, and I was amazed to hear her talk to some of the women and men about. They were a cultivated lot, but Eleanor seemed a match for them in about everything they tackled, philosophy, education, and politics. On the way home I asked her jestingly how she accumulated such a lot of knowledge.

"Well, I read a good deal," she said thoughtfully. "One has to keep it up, it seems, and one gets to like it for its own sake."

When we got home, I looked over her books. And I was astounded. I took down the names of half a dozen, and, unknown to her or anybody, I got them at the office

next week. A couple of weeks later, as we were for the first time discussing philosophy together, I noticed a new book on the table.

"It has just come out," said Eleanor, "and Mrs. Ralston said I ought to read it. Couldn't we read it to each other?"

We read it together. It's the nicest way to read a book, and we have read dozens that way since. Mrs. Ralston and her husband, who is our most prominent banker, came in one evening and found us reading one of the newest books on economics. Ralston said in a queer way:

"Why, I didn't know you were interested in that sort of thing?"

"Well, I'm not an expert," I returned, "but I do read a little."

IT WAS some months after, that I was asked to join the Golf Club. I was so elated over it that I left for home early to tell Eleanor. I knew how proud she would be of me. I sat down in the car behind two women whom I knew only slightly, and soon their voices reached me.

"When they were first married, he was simply detestable," said one, "overbearing, conceited, sure of himself in everything, and with no polish whatever. But she is making him over into something worth while."

"I didn't know them when they were first married," said the second lady; "but I met her soon after. And, of course, there were never any doubts about her. A lovelier woman never breathed."

[Continued on page 23]



"IT ISN'T TRUE," SHE PROTESTED FAS-
SIONATELY. "OH, IT
IS TRUE I HELPED
WHERE I COULD,
BUT IT ISN'T TRUE
AS THEY SAID."

MAKING OVER

A DEPARTMENT FOR

Conducted by

THANKSGIVING

SOCIAL BETTERMENT

ZONA GALE

INSTEAD of considering, this month, any of the problems which come in to this department, let us, instead, discuss Thanksgiving—and your town.

That sounds queer, to begin with. We usually talk about Thanksgiving and the family, not the town.

Thanksgiving, we say, is one of the great "family days". On that day, brothers and sisters, in whom the family tie is still strong, try to get back to spend the day with those left in the old home. On that day, husbands and fathers, who are absent from home, do their best to get back to their families. I remember, once, in the Thanksgiving morning paper, a cartoon which showed a man seated before a Pullman dining-car table laden with good things; but he was looking off across the fields at a little imagined table, where sat a woman and two children before their Thanksgiving dinner. And the waiter was bending down to see what in the world the man was looking at so long.

Yes, Thanksgiving has for a long time meant a family day. Why, then, should we connect it with our towns? For the same reason that we are coming to connect with our towns and our states and our general government scores of things which used to be considered purely family matters.

If anything used to be considered a family matter, it was the family pantry, was it not? If the meat was spoiled, or the bread moldy, or the sirup adulterated, or the milk dirty, the family alone was to blame, because the meat had been killed, the bread had been baked, the sirup had been boiled, and the milk had been brought from the barnyard and fires and orchards of the home. It was all a family affair.

But, now, when the meat comes from the packing-houses, the bread from the city bake-shops, the milk from a distant farm and a milk depot, and the sirup from an unknown factory, it is no longer the concern of the family alone to keep the food pure. It is the concern of the state and of the town. And these things are regulated, so far as is yet possible, by state laws. They are not family affairs, at all.

IF anything used to be considered a family matter, it was the family wardrobe. Spun, woven, fashioned, fitted by the hands of the "housemother" it was, for her entire family. Now, almost every garment which the average family wears comes from factories or sweat-shops which the family never sees. Is there disease in those sweat-shops? How is the family to know that? Are there unlawfully long work-days, unlawfully bad conditions of sanitation and wages in those factories? Of course, the family can never know. It has become the business of the state and of the town to look after these things, to make and enforce laws governing them and safeguarding both workers and patrons. Clothes are by no means merely family affairs.

If anything used to be considered a family affair, it was the family fuel supply. The logs that glowed in the fire-place, the wood that crackled in the cooking-stove had been cut by "Father and the boys", and drawn across the snow on sledges by the family oxen. Or, the cord-wood had been hauled from somebody's wood-lot on the edge of

town, and bought in the village street, and "Father and the boys" sawed and chopped it and brought it to the wood-box. Fuel was eminently a family affair.

How about the fuel now? Coming from states which the family has never visited, mined by a process which the family has never had explained to it, and by miners of whose wages, hours, and safety the family is supposed to know nothing, and brought overland by railways whose freight rates the family is helpless to fix, even though they partly determine the price which the family is to pay out for coal, it is something with which the family has nothing to do until the moment that it reaches the family coal-bin. It has become wholly alien to the home, and the conditions which surround fuel are conditions over which the state is assuming control. Of all the household features, the fire-place, which is considered the very heart of family life, is among the least of the purely family affairs.

There are almost no "purely family affairs" left! What, then, about the holidays?

The Fourth of July was celebrated as a family affair, once; and it was considered a purely family catastrophe if somebody's fingers were blown off. Now, it is a municipal affair, and ordinances govern the family celebrations.

ONCE, Christmas was celebrated as a family affair, and next month we shall see in what kind of families it remains so.

What, then, of Thanksgiving?

Why, Thanksgiving, like the Fourth of July and like Christmas, was never instituted as a family affair.

In the first place, the folk who had come to found a new state set aside a day of thanksgiving that they had been preserved and that the dream which was so dear to them had prospered. Not that "I and mine" had been saved, but that we and ours had been brought safely through common dangers to a common haven.

From the very beginning, Thanksgiving was a common holiday, set aside for thanksgiving for common blessings.

How have we ever made it a selfish, family observance? When we have reached out, even, we have reached out merely to give in charity of our own bounty—in charity, which has nothing to do with blessings received in common.

For these other "family" affairs were once really family affairs, so that it is no great wonder that we have some difficulty in realizing that now they are become our common business.

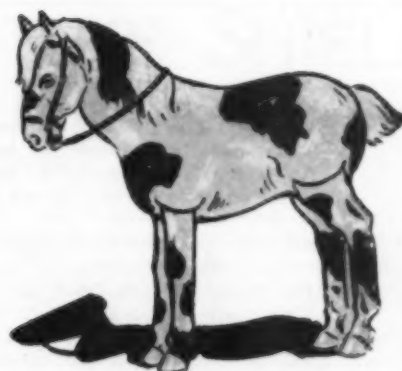
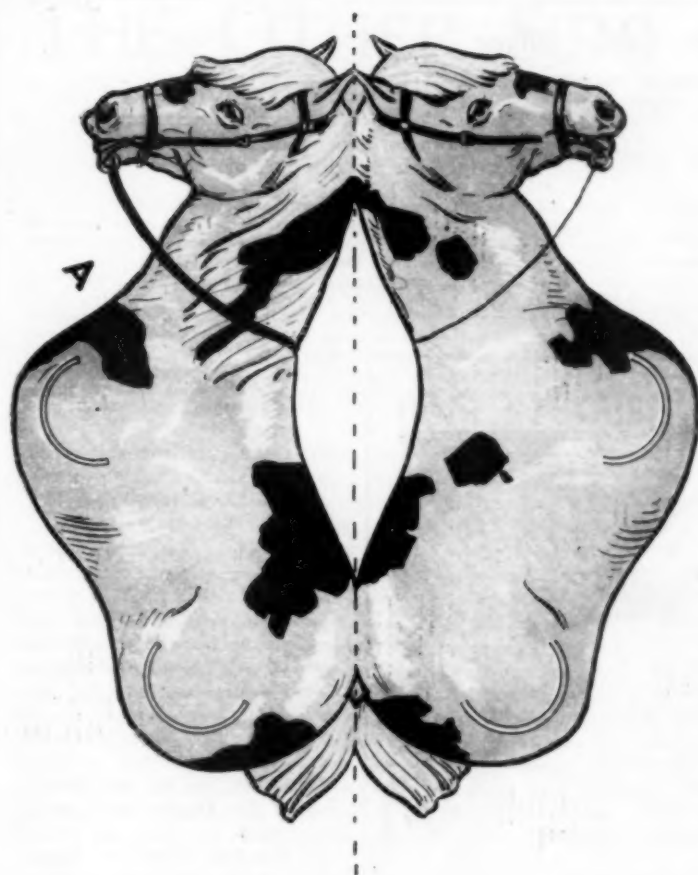
But Thanksgiving tried, in the beginning, to be our common business, and we have taken it and made of it a family affair.

How shall we bring back to life the original Thanksgiving spirit that we, the state, have come safely through the year?

When we are thankful, we do something to show our gratitude, do we not? And in what better way can we show it than together, by making still more worthy that which has been preserved and has prospered? But we touch the state most closely at just one point: Our own town. And it is, then, the town through which Thanksgiving is to be most fitly expressed.

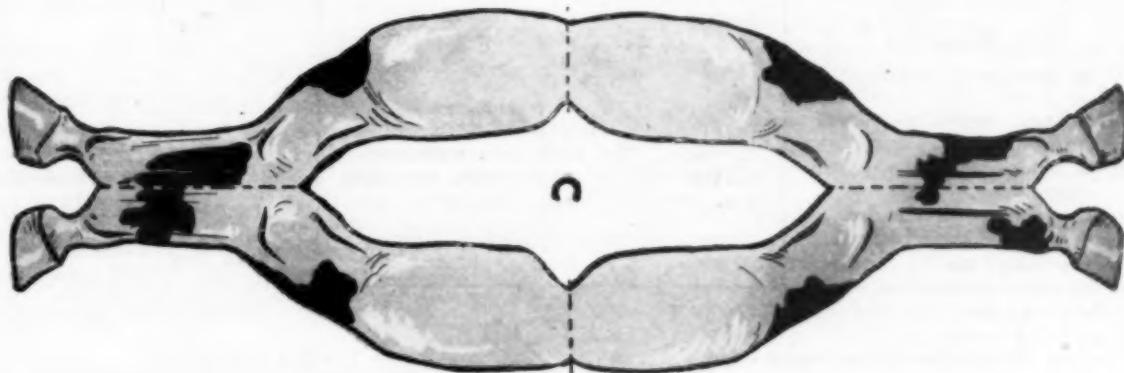
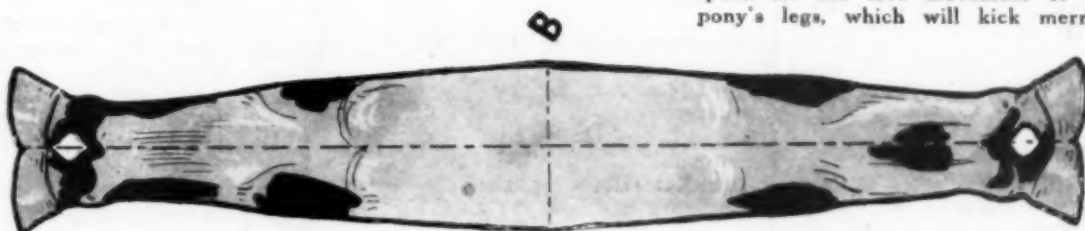
[Concluded on page 83]





The Completed Cut-Out

DIRECTONS.—Cut out each of the parts A, B, C, also the four semi-circular slits on part A and the curve of the back. Fold along the lengthwise (not crosswise) dotted lines, on all three pieces and paste part B together, and then part C. (These are the two leg parts.) Fold the front legs B on the crosswise line and insert into the semi-circular slits on the forward part of A so that one leg is on one side of the horse's body, and one on the other. Then fold and insert back legs into the two remaining semi-circular slits, so that one leg is on one side of the horse and one on the other. Push both sets of legs up into the pony's body so that they almost touch the back. Paste the two sides of the horse together, leaving enough space for the free movement of the pony's legs, which will kick merrily.



MERRY-LEGS, THE MISCHIEVOUS PONY

A CUT-OUT FOR THE CHILDREN

Designed by JEREMIAH CROWLEY

The Little Pillow

By MARTHA HASKELL CLARK

When nurse is cross, an' mamma's gone
Wif papa 'way across the sea,
An' Towser's shut up in the barn,
An' no one's lef to play wif me,

Somehow my froat hurts, right in here—
You couldn' unnerstan', I spose,
But 'thout my tellin' it at all,
My Little Pillow knows.

There's Big Black Things that creep around—
You couldn' unnerstan', I spose,
But they can't really hurt me when
My Little Pillow knows.

An' when I tried to tell to nurse
How Fairies lived out in the wood,
An' how I'd almost seen one once,
Because I'd been so very good,

An' when the hall is long an'
dark,
An' whispersome to walk
about,
An' it's so hard to get to sleep
When nurse puts all the
candles out,

The China Pig

By REBECCA DEMING MOORE

I am a little china pig
Who lives upon a shelf.
A lady dusts me, now and
then,
And leaves me by myself.

I'm very lonely, very sad,
For I'm no use at all,
Excepting when a little girl
Comes here to make a call.

She takes me down from off
the shelf
And builds a little pen
Of matches and of dominoes—
Oh, my, I'm happy then!

I drink out of a little trough;
I grunt and grovel, too;
And everything a good pig
ought
That small girl lets me do.

The Watcher

By MARGARET ERSKINE

"Tick, tock," ticked the Clock,
"I'm the only one
Who never has a chance to
sleep
When the day is done.
Janey, she sulks off to bed,
Very sulky, too;
Willie follows, muttering what,
As a man, he'll do;

"One by one the household steals
Up the stairs to sleep;
I'm the only one that stays,
Watch and ward to keep
O'er the flying minutes, hours,
As they hasten by,
Never to return again.
Thus am I,
In the house, the only one
Who may not sleep when day is done."

That Naughty Hen



"I'm tired of curls!"
cried little May;
"They're always
getting in my way!
I wish that I could
cut them off!"
Papa, he gave a warning
cough:
"What, what!" he said.
"What, what!"

"I'm tired of curls!" cried May to
Nurse;
"I'm sure that nothing could be
worse!
I wish my hair grew straight
around!"
Then Nurse above the hairbrush frowned:
"Tut, tut!" she said. "Tut, tut!"

"I'm tired of curls!" May pouting said;
"I'd like them all cut off my head!"
Mamma she bent a merry brow
Upon her pet: "You think so now,
But, but—" she said. "But, but—"

"I'm tired of curls!" cried May again
To Fluff, the feathery big white hen;
"I wish—" But Fluff with wary eye
Looked round to see that none was nigh:
"Cut, cut!" she said. "Cut, cut!"

—Margaret Johnson

She only laughed her grown-
up laugh—
She couldn' unnerstan', I
spose,
But nurse can't matter, 'cause,
you see,
My Little Pillow knows!

Away from Town

By FLORA FIELD

It is a lovely, lovely day,
No clouds are in the sky,
And so we've come a-picnicking,
My dollie dear and I.

We've come to where the
World begins

In green, all up and down.
I love this World much better
than

I like the World in Town.
There's so much room that
doesn't end,

And lovely, funny things.
I've found wee flowers with
pretty smells,

And bugs with pretty wings!
I've found a squirrel flashing
by;

I've found—for he was
stiller;

I've got him in my apron now—
A darling patty-killer!

There's nothing in this lovely
World

That's green all up and down,
That isn't just a real, live thing
To us who come from Town!

Calls

By REBECCA DEMING MOORE

Indeed I hope it is not wrong
To wish that calls were not
so long
And chairs were not so very tall
I cannot touch my toes at all.

Try as I will I cannot keep
My dangling feet from going to sleep.
And even if there's cake and tea
They say it is not good for me.
And ladies talk of silly things—
How sweetly the new choir sings,
And one says she is 'most afraid
She'll lose her treasure of a maid.
And then they cry, "What trials have we!"—
They never give a thought to me.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SHIELD

WHAT DAUGHTER THINKS OF WHAT MOTHER WANTS

AN ANSWER TO OUR PRIZE LETTERS

Editor's Foreword: The publication of the letters in our What Mother Wants Contest, with their strong human quality and their simple unstudied revelation, has brought forth a big response from our readers. The letters received are from other mothers, heretofore silent; objecting or grateful daughters; a son or two; and, in great measure, from an appreciative public, irrespective of its own position in the family equation. The confidences published by us give, of course, but one side of a question which touches the happiness of two classes of people—mother and daughter. We print below what seems to us a strong and reasonable presentation of one aspect of the situation, from the daughter's viewpoint. We shall be glad to hear from other daughters.

I HAVE read all of the letters from the 'older generation' on 'What Mother Wants'. They certainly express some well-defined reasons for discontent; but how about the feelings of the younger generation? I have a mother who is all the world to me. The main reason I have not married is because I have never yet met a man whom I could love as well as I love my mother. I have a grandmother, also, who lives with us and has a sufficient income for her expenses, but no more. I love her, too, but my mother and myself have been companions ever since I can remember. As I have no brothers nor sisters, nor near relatives, when my grandmother and mother are taken, I shall be practically alone in the world. But it is of my mother I wish to write. She is not at all well, almost constantly under the doctor's care, and you can see how important it is to me to save her strength all that is possible, and to keep her with me just as long as I can.

"Yet, she persistently calls herself dependent upon me and hopes she won't always be here to be a burden. Viewed from the standpoint of the letters you have just published, I suppose she is dependent upon me for support. But I hate that expression. It has tortured me for the last eight years or more, ever since I have been earning money and trying to make things easier for my mother. It has torn my finer sensibilities to shreds, and they are continually bruised and bleeding.

"Before I went to work, my mother took boarders, and she wasn't able to do it. It was the dream of my life that I might be able to earn enough to take care of her, as well as myself, so that she might not have to work so hard. I thought of it by day and dreamed of it by night; I studied for it, working my way through a business college because I had no money to pay tuition. I think I can honestly say I sacrificed for it and lived to that end. At last, my dream was realized. I earn what is considered in my line a high salary. I am able to make my mother comfortable, but she won't let me. She refuses to take any of my money to buy clothes or anything else for herself. Therefore, I have to select and buy her clothes for her. Then, when I give them to her (usually at holidays or birthdays to save her feelings) she insists that she is taking charity from me and sometimes cries and declares that she cannot endure being dependent upon me for everything.

HER feelings in regard to colors are quite the opposite to those expressed by your correspondents. She will not wear any light colors, nor even gray, which is very becoming to her; and although she is only in the fifties now, she is continually reminding me, and always has, that she is old and doesn't need this, that, or the other. All my little attempts to introduce a touch of color in her clothing are repulsed. On one occasion when I bought her a beautiful gray suit and complete outfit to go with it, spending weeks in planning it and anticipating how well it would look on her, she almost cried (perhaps she did quite when

I didn't know it) and declared for a while that she could never wear it because it wasn't black. She finally did wear it out and received many compliments regarding her appearance when she had it on—but I never repeated the experiment.

"It gives me great pleasure, when she is well enough, to take her occasionally to a theater or other place of amusement, or to lunch at one of the best places in town; and I think she enjoys these outings in a way, but both her enjoyment and mine are nearly spoiled by her persistence that I should not be spending my money on her. I have no one else to spend it on, and after I have banked a reasonable amount for possible 'rainy days' I should care little what became of the rest and get small enjoyment, if any, out of it without her, but this she does not seem able to realize, in the least.

"I wish to hire help in the house, not necessarily for all of the work, but for the hardest part, cleaning, dusting, washing, and things which she frankly confesses she hates, but she will hear to my hiring none of it except a portion of the washing which she has found she positively cannot do. Of course, my grandmother is the only one who knows the exact conditions, but she, or any one else who partly knows them, would say that I give her no cause to feel as she does and that I argue, coax, beg and plead, plan and resort to every means, openly and otherwise, to make her feel differently.

"I do not object to her doing any work that she likes and feels able to do. She always does the greater part of my sewing, an occupation she says she enjoys, although I would like to help more than I do. In this case, it is she who takes the work out of my hands and refuses to let me help as much as I would like to for my own good. She says my regular employment is enough for me and that I mustn't do anything else, but I would like to know at least how to do a few other things.

SHE is a dear mother to me, the best in the world. There isn't a thing she wouldn't do for me. That is just the trouble. We continually work at cross-purposes. It is almost like a contest to see which can do the most for the other, and as to her being dependent upon me, why the idea is so ridiculous I can find no words in which to express it. I could write a volume, if I had the time and ability, about the sacrifices my mother made to send me through high school. I was a delicate child, and I could write another volume about the nights she sat up with me when I was ill, and the effort she has always made to provide nourishing and appetizing food, often under great difficulties.

"Why, if I could live to be a hundred years old, and she to a corresponding age, I could never do one-tenth as much for her as she has done for me. I am dependent upon her, even yet—dependent for advice, for consolation and sympathy when things go wrong, for suggestions about my work, my clothes, my friends, my amusements, everything. She couldn't be so dependent upon me if she wanted to be. Of course, I am very far from perfect. I make lots of mistakes and, no doubt, cause her anxiety and trouble in many ways, but the anxiety and trouble are not all on one side.

"Do you see why I am writing this letter? Perhaps there are others of the younger generation who could tell their side of the story. There are always 'two sides', you know, and I hope the other side of at least one situation is now made clear."

"ONE OF THE YOUNGER GENERATION."

THE NEW SMART HATS

LESSONS IN HOME MILLINERY—NUMBER XXII

By EVELYN TOBEY

VELVET sailors are just a little smarter and more popular than the summer ones were. The new rage is the wide sailor, although the narrow ones are still very popular. "Merry Widow" sailors they are, and very much like the old-fashioned ones, except that the head-size space is oval, not round, as it used to be. In those days we were wearing rats and puffs or coronation braids, that built out the head on the sides and made the line of the head-size space circular, whereas now we are smoothing the hair tight to the scalp.

All the style is in the correct tilt of this hat. It must be high on the left side to show the smooth, well-dressed hair, and very low on the right side of the front. The highest point is half-way between the left side and the back, and the lowest point is just over the right eye. This low point, however, ought not to force the brim to cover the right eye—and if the head-size is adjusted to hold the hat high enough on the head it will not.

If you will read the September lesson, you will know how to make a pattern for a sailor of the correct shape. The only difference between the pattern for that model and the one for this wide sailor is in the width of the brim, which is three and a half inches wide here and only one and three-fourth inches in the September model. Draw the oval for the head-size according to the directions given in that lesson; then from this oval measure three and a half inches on all the diagram lines. When a sailor is very wide, and is to be worn so much tilted, it is necessary to make a modification on the side of the brim which droops low. Trim off the pattern one-fourth of an inch on the right side, so that when the hat is worn, the low side will not seem over-balanced, and the left side will look higher.

Make the side-crown pattern like the one drawn for you in the September lesson. Make it three inches high and long enough to fit tight outside of the head-band of the brim. According to that pattern, it will be one inch shorter at the top than at the lower edge. Cut a tip pattern, oval, ten inches wide and eleven inches long. Use stiff buckram for the side-crown and brim frames and put nothing under the velvet of the oval tip. These tips on this style of crown are soft. Lay the patterns on the buckram and cut (with allowances) exactly according to the September directions. Sew wire around the top and lower edges of the side-crown, around the head-size, and edge of the brim.

As it is difficult to keep a wide sailor in good shape, lay the brim flat on the ironing-board, after it is wired, and press with a very hot iron; then sew an extra wire around the brim half-way between the edge and the head-size on the top side. If you cover this brim with thin material, like silk or satin, this extra wire may show through; to prevent this, cover the top of the brim frame tight and smooth with crinoline.

Black, or the deep green, wine, purple, or blue velvets are used for these wide sailors. It requires forty inches of the straight velvet and five inches of the bias for the side crown. There is much economy in buying in this way, as the waste in buying straight velvet for the whole hat is considerable. Cover exactly as described in September lesson for the white velvet sailor. Finish the edge with a wire cord.

This style of hat is trimmed either high or low. Many of them have tall "stick-ups" directly in front or a little to the side of the front (Fig. 2); others have only a metal, or other kind of rose, sewed flat on the brim. The low trimming may be placed at the right or left of the front, or at the right or left of the back, and it ought to reach well out to the edge. A huge pansy of bright, pinkish-cherry velvet sewed on the front of the hat is extremely chic, and although it might be disquieting to one's pocket-book to buy one, I shall be glad to send you directions for making one at home. Their construction is extremely simple. A hat of deep bottle-green velvet looks very well with this pansy trimming (Fig. 3). Some of the little toques are made of several of these very large pansies, or they can be banked close around the side-crowns. If less pretentious trimming is desired, roses of metal nets and tinsel threads, grouped on one side, are very smart (Fig. 1).

For those who do not find the sailors becoming, the toques are just as fashionable. To make one the method is just the same as that given for the school-girl model in the October lesson, although, of course, the measurements and the trimming are different. For the brim cut a piece of double crinoline four inches wide and long enough to fit easily around your head—allow one inch for the lapped seam. Stretch the folded edge of this double crinoline as much as you can, but do not disturb the other edge, which will be the head-size. Roll this stretched edge and wire it; then sew a piece of flat straw braid around the outside of the head-size. No wire is needed here for this kind of soft hat. To cover this brim, cut a piece of bias velvet five inches wide. Fold

[Concluded on page 73]



FIG. 1—THE NEW SAILOR WITH METAL FLOWERS



FIG. 2—SCOTCH IN EFFECT, WITH ITS TWO PHEASANT FEATHERS



FIG. 3—THE SINGLE PANSY IS VERY SMART

FIG. 4—THE POPULAR WASHED OSTRICH FEATHERS

THE CRINOLINE REVIVAL

Out of the Ephemeral, Paris Seeks and Finds its Inspiration

OUR LETTER FROM PARIS

MA PETITE CHERIE:—
Here we are facing the chill air of winter with the imprint of the ephemeral gaieties of last season stamped upon the fashion world. Would you imagine that the gay joyousness of June nights would still imprint itself upon the world, throbbing as it is with the sorrows of many a bereaved woman's heart, when the swan song of kings soars over the land?

Is not this life? The trivial turns out the permanent, while the serious turns into a phantom, fading before our very gaze. Let us, for the moment, forget sorrow and pass to those moments of pleasure that are the source of the present *mode de Paris*. Also, let us forget what may come, in the beauties that have been.

In June, for instance, as the season closed, Paris had seen Russian balls, Greek balls, costume balls, balls Egyptian, and last, but not least, the Crinoline Ball.

Who has not felt on looking at the aquatints of Constantin Ghys, the engraver of the modes of the crinoline epoch, how little they belong to our time, and yet, hardly two generations have separated us from the women wearing wide, ample skirts, their balloon-like hips draped and trimmed like the upholstered canopy of a bed; although they recall a time that seems far more ancient than the days of the jerkin, of the ruff, and of the farthingale.

The women of the court of the Tuileries, which Eugène Lami and Ghys have silhouetted, would assuredly have smiled at the accoutrements which we wore at the ball of the Duchesse de Gramont. The head-dresses, in particular, were almost impossible to reproduce properly. In spite of the ample skirts, all the women at the ball seemed slightly restrained and apparently cramped, although, with the admirable adaptability of the woman of the world, they one and all dominated the situation with a grace that had no suggestion of the hobbled skirts which they had just abandoned for the wide and flowing costume of our grandmothers' time.

In the quadrille which opened the ball were S. A. R., the Infante Eulalie, and Comtesse Jean de Castellane, the Princess Murat, the Marquise de Ganay, accompanied by the Grand Duke Dimitri, Prince Antoine d'Orléans-Bragance, the Comte de Castellane and the Comte Louis René de Gramont. The dignity of the dance was a far



THE SHEER TULLE CRINOLINE OF 1914 ACCENTUATES THE LINES OF THE SWATHED FORM

cry from the *tango* and the *trémoultarde*, proving how utterly the manners of society have changed in less than fifty years.

This ball evoked the past and pointed out the ir retrievable changed point of view and the revolution in customs which have taken place, and yet, as far distant in time as it appeared, it is just this Crinoline ball that alone from the many gaieties of last season, has left its imprint upon the fashions to-day.

The Russian balls, the Greek balls, the costume balls, the balls Egyptian, have passed, ephemeral in their effect, while this vision of the crinoline has reproduced itself, not in heavy fabrics, not in ribbed and boned balloon shapes, but in thin, full tulle tunics, ruffled at times to the waist, through which the slim silhouette of the figure is seen sheathed in satin and wrapped at times in the shimmer of metallic laces. This is the influence that leads in the evening costumes for the winter, when sheer transparencies will cover ravishing fabrics.

Embroidered as we are in the greatest of wars, it is quite evident, little one, that the feminine form has lost none of its power to hold

and charm the eye of the beholder. The keynote of the style that you are so anxious to learn is still *naturalness*!

The width and flare of the crinoline is not rigid and iron-bound as of old; instead, it is swaying with a new grace, and flaring with a military swing heretofore unseen. This new wide fulness does not hide the graceful line of the figure, but cloaks it with a new charm and a subtle suggestiveness that the sheath skirt alone did not possess.

May this reach you, chérie, in this time of great uncertainty, bearing you these words—for the evening, fur trims tulle, tulle hangs over satin, *charmeuse*, or *crêpe de Chine*, while the bodices of the evening gowns—low of neck and high in waistline—are either of jet, spangled or beaded, or of metal laces, simulating the cuirasses worn by the cuirassiers to shield their hearts from the onslaught of the enemy.

To you, chérie, I bid this letter fly, out of the range of the roar of cannon and beyond the thunder of the modern guns of war, bearing to you my love—

Toujours votre dévouée

Comtesse de Castellane

Paris, France.



THE BASQUE WAIST IN ITS LATEST FORM

For other views and descriptions see page 32

THE TOUCH THAT MAKES THE GOWN

By THE FASHION EDITOR

THERE is no item so conspicuous, so important and so mischievous as the use of trimming. A little trimming, well placed, can lift a gown or suit at once above the ordinary and "nice" type

of frock to the smart and chic. But, beware, O reader of little thought on the matter of style! No pitfall is so deep and no mark is so conspicuous as the ill-placed trimming, selected without an eye for color, and placed by a woman who lacks a knowledge of line.

Just as decorations on a house are out of place and ugly when they do not accent its architectural construction, so the trimming on a gown should accent the fundamental idea of line which a well constructed gown always possesses.

This season especially, when in doubt as to how to trim your dress, do not trim it. Use, instead, another fabric for cuffs and collar or for the vest or tunic, follow some combination of materials that a good fashion plate displays accurately. But otherwise, if you have an eye for line and a sense for color, there are many beautiful trimmings to be found in the shops this season.

These are easily applied by the home needlewoman and run the range in price to suit every purse.

For instance, for evening gowns, flounces lead in favor. Sheer lace flounces are in vogue, as well as those of net on which is placed a narrow edging of sequins, jet or paillettes, so joined to the net or chiffon top as to appear as one piece. This season is a sparkling season, but a sparkling season of misty tones, of delicate shades, of a subdued brilliancy produced by bugles and crystals, smoke-lined as it were. Shimmering blues and greens, dull foggy grays, and smoke-toned whites; mingled in the misty spirit of twilight-time, shot through, as it were, by the rays of the rising moon, or the departing sun.

These narrow and glittering insertions and edgings are joined to the net of the foundation, which matches in color, by the finest of cotton thread so as to make the joining invisible. These narrow edgings are usually irregular or scalloped at the edges.

When several flounces are used, the top flounce overhangs the one below, hiding its heading. These flounces are gathered to a net foundation, and can be many or few in number according to the wearer's desire.

For the evening waist very little trimming is used, and whatever is used is applied with discretion. Pastel shades are popular, and white or a pale shade is almost always placed on the upper part of the waist. The deep girdle, deep enough to be almost a basque, and the



cuirass-like pailletted bodices in every case have the upper part of white or pale chiffon or tulle.

Usually, this chiffon is either picot edged or bordered with a narrow band of rhinestones. Trimmings of brilliants, of colored jewels

encrusted at times with pearls, or of metallic laces—often tulle veiled—in gold, silver, and bronze and other metallic effects, are indeed very stunning. Rhinestones, however, will give the finishing touch most in evidence, and next to rhinestones, jet.

The finish and the smart details of the bodice must be carefully attended to. This is the first essential. Chiffon for the day or evening bodice is finished by machine hemstitching, with the outer edge cut off. This forms the popular picot edge finish which is done on the fabric itself. If it is impossible to attain this finish there are several tiny picot edgings of cotton, silk, and fine metallic threads that can be whipped on, giving an excellent effect.

Buttons correctly used always add distinction to a suit or informal frock, when they are simple. There are certain things to remember, however, when you use buttons this season. Never use jet buttons on a morning suit or dress, and do not use velvet buttons on informal costumes. Black satin buttons, perfectly plain and round, have lost their style. All buttons, when made of silk or cloth of any kind, are very dark, and if brilliant or light buttons are wanted, choose the colored bone, the marble buttons, or any of the various metals and stones. The newest buttons of all are those of lacquered wood. They come in all shapes and colors, though the black ones with a touch of some brilliant color are very smart. The most popular size buttons, when bullet-shaped with a rim, are $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch or less, for only small buttons are used for trimming.

There is no better trimming for informal costumes, particularly suits, than Hercules braid. It can be used in many ways, alone or combined with other braid trimming, and comes in widths from $\frac{1}{4}$ inch to 15 inches wide. It is sewed on flat, or can be used to bind coats, skirts and overskirts, the latter being very popular. For binding, cut your material the right length. Turn it back and press it. Fold the Hercules braid in half and baste the upper edge to the outside edge of the goods, then turn over the other half and stitch at the same point. Be sure to work out any wrinkles or puckering, as the braid must lie flat. Sew carefully with silk thread to match, then press again. Buttons used with Hercules braid should be of the same braid, unless other fancy braids are combined with it. For instance, wide Hercules braid often has a very narrow fancy braid sewn on one edge or on both edges.

LONG REDINGOTE LINES RULE

The Rage for Long Lines Dominates the New Models
Correctly Cut from McCall Patterns



NO. 6181, LADIES' CAPE WAIST (15 cents).—Velvet and satin combine in this smart waist. The pattern cuts in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires, made of one material, three and an eighth yards, thirty-six inches wide.

NO. 6185, LADIES' TUNIC SKIRT (15 cents).—Cut in seven sizes, twenty-two to thirty-four waist. Costume requires medium size, four and a half yards velvet with two and three-quarter yards satin, forty-one inches wide. Skirt's width, one and a half yards.

NO. 6191, LADIES' BASQUE (15 cents).—The pattern is made in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. For size thirty-six, two and an eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material are needed.

NO. 6183, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—In six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. The costume illustrated requires medium size, three and seven-eighth yards fifty-four-inch goods. Skirt's width, two and a quarter yards.

NO. 6057, LADIES' AND MISSES' HATS (15 cents).—The pattern comes in two sizes, ladies' and misses'. Either size will require three-quarter-yard of thirty-inch fabric with one-half-yard same width for facing.

NO. 6193, LADIES' BASQUE (15 cents).—For this design the pattern comes in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. It requires for size thirty-six, three yards of thirty-six-inch fabric.

NO. 6189, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—Eight sizes, twenty-two to thirty-six waist. Medium size costume, two and seven-eighth yards fifty-four-inch broadcloth, two and a half yards forty-inch satin.

NO. 6187, LADIES' COAT OR REDINGOTE (15 cents).—Plain and plaid velvet makes this coat. The pattern cuts in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six requires of one material, three and seven-eighth yards forty-four inches wide.

NO. 5785, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—In six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. Medium size costume illustrated, three yards plain and two and five-eighth yards plaid, fifty-four-inch goods. Skirt's width, one and one-half yards.



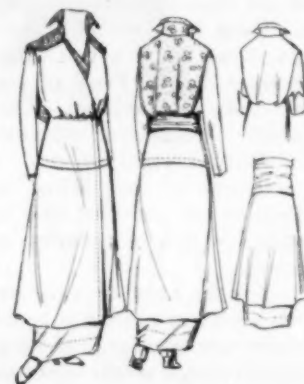
6187



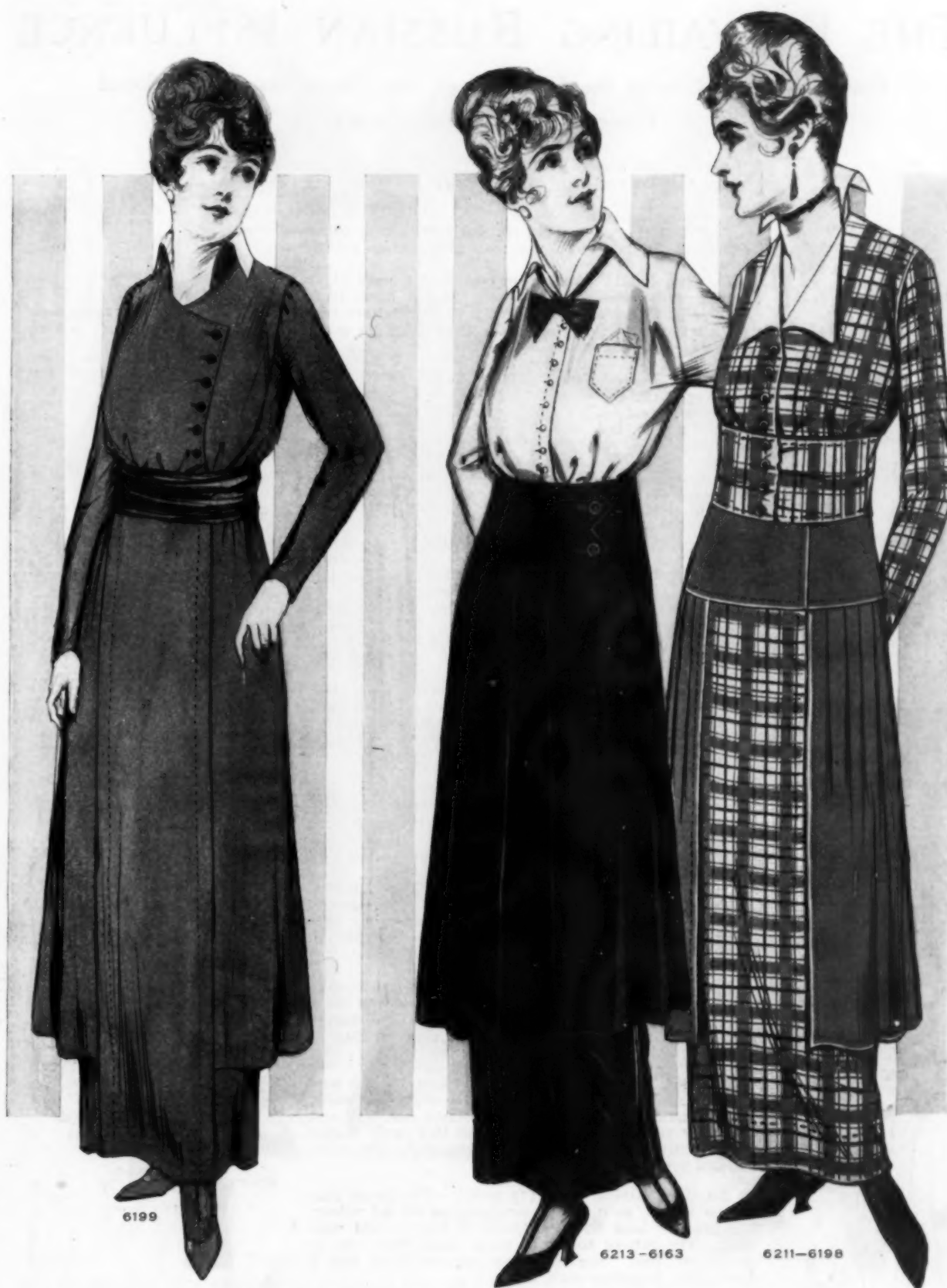
6191-6183



6193-6189



6181-6185



SIMPLIFIED APPLICATIONS OF THE LATEST MODE

Long Swaying Lines and a Wide Choice of Fabrics Lend Variety to Each Model in Vogue

For other views and descriptions see page 34

THE PREVAILING RUSSIAN INFLUENCE

Practical, and Following the Latest Lines, Are These Designs Developed
Cleverly from McCall Patterns



6221



6218



6085-6165



6201

NO. 6199, THE SIMPLE OUTLET MATERNITY DRESS (15 cents).—An idea of the simplicity of the construction of this design can be gained by glancing at the small views. The development shown is velour. The pattern comes in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six requires six and three-eighth yards thirty-six-inch fabric. Skirt's width, one and three-quarter yards.

No. 6213, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—On page 33 the new roll collar is well displayed on a blouse of fine linen, trimmed at the center front with small crystal buttons. The pattern comes in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six takes two and a half yards thirty-six-inch fabric.

No. 6163, LADIES' TUNIC SKIRT (15 cents).—Among the foremost styles for winter the tunic skirt appears in velvet. The pattern cuts in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. Size twenty-six requires four and a half yards of thirty-six-inch fabric. Width of two-piece lower skirt is two yards.

No. 6211, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Broad belts and flaring collars, grace the waists milady wears. On page 33, a new waist is shown in plaid serge, simulating the basque. The pattern comes in eight sizes, thirty-two to forty-six bust. Size thirty-six requires two and an eighth yards thirty-six-inch goods.

No. 6198, LADIES' TUNIC SKIRT (15 cents).—Plain and plaid serge are combined in this attractive skirt. Pattern cuts in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. The costume illustrated requires, medium size, two and a quarter yards plain and two and a half yards plaid forty-four-inch goods. Width of one-piece lower skirt, one and five-eighth yards.

No. 6221, LADIES' COAT (15 cents).—The influence of ye olden day, when coats were full and flaring, is evident in the velvet model on the opposite page. The pattern may be obtained in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six takes three and seven-eighth yards forty-four-inch goods.

No. 6218, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—Full skirts have now returned in suits and dresses. A charming model is shown in velvet. The pattern cuts in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. Medium size costume requires five and three-eighth yards fifty-inch material. Skirt's width, two and three-eighth yards.

No. 6085, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—The popular basque jumper demands a plain waist underneath. This model is admirably adapted to the mode as shown in this development of satin. The pattern cuts in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires one and seven-eighth yards thirty-six-inch goods.

No. 6195, LADIES' AND MISSES' BASQUE JUMPERS (15 cents).—Satin is shown in the development. The pattern comes in three sizes, small, thirty-two to thirty-four, medium, thirty-six to thirty-eight, large, forty to forty-two bust. Medium size takes in the model pictured one and a half yards thirty-six-inch goods.

No. 6165, LADIES' TUNIC SKIRT (15 cents).—The pattern is made in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. The costume illustrated requires, medium size, five and a quarter yards forty-inch plain, and two yards thirty-six-inch striped fabric. Width of one-piece lower skirt, one and five-eighth yards.

No. 6201, LADIES' COAT (15 cents).—The smart coat of the season, as it stands developed in corded velour, has graceful long lines, becoming to matron and miss alike. The pattern comes in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six requires four and a half yards forty-four-inch fabric.

No. 6117, LADIES' TWO OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—Below the popular full coat, plain skirt of velveteen shows to good advantage. The pattern comes in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. Size twenty-six requires two and five-eighth yards thirty-six-inch material. Width of skirt, two yards.



6199



6211-6198



6213-6163



6195



McCall Patterns

COSTUMES OF DISTINCTION

Colors and Combinations Absolutely Correct as to the Season's Mode

For other views and descriptions see page 34



McCall Patterns

SOME SMART COMBINATIONS OF FABRICS

The Pronounced Style Note of the Season Is in the Contrast of Two or More Materials

For other views and descriptions see page 38



THE FLARE AND PLEATS IN VOGUE

The Flaring Separate Coat and the Full, Flared Skirt Gain in Popularity

For other views and descriptions see page 39

GIRDLE WAISTS AND TUNIC SKIRTS IN FAVOR

Fur Trimmed or Plain Tunics, Crushed or Straight Girdles,
Accord with the Properly Cut McCall Patterns



6215

NO. 6173, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Cuts in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six requires of thirty-six-inch material two and three-fourth yards.

No. 6167, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—Pattern cuts in seven sizes, twenty-two to thirty-four waist. Costume illustrated, medium size requires four yards one-eighth broadcloth, and two yards one-eighth satin fifty-four inches wide. The two-piece lower skirt section's width is one and five-eighth yards.

No. 6195, LADIES' AND MISSES' BASQUE JUMPERS (15 cents).—Cuts in three sizes, small, medium and large. Medium size requires for basque illustrated, one yard of thirty-six-inch fabric.

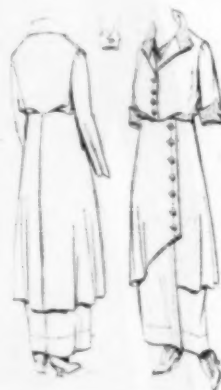
No. 5981, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—The pattern for this waist may be obtained in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires one and three-fourth yards forty-four-inch material.

No. 6171, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—The pattern cuts in seven sizes, twenty-two to thirty-four waist. Size twenty-six requires three and one-half yards of forty-four-inch material. The width of the one-piece lower section is one and five-eighth yards.

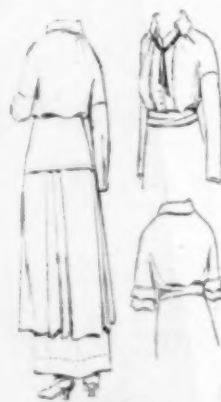
No. 6107, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—The pattern is obtainable in five sizes, thirty-two to forty bust. Size thirty-six requires two and five-eighth yards thirty-six-inch material.

No. 6216, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—In six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. Costume as illustrated in the medium size requires three yards forty-inch black satin, and three yards forty-inch allover lace. Skirt's width is one and five-eighth yards.

No. 6215, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—The pattern cuts in eight sizes, thirty-two to forty-six bust. Size thirty-six requires for skirt, collar and cuffs one yard and three-eighths, and for tunic and waist three yards and three-eighths of forty-four-inch goods. One-piece lower skirt's width is one and one-half yards.



6173-6167



5981-6171



6215



6197-6216

THE FAVORED SILHOUETTE

By Following McCall Patterns the Proper Width of Skirt and the Smart Length of Waist Is Attained

NO. 6207, LADIES' BASQUE WAIST (15 cents).—In six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires two and one-fourth yards of forty-five-inch material.

No. 6222, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—Pattern cuts in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. Costume illustrated, medium size, requires four yards one-fourth of forty-four-inch material for dress and two yards one-half thirty-six-inch material for trimming. Skirt's width, one yard five-eighths.

No. 6209, LADIES' BASQUE WAIST (15 cents).—Seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six requires two and three-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch goods.

No. 6047, LADIES' ONE-PIECE STRAIGHT PLEATED SKIRT (15 cents).—The pattern cuts in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure. Size twenty-six requires three and seven-eighth yards of forty-four-inch material. The width around lower edge is three and one-eighth yards.



6179

No. 6179, LADIES' COAT WITH OR WITHOUT CAPE (15 cents).—The pattern is obtainable in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six requires three and one-half yards of fifty-four-inch fabric.

No. 6177, LADIES' FOUR GORED SKIRT (15 cents).—The pattern for this stylish skirt which may be made with or without the yoke, may be had in seven sizes, twenty-two to thirty-four waist. Size twenty-six requires without yoke, two and five-eighth yards forty-four-inch material. The skirt's width is two and one-half yards.



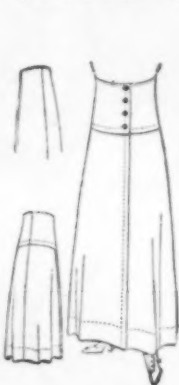
6209-6047

No. 6205, LADIES' BASQUE WAIST (15 cents).—A charming version of the basque. Pattern cuts in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six requires two yards and three-fourths of thirty-six-inch fabric.

No. 6007, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—Pattern cuts in five sizes, twenty-two to thirty waist. Costume illustrated requires medium size, three and one-eighth yards of forty-inch plain goods, and three and one-eighth yards forty-inch fabric for tunic. Skirt's width is one and five-eighth yards.



6207-6222



6177



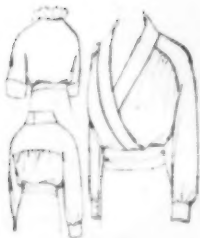
6205-6007



6205-6007

THE APPEAL OF LACE

Charming Combinations in which Lace Is Largely Used, Correctly
Cut from McCall Patterns



5853

NO. 5853, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—For the waist of lace the pattern comes in six sizes from thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires two and three-quarter yards thirty-six-inch goods.

No. 6089, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—The vogue of lace flouncing and diaphanous fabrics, brings to the fore the plainest of styles for evening wear. A new back-closing model is pictured in black Chantilly lace. The pattern comes in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six takes of one material two yards twenty-seven inches wide.

No. 6121, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—A smart model showing the trend toward fuller skirts appears on the opposite page charmingly developed in black Chantilly lace or silk-run Spanish filet. The pattern may be had in five sizes, twenty-two to thirty waist. As illustrated the costume requires for the medium size three and a half yards of forty-five-inch flouncing. Width of skirt at hem, two and one-eighth yards, either round or shorter length.



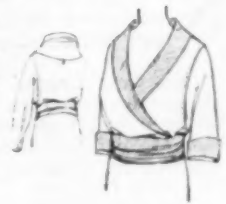
6089-6121



5853

6021

No. 6021, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Cut in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires one and a quarter yards lace and two and three-eighth yards of satin mes-saline thirty-six inches in width.



6021

No. 6203, LADIES' BASQUE (15 cents).—Similar to the styles of grandma's day are the quaint basques of the evening frock. On the opposite page two developments of a new model are shown, one net, the other satin. The pattern cuts in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six requires of one material three yards thirty-six inches wide.

No. 6111, LADIES' REDINGOTE SKIRT (15 cents).—Cut in five sizes, twenty-two to thirty waist. The costume requires medium size: first view five and seven-eighth yards forty-five-inch net and two and a quarter yards thirty-six-inch satin; second view two and a quarter yards thirty-six-inch flouncing with three and three-eighth yards forty-inch satin. The skirt measures one and five-eighth yards in width.

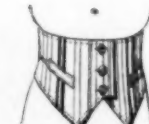


6203-6111

No. 6050, LADIES' AND MISSES' GIRDLE BELTS (10 cents).—The plain frock gains "chic" from small accessories, such as belts. Below six styles are pictured. The pattern may be had in three sizes, small, medium and large. The suspender belt requires for the medium size, one yard, vest belts one-half yard each, and pleated girdle two and a quarter yards of material thirty-six inches in width.



6050



6050

6050



RUSSIAN EFFECTS IN EVENING FROCKS
Three Chic Combinations of Net, Chantilly, and Margot Lace

For other views and descriptions see page 40

CORRECT COSTUMES FOR ALL FIGURES

Properly Placed Fulness Gives Character to the Figure in New McCall Patterns



6053



6219



6219

NO. 6053, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—A stylish and up-to-date model for the woman whose ample figure makes her desirous of accentuating her height by long lines. Pleats in the waist have corresponding pleats in the long tunic, which shows a few inches of a narrow underskirt. The pattern cuts in eight sizes, thirty-two to forty-six bust. Size forty-two requires of one material fifty inches wide four and seven-eighths yards. The width of the one-piece lower skirt section is one yard five-eighths.

No. 6223, LADIES' FLARE COAT (15 cents).—The long lines of this coat is adaptable to the stout figure. Pattern in eight sizes, thirty-two to forty-six bust. Size forty-two requires for full length coat, four and three-eighths yards fifty-four-inch fabric.

No. 6177, LADIES' FOUR-GORED SKIRT (15 cents).—The pattern cuts in seven sizes, twenty-two to thirty-four waist. Size thirty requires without yoke two yards and five-eighths forty-four-inch material and measures around the bottom two and five-eighths yards. The suit as illustrated in size forty-two requires six yards of fifty-four-inch goods and one and one-eighth yards twenty-two-inch velvet for collar and cuffs.

No. 6211, LADIES' WAIST WITH GIRDLE (15 cents).—A waist to a costume of diagonal serge is lightened at the neck with collar and revers of white. The wide girdle made of the same material buttons in the front. The pattern cuts in eight sizes, thirty-two to forty-six bust. Size forty-two requires two yards and three-quarters of forty-two-inch material.

No. 6015, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—The cutaway line of this skirt lends a more slender look to the woman of large proportions. The pattern cuts in seven sizes, twenty-two to thirty-four waist. Size thirty requires three yards of fifty-four-inch material. The width of the one-piece lower section without pleat is one and five-eighths yards. The costume, as illustrated, medium size, requires five and one-eighth yards forty-four-inch material.

No. 6219, LADIES' MOYEN AGE OR BASQUE DRESS (15 cents).—A combination of velvet and fur cloth developed this model, which is cut in the smart long waisted effect with three-piece flare skirt attached. The pattern cuts in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires two and five-eighths yards forty-one-inch velvet for basque and trimming, three yards three-eighths forty-inch cloth for sleeves and skirt. Skirt's width two yards and one-eighth.

No. 6217, LADIES' REDINGOTE OR MOYEN AGE DRESS (15 cents).—Blue serge and black satin. One of the season's most fashionable combinations is used to make this striking costume. The pattern cuts in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires, as illustrated, two and three-eighths yards forty-inch satin for sleeves, front and lower skirt, and two and one-quarter yards forty-eight-inch serge for redingote and belt. The lower skirt section's width is one and five-eighths yards.



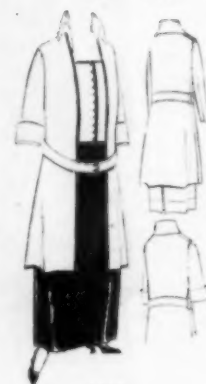
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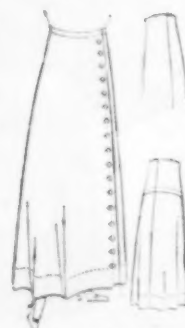
6223



6217



6217



6177



MATRONLY MODELS IN THE LATEST LINES

The Long Tunic and the Latest Redingote Coats Are Effective Styles for the Stout Woman

For other views and descriptions see page 42

FOR UP-TO-DATE YOUNG WOMEN

Long Flaring Lines and Sheer
Lace Flouncings in Vogue



NO. 6208, MISSES' COAT (15 cents).—A stunning coat cut on the latest lines with flaring skirt or redingote effect, developed in velvet and white satin. Broadcloth, cheviot or gabardine may be used for this model. The pattern may be obtained in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen requires, developed as illustrated, six and one-eighth yards of twenty-seven-inch velveteen and one and three-eighth yards of twenty-two-inch white satin.

No. 6166, MISSES' BASQUE DRESS (15 cents).—The pattern may be obtained in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen requires three and five-eighth yards forty-five-inch figured net and seven and three-quarter yards ribbon velvet. The one-piece lower section's width is one and three-eighth yards.

No. 6172, MISSES' BASQUE DRESS (15 cents).—Cuts in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen requires two yards of thirty-six-inch material, two and three-eighth yards thirty-inch flouncing, three and five-eighth yards eleven-inch flouncing and three-quarter yard net fifteen inches wide. One-piece lower skirt's width is one and three-eighth yards.

No. 6088, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—The pattern for this stylish dress may be obtained in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen requires of one material forty-two inches in width, three and one-half yards. At lower edge skirt section's width is one and three-eighth yards.

No. 6112, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—Cut in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen requires for skirt and band two and one-eighth yards, for waist and yoke two and one-fourth yards of forty-four-inch goods. Skirt's width is two and one-eighth yards.



6212

6206

6192

6184



6212



6206



6192



6184

Transfer Design No. 544

No. 6212, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—This dress is of simple good style for the young miss. When developed in brown poplin, it is chic for the school frock. The pattern cuts in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen requires four and seven-eighths yards. The three-piece skirt's width is two and one-fourth yards.

No. 6206, MISSES' REDINGOTE DRESS (15 cents).—Quite the latest mode is this dress. The pattern cuts in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen requires for the dress, skirt section, one and three-eighths yards, and for waist and tunic two and three-eighths yards of forty-five-inch fabric. The skirt's width is one and three-eighths yards.

No. 6192, MISSES' "PINAFORE" DRESS (15 cents).—The long waisted dress on the new lines is among the smartest of the season's styles. The pattern cuts in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen requires in one material forty-four inches wide, four and three-eighths yards. The two-piece lower skirt's width is one and three-fourth yards.

No. 6184, MISSES' BASQUE DRESS (15 cents).—The popular long waisted effect is shown in this fashionable model. Pattern cuts in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen requires for waist and sash one and seven-eighths yards, for skirt one and seven-eighths yards of forty-four-inch fabric. Straight pleated skirt's width two and one-quarter yards.



6208



6166



6172



6088



6112

UP-TO-DATE FROCKS

Clever Combinations of Color
Latest Styles for Little Maids



No. 5844, CHILD'S DRESS (15 cents).—Trimly tailored in its finish is this dress which may have a box pleated or a coat closing, and a straight pleated skirt. Serge, tweed, or homespun are serviceable and suitable materials in which to develop it. The pattern cuts in four sizes, four to ten years. Size six requires three yards of thirty-six-inch material.

No. 6168, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—A simple frock whose circular tunic gives a note of special smartness. The pattern may be obtained in five sizes, four to twelve years. Size eight requires two yards of thirty-six-inch material for the dress, if made with body and sleeve in one, and for the trimming one and three-eighths yards forty-inch material.

No. 6164, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—Dark blue serge may be used for this dress, having vest and cuffs of white piqué and a gay Roman striped sash. It will make a sweetly simple winter church dress and is not too dressy for school. The pattern may be obtained in five sizes, four to twelve years. Size ten requires three and one-half yards of thirty-six-inch material to develop.



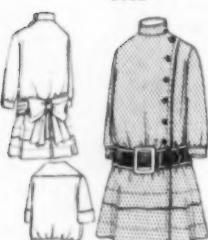
6186



5844



6168



6164



6202



6164



6202



6186

No. 6202, GIRL'S BASQUE DRESS (15 cents).—The pattern cuts in five sizes, six to fourteen years. Size ten requires one yard forty-five-inch fabric for skirt and back, and three and three-fourths yards seventeen-inch flouncing and two yards ribbon for sash.

No. 6186, GIRL'S BASQUE DRESS (15 cents).—In bright plaid with dainty collar and contrasting sash this dress is well fitted for gloomy weather. The pattern cuts in five sizes, six to fourteen years. Size ten requires three and one-fourth yards thirty-six-inch material. The sash is extra.

FOR LITTLE GIRLS

and Fabrics that Mirror the
Made from McCall Patterns

No. 6196, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—The pattern for model cuts in five sizes, three to ten years. Size six requires two and one-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch fabric. Transfer Design No. 629. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6174, CHILD'S COAT WITH LEGGINGS (15 cents).—A suit which has the advantages of good style and warm comfort developed in broadcloth. The pattern cuts in five sizes, one to eight years. Size four requires two yards of fifty-inch fabric for both.

No. 6120, GIRL'S SET OF HATS (10 cents).—An Alpine hat, a draped and plain toque, and a ribbon hat, with single or double brim, are included in this pattern. The pattern may be had in three sizes, small, medium and large. The Alpine hat requires three-quarter yard and the draped toque five-eighth yard twenty-four-inch fabric.



6194

No. 6182, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—A stylish frock for practical wear is this model developed in striped worsted. The pattern cuts in five sizes, four to twelve years. Size eight requires with sash three and one-fourth yards of thirty-six-inch fabric. As illustrated in small view three yards.



6182

No. 6194, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—The pattern for this up-to-date frock cuts in five sizes, six to fourteen years. Size eight requires for waist and tunic two yards, and for skirt and trimming one and one-fourth yards of thirty-six-inch material.

No. 6188, GIRL'S CAPE COAT (15 cents).—A stylish coat of zibeline with cape attached. The pattern cuts in six sizes, four to fourteen years. Size eight requires, as illustrated, two yards and five-eighths of fifty-four-inch fabric. Collar facing one-fourth yard of material eighteen inches wide.



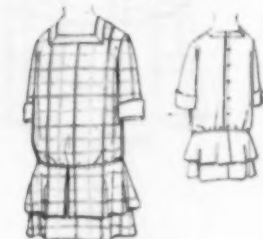
6188

6196
Transfer
Design
No. 629

6174—6120 Hat



6174



6196



6182



6194

6188—6120 Hat



NO. 6204. GIRL'S BASQUE JUMPER DRESS (15 cents).—In five sizes, six to fourteen years. Size eight two and a quarter yards serge with one and an eighth yards batiste for guimpe, both thirty-six inches wide.

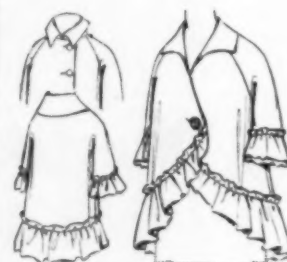
No. 6178, BOY'S SUIT (15 cents).—For the suit, shown in flannel, the pattern may be had in four sizes, three to eight years. Size four requires two yards thirty-six-inch material.

No. 6180, CHILD'S ROMPER (10 cents).—Cut in four sizes, six months to three years, requires size one, one and a half yards twenty-seven-inch fabric.

No. 6176, BOY'S DOUBLE-BREADED ULSTER OR OVERCOAT (15 cents).—The pattern is made in seven sizes, two to fourteen years. Size eight takes two and an eighth yards of fifty-four-inch material.

No. 5952, GIRL'S COAT (15 cents).—A pattern for the coat of homespun comes in seven sizes, two to fourteen years. For size four, only one and five-eighths yards forty-four-inch goods will be needed.

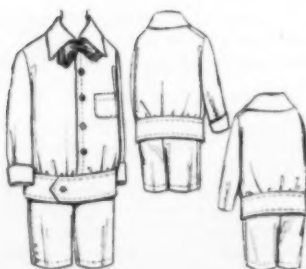
No. 5840, BOY'S HATS (10 cents).—The pattern for the Tyrolean hat cuts in three sizes, small, medium and large. Any size of the hat pictured requires three-quarter yard thirty-six inches wide.



5952



6204



6178



6176



6180

SOME WINTER NECESSITIES

The Housewife Can Save Dollars by Making These Garments
From McCall Patterns

NO. 6214, MEN'S PAJAMAS (15 cents).—Comfortable and neat as well as easily constructed, are the pajamas made from this pattern. Madras, percale, wash silk and pongee are materials practical for its development. It may be buttoned down the front or fastened with decorative frogs of cord. A pair of pajamas will make father or brother a practical Christmas gift. The pattern cuts in eight sizes, thirty-two to forty-six-inch breast or thirteen and one-half to seventeen-inch neck measure. Size thirty-eight requires five yards of thirty-six-inch goods.

No. 6169, LADIES' PRINCESS COMBINATION (15 cents).—Cut on the new basque lines is this model with long waisted corset cover and straight hanging, or knickerbocker, drawers. Embroidery flouncing may be used to advantage in the making of this practical garment, also, nainsook or longcloth. The pattern cuts in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires two and one-half yards thirty-six-inch material or three and one-eighth yards of twenty-two-inch flouncing.

No. 6175, LADIES' AND MISSES' BASQUE APRON (15 cents).—Even in such common garments as aprons are the latest styles exploited as evidenced in this smart model with long waist and attached skirt. It is also a practical garment as it is an all enveloping protector to the dress worn beneath. Serviceable materials for its development are percale, madras, calico and gingham. The pattern cuts in three sizes, small, medium and large. Medium size requires for apron with back closing and one-piece skirt four and five-eighths yards of thirty-six-inch material.

No. 6200, BOYS' HATS (10 cents).—A set of hats which will fill the needs of the small boy, are included in this pattern. They may be made as desired, of tweed or cheviot, or of the material of the overcoat. The pattern may be obtained in three sizes, small, medium and large. The medium size requires for the Oliver Twist hat three-fourths yard, for the Russian hat three-eighths, for the

Sport's hat five-eighths yard of thirty-six-inch material, and for the Tyrolean hat three-fourths yard twenty-seven-inch fabric, and a perky-colored feather to give the Tyrolean effect which is desirable in this hat.



6200



6214



6169



6175



6214

No. 6170, BOY'S UNION SUIT (10 cents).—For the small boy there is no more practical undergarment than this, made of muslin for summer and of flannel for winter. The pattern cuts in five sizes, four to twelve years. Size eight requires for long length two and three-eighths yards thirty-six-inch material.

No. 6190, LADIES' BLOOMERS (10 cents).—Practical, comfortable and serviceable are these bloomers to be worn in place of a petticoat, in silk or sateen for summer, and in heavier material for winter. The pattern may be had in seven sizes, twenty-two to thirty-four inches waist measure. Size twenty-six requires two yards of thirty-six-inch material.

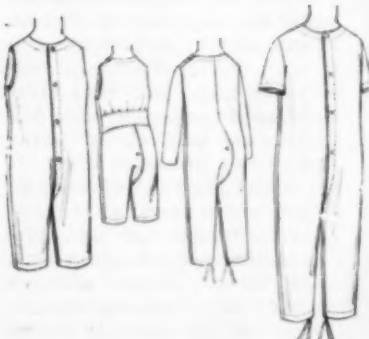
No. 6210, CHILD'S OLIVER TWIST NIGHT DRAWERS (10 cents).—A comfortable night garment for the small girl or boy. Outing and Canton flannel are fabrics used. The pattern cuts in five sizes, one to eight years. Size four requires, with feet, three yards of twenty-seven-inch material.



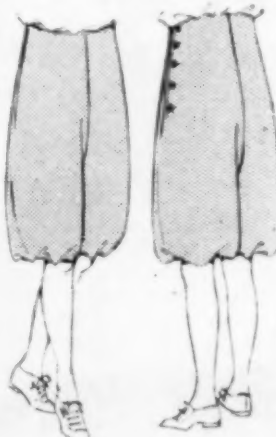
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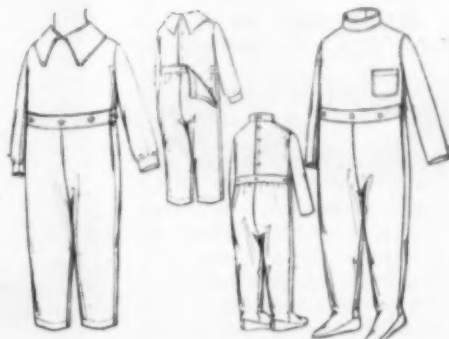
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6170



6190



6210

GETTING READY FOR CHRISTMAS

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE WOMAN WHO EMBROIDERS

By HELEN THOMAS

630.—Candle Shade in Willow Design.—To be embroidered on white linen and in outline, buttonhole, and satin-stitch with three shades of Delft blue silk or cotton, or stamped on heavy white water-color paper, then painted with dark blue water-color. Pattern provides transfers for 4 shades. They match designs for Centerpiece No. 625, and Doilies No. 631.



633.—Oval Centerpiece, Flowerpot Design, 24½x20 Inches.—To be developed in silk or cotton, in all white, or in bright colors, in satin, outline, and buttonhole stitches. A pretty color arrangement is as follows: flowerpot outlined in black with decorations solid, alternating brown and orange; leaves in two shades of green; flowers, red; berries, lighter red; rest of design, Delft blue.

629.—Effective Spray and Banding Designs.—For embroidering waists, dresses, children's clothes, and linens; in satin-stitch, or eyelet and satin-stitch. Shown developed on Child's Dress 5850, pattern 10 cents. On a medium-weight linen, use silk or cotton. White or colors may be chosen, as desired. Besides the sprays for yoke and cuff, the pattern provides 2¾ yards of 2½-inch banding.

632.—Scallops for Buttonholed Edge.—For dresses, col-

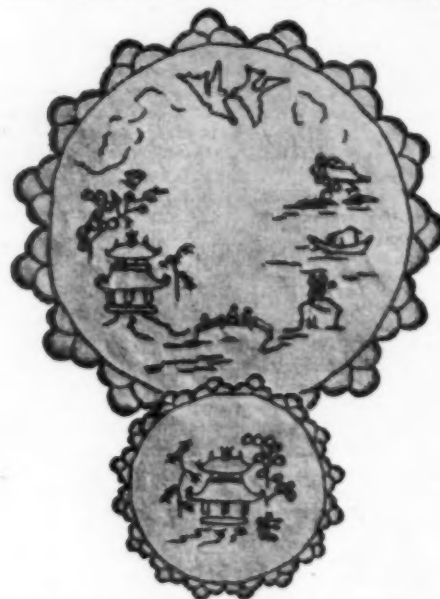


lars, underwear, children's clothes, household linens. Illustration shows actual size. Pad scallops before buttonholing. Pattern provides 4 yards of edging quarter of an inch wide, and four corners.



TRANSFER DESIGN, ANY ARTICLE ON PAGE, 10 CENTS

631.—Doilies in Willow Design, embroidered in Delft blue.—In two sizes, 10x10 and 5½x5½. A charming luncheon set. The design should be worked in three shades of Delft blue silk or cotton on white linen in outlining and satin-stitch, with a buttonholed edge. The pattern includes 6 large and 6 small doilies, matching Centerpiece Design



No. 625 illustrated in the October McCall's, and Candle-Shade Design No. 630 shown on this page. Complete set is very effective.

634.—Baby Pillow-Top Design, Measures 9x14 inches.—Bow-knot, leaves, and the word "Baby" to be worked in satin-stitch, stems in satin outline, and rest of design in eyelet stitch, with marking cotton, when linen, batiste, or lawn is used; on cashmere, silk, or piqué, entire design should be in satin-stitch with embroidery silk. Pillow-cover may be edged with lace, or left plain, as preferred. If sheer material is chosen, cover pillow with pink or blue.

A McCall Kaumagraph pattern of any design on this page for 10 cents at any McCall pattern agency, or postpaid from The McCall Company, New York City. Not supplied stamped on material. Miss Thomas will gladly answer questions on embroidery.

McCall's Book of Embroidery gives directions for embroidery stitches, and illustrates transfer designs. Price, in United States, with one free transfer pattern, 15 cents; by mail, 20 cents; in Canada, 20 cents; by mail, 25 cents.

SIMPLE GIFTS EASILY EMBROIDERED

IDEAS FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON

By GENEVIEVE STERLING

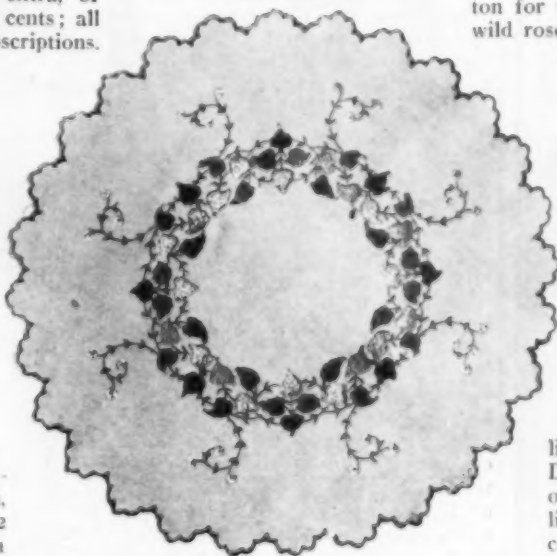


10432.—Table Runner in Couching Stitch.—Design stamped on Aberdeen crash, size 22x50 inches, 45 cents; or free for two 50-cent subscriptions; purple mercerized cotton for flowers, and green for leaves, 60 cents extra; 3-inch wide ecru fringe for ends, 25 cents extra; all free for five 50-cent subscriptions.

10431.—Corset Cover in Lazy Daisy Stitch and French Knots.—Stamped on lawn, 13x45 inches, 25 cents; 1 skein each blue, pink, and yellow cotton for flowers, 1 green for leaves, 10 cents extra, or same number skeins of silk, 20 cents; all free for two 50-cent subscriptions. On handkerchief linen, 50 cents. No lace or ribbon furnished. Pattern includes a buttonholed scallop for top.



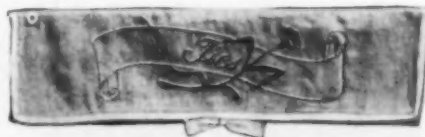
10434.—Grape Centerpiece.—Design on white or tan linen, size 27x27 inches, 60 cents; 12 skeins blue embroidery cotton in three shades, 25 cents extra; all free for three 50-cent subscriptions. Stamped on linen, 36x36, 85 cents. Embroidery silk furnished at 50 cents per doz. skeins. Flowers are developed in French knots, in the three shades of blue; stems and leaves in outlining and satin-stitch in medium blue; edge buttonholed in dark blue. A most effective design.



10433.—Baby-carriage Strap done in Rambler Roses and Satin-Stitch.—Stamped on poplin, 4x25 inches, 20 cents; on linen, 25 cents; 1 skein pink cotton for flowers, 1 green for leaves, 2 white for edge and eyelets, 10 cents extra, or same number skeins silk, 20 cents.



A perforated pattern of any design on this page, including preparation and directions for stamping, 15 cents, from The McCall Company, New York City. Not carried by our Pattern Agencies. The same pattern may be used repeatedly, and on any color or kind of material. Our 24-page book, Latest Ideas in Embroidery Designs, for a 2-cent stamp.



10430.—Tie and Handkerchief Case in Outline and Solid Embroidery.—Design and pattern stamped on Aberdeen crash or Atwood cloth, size 21x27 inches, 25 cents; 6 skeins of red cotton for working, 15 cents extra, or 6 skeins silk, 30 cents; 3 yards red tape, 10 cents extra; all free for two 50-cent subscriptions. Words and flower are satin-stitched; scroll outlined. Case shown open and closed.

10435.—Embroidery Bag in Satin or Kensington Stitch.—Design stamped on cream linen, 35 cents; 2 skeins green cotton for working the leaves, 2 of red for wild roses, and one of yellow for French knot centers of the flowers, 12 cents extra; oval hoops for handles, 15 cents extra; or all free for three 50-cent subscriptions. Same number skeins silk, 25 cents.



10420.—Bootees in Satin, Outline, and Buttonhole Stitches.—Design and bootee pattern stamped on poplin, per pair, 20 cents; on linen, 25 cents; 3 skeins white cotton for working, 8 cents extra, or 3 skeins silk, 15 cents. Ribbon for lacing not furnished.

10436.—Collar in Fagoting Stitch (see embroidery lesson, page 60).—Design stamped on lawn, 9x20 inches, 15 cents; on batiste, 20 cents; bias strip for edge with pink cotton for flowers, green for leaves, 10 cents extra; with silk, 15 cents.

Campbell's Tomato Soup—

Who can resist its wholesome temptation?

No one who has ever tried it.

The practical housewife—who at first doubts if any soup can be quite so good as that which is made in her own kitchen; the dainty young homemaker—who wants to provide the most attractive table; the clever and critical hostess—who will have only the best, and that which is absolutely correct. The skeptic, the epicure, the hearty, the delicate—guided by the pleasing experience of others—They all come to it. And it satisfies every one.

21 kinds
10c a can

They
all
come
to it!



Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

THE HOME DRESSMAKER

LESSON 45.—LADIES' BASQUE

By MARGARET WHITNEY

THERE is no excuse for tears this season because you cannot afford a new frock. An old dress can be remodeled for so modest an outlay, both of time and money, as to bring a bright smile to the face of any discouraged economist.

For the sum of \$2.78 you can remodel your out-of-date frock, making it feature one of the latest of the season's modes. The model I have selected is so simply constructed and so easy to make that it is no longer expedient to deny yourself the pleasure of a new frock because of war times and lack of business.

For instance, here we have the newest of basque waists, which with any skirt you may have will make an up-to-date costume simply by a very few judicious and inexpensive purchases.

TO accomplish the final result with a small expenditure of money, buy McCall Pattern for Ladies' Basque, No. 6193, 1 yard of black satin, 40 inches wide, for the over-basque, with three-fourths of a yard of 18-inch embroidered net for the chemisette, and one-half yard of 40-inch white satin for the collar and facing. Purchase nine wooden button-molds, and cover with left-over pieces of the satin for the front closing of the basque, and six small crystal buttons for the net vest closing. For the sleeves, take an old waist of net or lace, or the waist of cloth, matching the skirt, if it has been cut on kimono lines.

Thus equipped, we are ready to set to work in earnest. Study the diagrams well, and proceed by folding the black satin lengthwise, and pinning thereon the two pattern pieces, F and B, as indicated in diagram, Fig. 1.

Place pattern-piece B, with the straight center-back of the pattern marked by

three crosses (+++) on fold of goods; and pattern-piece F, with the straight front of basque placed on the selvage. Mark perforations and notches, and cut. Then fold lengthwise the white satin, and

place pattern-piece E thereon to the right, according to diagram, Fig. II, with the three crosses (+++) on the fold of the satin. Mark all perforations, and after cutting out the satin, take up pattern-piece E, and place to the left as indicated in diagram, Fig. II, with the three crosses (+++) on the fold of the goods; then mark and cut. This completes the cutting of the double rolled white satin collar.

OLD kimono sleeves, already ripped, cleaned, and pressed, will do to use for cutting the new sleeves. Place pattern-piece S upon old sleeves, laid together with edges even, according to diagram, Fig. IV. Cut the material according to the paper pattern, and mark all perforations and notches, taking care that the four circles are placed on a straight thread of the goods.

Place the net to be used for the vest flat on a table, and pin pattern-piece Y on the net, as shown in diagram, Fig. III. First, place pattern in right hand upper corner, cut, and mark all perforations and notches; then, place the same pattern-piece Y in the left-hand lower corner, mark and cut. In both cases, see that the four circles are placed over a straight thread of the goods.

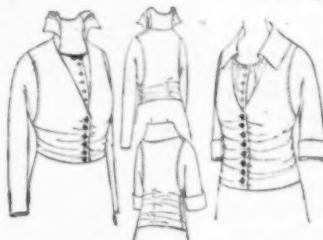
Begin sewing by joining the long sleeve seam, matching notches; then stitch and press. At the wrist turn under three-eighths of an inch, and

face with an inch-and-a-half strip of bias satin. Stitch upper and under pieces of the white satin collar, with the satin sides together, along line of long perforations

[Concluded on page 53]



LADIES' BASQUE, NO. 6193
LADIES' SKIRT, NO. 5998



VARIOUS VIEWS AND OTHER DEVELOPMENTS OF THE MODEL, NO. 6193

THE HOME DRESSMAKER

[Continued from page 52]

on the three outer edges, leaving the neck edges free. Turn, and press the stitched edges smooth and even.

To make the net vest, fold under front and upper edges of same at single small circles, and stitch to position, inserting a cord in the upper edge to hold in the fulness to fit the neck snugly.

Proceed by joining under-arm seams of satin over-basque, matching notches and sewing through long perforations. Press open these seams, and, a quarter of an inch from each side of seam, run a gathering thread, from the lower edge to single small circles. On the under side of seams, place straight pieces of goods cut after the stay pattern-piece. This gives the proper length to under-arm seams, and within this length the gathers are spaced.

Join the shoulder seams, stitching along line of long perforations, and turn under front edges of basque at single large circles, stitching to position. Tack at small circles in front of basque and corresponding large circles of stay. This gives the proper spacing of fulness in front of basque.

Cut out neck along line of double small circles, and with center at center-back, and edges even; sew collar to neck edge, to within two and one-half inches from each end. Let these ends of collar go free until putting vest in place. Turn under edges of front of basque from collar to front closing, following the neck line three-eighths of an inch from edge, after which baste the net vest in place, adjusting the fulness to fit.

To do this, sew part of corded top of net vest to loose ends of white satin collar, then lap upper fronts of basque over net vest to single large circles, having upper edge of vest at cross in upper part of basque. When it fits smoothly, tack to position, and sew firmly in place,

then roll collar over at small circles. After this, turn under edges of the wide armhole of basque along line of long perforations, three-eighths of an inch from edge. Place this turned-under edge over the sleeve, with edges even. Adjust sleeve by placing its seam at under-arm seam, having the four circles on sleeve to front. Baste to position, and stitch on outside one-eighth of an inch from turned-under edge of black satin basque.

Sew small ball-and-socket fasteners under each crystal button on net vest for front closing, and fasten front of satin basque with larger ones, under each button. Bind bottom of basque with a narrow silk ribbon binding, turn it up three-eighths of an inch, and blind-stitch in place.

The basque completed, you can consider recutting your old skirt on the lines of the tunic skirt, No. 5008, buying one and one-eighth yards of the 40-inch satin for the lower skirt section. Any skirt of serge or cheviot, broadcloth or repp, Bedford cord or taffeta, satin or poplin, will be suitable, using cambric, sateen, or any dress-lining fabric on hand for foundation under-skirt, thus completing an entirely up-to-date costume for a small cost.

This same basque is suitable for developments in other fabrics for either an evening or a day frock. For evening a brocade fabric, especially a metal brocade, could be used for the body

of the basque, combined with lace or net for the sleeves and collar. A charming theater waist for any skirt could be developed satisfactorily along these lines.

Editor's Note.—Mrs. Whitney will be glad to advise you as to the making of any garment. Write to her concerning any difficulty you may have, stating the matter clearly and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

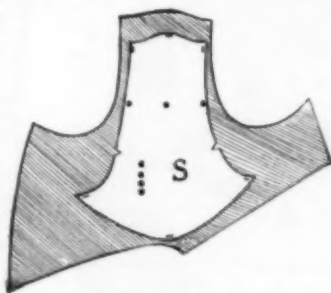


FIG. IV.—CUTTING DIAGRAM FOR NEW SLEEVE FROM OLD KIMONO WAIST (S) Sleeve

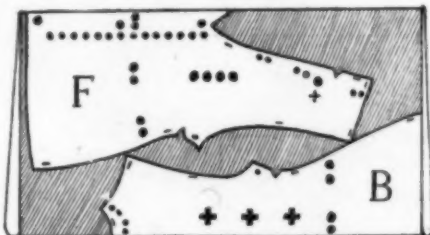


FIG. I.—CUTTING DIAGRAM FOR BLACK SATIN (F) Front of basque; (B) Back of basque



FIG. II.—CUTTING DIAGRAM FOR WHITE SATIN (E) Rolling collar

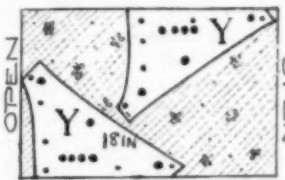


FIG. III.—CUTTING DIAGRAM FOR EMBROIDERED NET CHEMISSETTE (Y) Gathered vest



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A NEW ART FOR AMATEURS

By KATHRYN RUCKER

THE age-old charm of a string of beads has added fascination, when, by using a few sticks of sealing-wax and the magic of a tiny flame, you can gratify the longing to possess strands of them in jewel-like colors to harmonize with any costume. Making these sealing-wax beads and other trinkets is a simple but wonderfully interesting process, equipment for which is within the reach of even a very meager purse. It seems incredible that effective and rich-looking necklaces, hat-pins, shirt-sets, vanity-cases, and other odd bits in beautifully blended colors and tints, or in plain, lustrous hues, can be made or enameled with ordinary sealing-wax of the various shades; but you can soon learn to do it yourself. Let me tell you how, for this is just the time when every clever young girl wants to make some pretty and novel things; and this sealing-wax jewelry is the newest art-craft, and may enable you to fill your gift boxes with attractive and unique ornaments for personal adornment at very small cost.

NO expensive tools are required; all that is needed is a two-cent hat-pin, a glass of water, and a small flame. For the latter, an alcohol lamp is best, but an ordinary candle may be used. The major cost of any article enameled will depend largely upon the kind of foundation chosen; the cost of the sealing-wax amounts to only a few cents. It may be had in various shades of all colors, as well as in silver, gold, white, and black, at five cents a stick. This is enough for about five medium-sized beads of the solid wax; and about ten or fifteen cents' worth will enamel several small things, such as a brooch, bar pin, hat-pin,

and buckle. Buy an attractively shaped plain gilt pin or buckle at a ten-cent store, or common wire may be twisted to form different-shaped buckles. If, perhaps, you have some old pieces, you can make them look like new by covering with wax in some exquisite color. A tarnished vanity-box and plain chain may be so beautified by a covering of wax enamel

and the addition of a number of gem-like beads as to make your girl friends almost envious.

AS beads have become almost a requisite to complete the perfect toilette, you will, I am sure, be most interested in making the sealing-wax beads which imitate many of the

semi-precious and other stones so well as to escape detection; coral, turquoise, matrix, amber, agate, jet, or jade may very nearly be reproduced in sealing-wax, and many unusual effects obtained.

Choose the desired color or colors of the sealing-wax, and with a pair of scissors cut the stick into pieces about the size you desire for your beads. With the alcohol flame turned low, thrust the end of the hat-pin into it, to become heated; then lay it upon a piece of the wax, so that the point is about at the middle, and press it right into the center of the piece; this way is safe, whereas, should you hold the wax in your hand, and thrust the hot pin into it, it might go through too suddenly and pierce your hand.

The next thing is to hold this wax on the pin over the flame, not in it, until soft enough to shape itself into a bead; do this very gradually, by revolving it so that the wax melts and runs evenly. It must not be

[Concluded on page 55]



VANITY-CASE AND CHAIN WITH SEALING-WAX ORNAMENT



HORSE-SHOE PIN IN MATRIX SHADES



SHIRT-SET WAX-ENAMELED IN PEARL-GRAY



MAKING SEALING-WAX BEADS NEEDS BUT SIMPLE EQUIPMENT



BEADS FOR RIBBON NECKLACE ARE EFFECTIVE

A NEW ART FOR AMATEURS

[Continued from page 54]

allowed to get too hot, or it will drip, and if passed into the flame will burn; so care must be taken in these respects. If this should happen, however, it may be corrected by quickly dipping into the glass of water to cool, wiping dry, then repeating the heating more carefully until the proper shape is attained. If, while wet the beads are heated, the wax will become filled with bubbles; dry each piece.

BOTH the round and oval beads can be made without molding them with the fingers, for the heated wax assumes these shapes readily as the pin is turned; but, if square ones are desired, they must be shaped when the wax is just soft enough to respond easily to pressure. Fingering the warm wax causes it to become dull; its luster is instantly restored by reheating the bead over the flame, but it must not become sufficiently hot to make the wax run out of shape.

If a varicolored effect is desired, any foundation color preferred may be selected, and after the bead is shaped and cooled, sticks of the other colors to be used, one at a time, are held over the flame to partly melt, and the bead is touched and spotted according to fancy. Then, it is again revolved quickly over the flame to melt and blend all the different touches of color. It must be put into the water at once, so that the surface hardens quickly enough to preserve the perfect form of the bead. When you are making a number of beads, it is a good idea to work with several pins instead of one, so that while one or two beads are cooling in the water, you can be using the flame for melting the wax and shaping others.

When the shape, color, and luster of a bead are as desired, and it has been cooled for the last time, remove the



NECKLACE IN CORAL-PINK AND GOLD



DESK REQUISITES WITH WAX-ENAMELED HANDLES



A WOODEN PEN-BOX MADE TO RESEMBLE RICH LACQUER



BELT BUCKLE IN TONES OF BLUE



HAT PINS ARE EASILY MADE

WAX-ENAMELED BAR PIN

bead by heating the pin about two inches above the bead; the heat quickly extends to the point of the pin, and, taken between the fingers, the bead will easily slip off. Then, having thoroughly cleaned the point of the pin, hold it in the flame till quite hot; thrust it through the bead, and withdraw quickly; this makes the eye for stringing. Be sure to have the pin hot enough to pass through the wax instantly, but be careful not to pierce your hand.

For wax-enameled pins, buckles, or other small objects, hold the end of stick of wax over flame to melt sufficiently to dab on; then, when the object is well

covered with wax, hold it over flame, until the wax flows smoothly together over the surface. Anything of wood, such as the handle of a letter seal, should be sandpapered before coating with wax; metal objects, such as a vanity-case

or a chain, must be heated over the flame before the sealing-wax is applied. Beads can be formed on a chain by heating the place on the chain where bead is to be, then heating the end of wax stick and dabbing on

chain to form the size of bead desired; this is revolved over the flame to melt in order to obtain a smooth, even surface.

AMONG the articles suitable for wax enameling are lockets, rings, pendants, hat ornaments, buttons, shoe-buckles, pen-holders, umbrella and brush handles, and small desk and dressing-table appointments. The cost of half a

dozen hat-pins with wax-enameled heads need not total more than seventeen cents; and with five cents' worth of frame wire, foundations for a number of buckles may be made, and then wax-enameled for five cents each. These make very acceptable as well as inexpensive gifts.

"I Make New Furniture of My Old"

Well worn furniture takes on a new lease of life when Acme-ized with the proper Acme Quality Stain or Varnish.

Acme Quality Varno-lac makes a wonderful improvement in dulled floors, stairs and window sills.

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For polishing metal—

I have some nice brass candlesticks and a copper bowl and Bon Ami makes them shine beautifully for me.

Some people seem to think that Bon Ami is only for windows, but it is a wonderful metal polish too.

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Made in both cake and powder form

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CANDY, CAKE, AND COIN

By THE WOMAN WHO MADE THEM

IT was penny lollipops that started me in business; for, one morning, as I looked from my window on the ground floor of my three-story flat building, watching the children going to the school across the way, I noticed that almost every one of them was satisfying a sweet tooth with one of those candy balls on the end of a stick. Each had paid a penny at the candy counter of the nearest shop. There was I, wondering how I could make money; and evidence of my opportunity was passing daily by me!

"It shall pass no more," I said to myself, "for I shall seize it at once and lay fast hold upon it." And the very next day I threw open my door and invited Dame Fortune to walk in, having prepared some very tempting and delicious sweets for her.

Just as soon as the idea occurred to me, though I had only \$5 cash in my purse I hastened to the market, ordered a bushel of small red apples, and on my way home stopped at the butcher's and purchased a bundle of meat skewers. I already had the sugar and butter needed for the taffy coating with which I meant to convert the fruit into delicious taffy apples. With a stick thrust into each one, they would, I believed, readily take the place of the lollipop, and sell for the same price. The next morning, I put a panful of the taffy apples in my parlor window with a sign "A Penny Apiece". This soon caught the eyes of the school children, and my apples sold so fast that I hurried another panful to meet the demand the afternoon would bring.

I was so pleased with the success with which my sudden little venture was launched, and with my day's profits, that I spent the evening planning further development of my new business, and deciding what should be added for sale the next day. I could make excellent taffy; also peanut, honey, and ribbon balls; so, I determined upon these, and the next day made pink, white, and molasses taffy which I cut into generous squares to sell for five cents apiece, or six for a quarter; and the balls for the same price.

They proved good sellers, and it was not long before I began arrangements to make the front room, which I then used as a parlor, into a regular candy shop. I wanted it to be distinctive and attractive, and I hit upon a plan that fitted in nicely with some novelties that I knew how to make in the way of candy dolls—little Dutch children. I decided to do over my room in blue and white with a frieze of windmills. I painted the walls a beautiful blue, the ceiling cream, and all the woodwork white. I then stenciled little Dutch scenes around the walls in a frieze. The floor I covered with blue-and-white tile linoleum. The effect was very satisfactory, and cost only the purchase price of materials, as I did the work myself. My profits more than paid for the improvements.

I LOOKED for show-cases and shelves that could be bought second-hand. I found some badly scratched ones, but two coats of white paint and one of enamel made them quite fit for my dainty room, which they furnished adequately for real business. From the ten-cent store, I bought paper doilies and some pretty glass bon-bon dishes, in which to display my candies.

For my window decorations I made little Dutch dolls. The bodies were large bags of candy kisses; the heads were small bags covered with pink tissue, having features marked in ink. The arms and legs were of stick candy, and the costumes and caps of blue and

white tissue-paper. Then, with imitation sabots of pasteboard, my little Hollandese were quite complete. Satisfying, as they did, the childish desire for sweets, and providing, at the same time, novel dolls, they became so popular that I thought it a good idea to specialize in candy dolls. So, I made various character dolls, such as figures from Mother Goose, the Valentine Clown, Santa Claus, and the Snow Man. The bodies and heads of some were made of popcorn balls, and fancy candies were used for others. These are in great demand, now, at holiday sea-

[Concluded on page 57]



CANDY, CAKE, AND COIN

[Continued from page 56]

sons, orders for dozen lots coming in frequently. They sell for thirty-five cents apiece, cost an average of twelve cents each, and about half an hour is required to make one.

I dubbed my little place "The Delft Candy Shop", had a quaint swinging sign made for the outside, and placed in the window a show-card announcing that I would fill orders for birthday cakes and party specialties. Meeting a ready response from the public, I was soon busy baking. I decorated the birthday cakes with the signs of the month or flowers made of frosting, and on those for children I used dolls, flags, candies, and various things according to the season. I displayed some fancy small cakes and biscuit, and sold them readily, also; and I added cream candies, fudge and bags of salted popcorn.

An especially attractive cake for children was one for a May birthday. Into the center of a large frosted layer-cake I thrust a big skewer to represent the May pole. I wound this with colored tissue-paper, and placed a tiny bunch of flowers at the tip-top, from which ribbons extended to the hands of dolls dancing around the pole. There were to be seven little girls at the party, so I used seven dolls, each child receiving one as a souvenir.

I was then asked to make some wedding cakes, and I took great delight in doing this. I decorated the white cakes with lilies-of-the-valley made of frosting, with citron for leaves and stems; and the fruit cakes with orange blossoms made of almonds and citron. Of the same cake mixture, I baked two-inch layers in large, square tins, and cut them in oblong pieces, on each of which was a flower decoration. These were put in small boxes, and one was given to each guest. My fame as a cake-baker spread, and my orders soon increased.

THE following spring I sold sandwiches, milk, lemonade, pop, and ginger ale. With my profits on these things, I was able to buy a large ice-box, and later on, a soda fountain. My trade was growing so that I found it expedient to fit up an adjoining room. For china closets, I got two second-hand bookcases, and painted them white, just as I had the old show-cases. I filled them with blue-

and-white china from the ten-cent store, and upon a plate-rail I put blue-and-white plates having decorations of historical subjects. At the windows, I hung dainty white curtains having a Dutch border in blue cross-stitch. I served ices and light refreshments, and put up another sign for "The Blue Tea Room", which soon paid for itself, and netted fair profits.

WHEN fall came, some of the school-girls asked me to serve twenty-five cent lunches for them; they told me about what they wanted, and as I found I could make a profit of ten cents upon each lunch, I was very glad to undertake it.

A friend of mine who lived in the country saw in my little shop the possibility of disposing of some of her home-made preserves and jellies, and asked me if I would sell them on a fifteen per cent. commission. I did so successfully. She also added

cottage cheese, and new laid eggs, which I put in fancy boxes that made them very attractive, thereby selling for a higher price.

With the money I have made I have been able to in-

stall electric lights in my house, getting two dollars a month more rent for the upper floors, and better light for my shop. My first year profits amounted to \$300, all of which I expended to furnish and improve the shop, and enlarge my business. I worked up so good a trade that I cleared \$500 the second year. I could sell the property at a profit, or by renting my shop could get \$5 more monthly than for living apartments only.

As I started with about five dollars, and had only my house and my own labor, it seems that almost any woman with small capital and the necessary energy could do the same thing to advantage. "The Delft Candy Shop" and "The Blue Tea Room" have been a success and a pleasure.

Editor's Note.—Do you want to earn money at home? And would you like some suggestions or advice? Write to Betty Grant Gordon, our Home Money-Making Editor, McCall's Magazine, New York City, enclosing stamped addressed envelope, and tell her your capabilities; she will be glad to advise you.



A Little Story

about Corn Flakes and it reads like this:

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And eaten with cream or good milk—and fresh fruit in season!"

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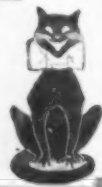
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Combed Peeler Yarn. Try
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Irish linen heel and toe.
Very elastic at knee.
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heel, Double sole. Heavy
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Reinforced transfer. Extra
elastic at hem. No. 162, medium
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NEW AND EASY FANCY WORK

By JOSEPHINE HOW

WITH a small camel's hair paint-brush, a few water-colors, a skein of mercerized cotton, and a bit of linen, an endless variety of useful as well as decorative articles may be evolved for our own pleasure or that of our friends. The work is a simple combination of outline embroidery and water-color tinting, a design being stamped on a plain surface, then outlined in embroidery floss, and the spaces filled in with a flat wash of water-color to tint the design.

Various weights of linen in a plain color may be used, any one of which will take the paint excellently; but other materials, such as burlap, denim, taffeta, pongee, and China silk are equally satisfactory.

Water-colors and Chinese white may be bought in what are called half-pans for nine cents apiece. The Chinese white is not mixed in water, but the wet brush is rubbed on the white until it is well filled, then applied.

IN applying the paint, it is wise to test it first on a scrap of the material to be used to determine the correct shade. Use quite a small brush, and let the paint dry. On some materials the paint spreads more rapidly than upon others, therefore it is best to determine in this way just how wet to have the brush. It is safe to have just enough paint to cover well the surface of the design inside of the outline, which means rather a dry brush.

A very effective lamp-shade has a decoration of Watteau maidens holding garlands of roses. The roses, overskirts, bodices and hats are painted black with water-colors, and the whole design

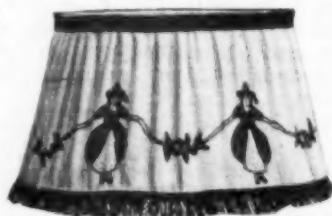
outlined in black floss. For this a cream-colored linen background of rather sheer quality should be used, and the upper and lower edges finished with black braid. This combination of black and white is very fashionable in decoration at present. Stamp the design upon the silk or linen, then outline, paint, and press before putting it into place on the frame. The same design may be applied on pongee or the India silk used for lampshades, and the little figures and motifs colored as you may fancy. Perhaps the roses in pink, the leaves in green, the overskirt and bodice in robin's-egg blue, the hair yellow, and the hat white with a yellow band. The outlining could be of black mercerized cotton, or each part of the design outlined in its own color. For this the edges finished in a dull gold gimp or fringe, and in braid the color of the silk, would be pretty.

A GOOD size for a lamp-shade is six and one-half inches deep, nine inches in diameter at the top, and twelve inches at the bottom, with figures three and three-quarter inches high, one figure being placed in the center of each division of the shade, and swinging garlands connecting them.

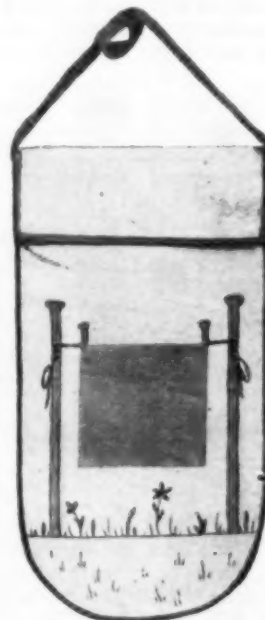
A blotting-pad frame may be made of dull-green linen of medium weight, with an irregular design of chrysanthemums outlined in black rope silk, and filled in with a thick coating of Chinese white. Make the centers of the flowers

yellow. A suitable size for the heavy paper-board of which the pad is made is sixteen by nineteen inches. Across one long side of the pad should be a

[Concluded on page 59]



LAMP SHADE IN THE FASHIONABLE
BLACK AND WHITE



INDIVIDUAL IRON-
ING-BOARD CASE



REST PILLOW IN GRAY AND GREEN

NEW AND EASY FANCY WORK

[Continued from page 58]

decorated, lined strip of the linen three and one-half inches deep, and there should be linen corners, which are each the diagonal half of a four-and-three-fourth-inch square. (See illustration.) This pad could be part of a desk set, each piece ornamented with the same design—box for ink-bottle, pen-tray, letter-rack, and stamp box.

A photograph frame covered with moiré silk or linen and decorated in water-color embroidery would be suitable for the library table. It should be about twelve and one-half by eleven inches, having an opening four by five and one-half inches for the picture. The background may be of rather heavy, natural-colored linen, having a design of trees and a suggestion of growing things worked in black mercerized cotton, the trunks and limbs of the trees and the road filled in with a warm golden-brown water-color, and a soft green used for grass and foliage. The opening may be oval instead of straight, very little change in the design being necessary.

A handkerchief-box about ten by seven and one-half inches in depth, large enough for gloves, collars, or other accessories, is quite convenient.

A piece of natural-colored linen of a medium weight may be used for the background of the handkerchief-box, and a design showing a river scene outlined in an olive-green mercerized cotton and filled in with water-color in a lighter shade of green. Pad the box inside with absorbent cotton, using a liberal sprinkling of sachet powder, and line with China silk the same shade as the water-color. If a more elaborate box is desired, use a good quality of moiré silk, and finish the edges of the cover and bottom of box with small silk cord.

Two of the little figures described for the lamp-shade might be used attractively on such a box-cover, one on each side, with garlands connecting them. A box this size would be very useful for holding

writing paper or desk necessities, and might have same design as blotting-pad.

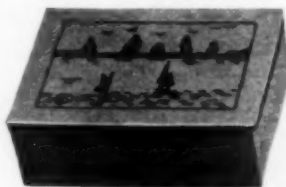
For a sofa cushion fourteen by eighteen inches, a proper size for a little rest pillow, the design may appropriately suggest open places and green fields of restfulness. Use deep cream, light tan, or a pale shade of gray light-weight linen for the background; outline the design in a deep shade of green, and fill in with a lighter shade of water-color. Make and insert a cushion of pine needles. Sew edges together, and, if desired, finish with a medium-sized cord.

A case ten and one-half by twenty inches for holding a small ironing-board is a handy thing for the woman who boards or who travels. The board can hang in case on the wall or be packed in a trunk. For its decoration a design of two clothes-poles with a line connecting them may be used. A pocket for the iron-holder may be placed to appear as if hanging from the line, with clothes-pins embroidered at the upper corners.

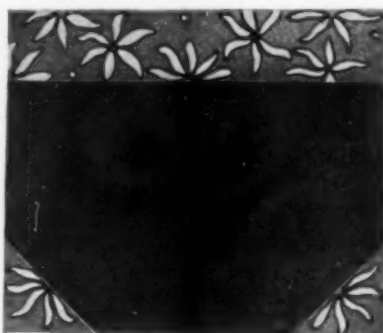
Make the case of natural-colored linen, outline the design in golden brown, and fill in with the same shade of water-color. Small flowers at lower edge may be filled in with deep rose, and the leaves with green water-color. Make the pocket of green linen, bind the whole case and make a hanger with wool or cotton braid of the same shade of green.

There are many designs on wall-paper and cretonne admirably adapted to this type of work, which may be easily copied. Lay a piece of tracing paper over figure, flower, or whatever is to be used; mark the exact outline with a soft pencil, then transfer to material.

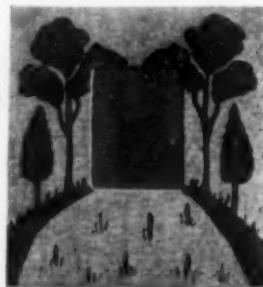
Editor's Note.—An outfit of 8 pans assorted water-colors, 2 brushes, 6 thumb-tacks, and perforated patterns for all the designs illustrated, together with stamping preparation, 65 cents, or free for three 50-cent subscriptions; pattern for any design, 10 cents, postpaid from McCall Co., New York City.



A HANDY BOX FOR HANDKERCHIEFS



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Mrs. C. N. Manden, of Cleveland, writes:

"My broadcloth suit was tango color. It became spotted, and I felt that it was practically worthless and would have to be discarded. I thought of sending it to a dye place, but one of your advertisements which attracted my attention said it was very easy to dye clothes at home with **Diamond Dyes**. I felt uncertain about my ability to use **Diamond Dyes**, but I succeeded beautifully and my suit is now black as coal and looks fine."

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Simply dissolve the dye in water and boil the material in the colored water.

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"Today I send you my picture in a skirt which I recently dyed navy blue from a light green. It now matches a chiffon waist, and together they make an attractive costume for afternoon wear."



Light green dyed navy blue.

Truth About Dyes for Home Use

There are two classes of fabrics—Animal Fibre Fabrics and Vegetable Fibre Fabrics.

Wool and Silk are animal fibre fabrics. Cotton and Linen are vegetable fibre fabrics. "Union" or "Mixed" goods are usually 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

It is a chemical impossibility to get perfect color results on all classes of fabrics with any dye that claims to color animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics equally well in one bath.

We manufacture two classes of **Diamond Dyes**, namely—**Diamond Dyes** for Wool or Silk to color Animal Fibre Fabrics, and **Diamond Dyes** for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods to color Vegetable Fibre Fabrics, so that you may obtain the very best results on EVERY fabric.

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This is your opportunity—you can make this new skin what you would love to have it by using the following treatment regularly.

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Just before retiring, work up a warm-water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

This treatment with Woodbury's will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and before long you will see a decided improvement—a promise of that lovelier complexion which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

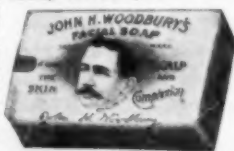
Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake. Tear off the illustration of the cake below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's today and try this treatment.

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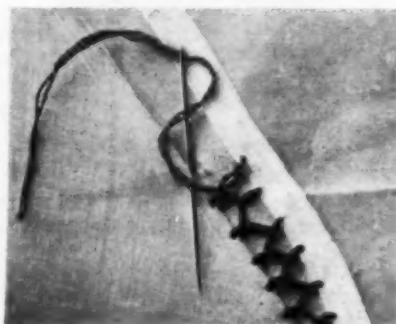
THE FAGOTING STITCH

Simple Lessons in Embroidery—No. 12

By GENEVIEVE STERLING

If you are busy accumulating pretty things for your Christmas box, let me suggest that you add a dainty hand-embroidered collar. It is an inexpensive gift, can be made quickly, and you will find a dozen places for it when Christmas package-time is really here.

Choose a fine lawn, handkerchief linen, or batiste, and a conventionalized water-lily design. Outline the veins, and chain-stitch the edge of the leaves with fine chain stitches in a soft shade of green embroidery silk or cotton, then fill in the space between with seed stitches. Work the small sections representing



FAGOTING THE BIAS FOLD TO THE COLLAR

the tips of the back petals of each of the three water lilies in the satin-stitch.

Then comes our opportunity to learn and apply another new stitch—the fagoting stitch—using it in two ways; first as a filling-in stitch for the petals of the flower; second as a lace stitch to join a bias fold of the material to the edge of the body of collar.

Let us first fill in a petal with the fagoting stitch, and then outline its edge. Fasten your thread with a few running stitches; and turn your work so you will be working from left to right. This will bring the needle out at one end of the petal. Cross diagonally over toward the right to the lower line, taking a small under stitch back toward the left. This will bring your needle out to the left of thread, so that all the way you are forming a series of little crosses. Continue until the petal is entirely filled, then finish by simply outlining the edges.

On completing the petals, cut out the collar. Leave a little over a quarter of an inch all around the outline. Crease on line, and turn under all around; where

necessary, in the curves, slit to allow turned-under part to lie flat. Baste the collar on stiff paper, with the embroidered side up. Next, crease a bias strip of the material to be used for the edge of collar, or use a ready-made strip, and baste to the paper, leaving a quarter-inch space between it and collar for the fagoting stitches, with open side of strip toward the collar, so that fagoting stitches can be used to hold the edges together. At the corners of collar, neatly miter the bias fold.

After the bias fold has been basted in place, knot your white thread and insert between edges of fold on left

side of collar. Take a sixteenth-of-an-inch stitch in the collar material, pointing your needle down and toward the left. This will bring it out to the left of thread in the

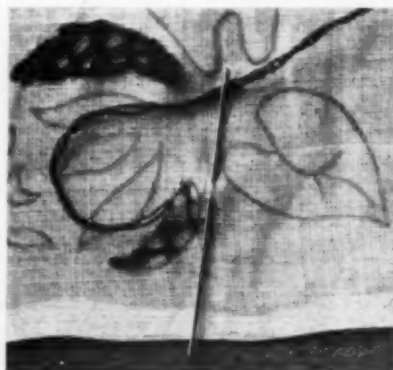
space between the collar and the bias fold. Take the next stitch in the bias fold, with your needle pointing up and always toward the left. Again, this will bring

the needle out to the left of thread in between collar and bias fold. In this way, proceed until the edge is finished. Keep stitches in the material small and even.

The spaces between stitches will be governed, to some extent, by the curve of your line, but, where possible, keep them an even distance apart, gauging the spaces at corners and curves accordingly. For the collar band, make a deep fold of the material cut lengthwise and sew neatly to neck edge.



10436—COLLAR, STAMPED ON LAWN, 15 CENTS, ON BATISTE 20 CENTS. SEE PAGE 51



FILLING IN THE PETALS WITH THE FAGOTING STITCH

Editor's Note.—

Any questions in regard to the fagoting stitch, or the embroidering of any of the articles illustrated on page 51, will be gladly answered by Miss Sterling. A stamped, addressed envelope should accompany each inquiry.



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FREE booklet, "Secret of Dry-Cleaning"—also blotters, calendar or fan on request.

MONROE DRUG CO., DEPT. C QUINCY, ILL.
Makers of Putnam Fadeless Dyes.

HONORABLE FLOWER TEACHING

[Continued from page 21]

before every arrangement, regarding it seriously, with a critical eye.

After you have made the round, a priest from the temple leads you on into a smaller room behind the main one, where a feast is provided—little cakes of pink and green rice paste that look better than they taste, if the truth must be confessed, and miniature cups of tea; and there are some long sausage-shaped cakes, also of rice, that are presented to you to take home. Occasionally, the deep bronze boom of the temple bell sounds above the chatter of the "reception".

FLOWERS always are arranged to mean something, and it is this wide range of possible meaning that presents one of the most attractive aspects of the art. The Japanese say that the soul of the plant is in the flower in the spring, that it travels into the leaves in summer, then passes into the fruit, and finally spreads out into the branches in winter. Consequently, flowers are frequently arranged to express the seasons. In the spring, more attention is paid to the flowers. Arrangements of plum blossoms, with no leaves, or arrangements with flowers and buds predominating, are common. Sometimes, pussy-willow branches or the simple willow branch are made into an arrangement in which the length of line is exaggerated to suggest the branches blown by the wind. Since spring is the time when all the streams are very full, the flower receptacles are filled to the brim, and sometimes wax is even put along the edge so that the water can overflow without actually spilling. In summer, the arrangements are much fuller leaved to suggest coolness, and have more variety and intricacy of line. In autumn, they become simpler again, to express the serenity of the season, and all the attention is concentrated on making beautiful lines. A few withered leaves or a faded flower are slipped in. In winter, they are simpler still. Every branch of hemlock or pine or camelia must stand out sharply and distinctly in imitation of the general character of nature at this time of the year. Most of all, the season is suggested by the nature of the flowers or green branches themselves.

There are many fanciful arrangements. One of the most popular is the representation of Fuji-yama, the beloved mountain of Japan. The main branch is stripped clean of needles, except for a little tuft at the end, and is broken into the shape of Fuji. The other branches surround it with the illusion of green tree-tops. If a friend is going away, an arrangement of willow may be made in a receptacle like a boat, in which the streamers, pointing in a certain way, indicate a prosperous journey and a safe return. Sometimes, vines are arranged in a hanging crescent-shaped vase to tell the approximate day of the month. For the first ten days, the main stem, extending forward, is successively shortened each day; then another vine is put in extending backward, and is again cut off; until the last ten days, when the streamer is extended to the side. In all the arrangements, there is one rule that must be observed; an even number of flowers or leaves must never be used, for nature is more frequently irregular than regular, and art consists in a balance of the inequalities.

The symbolism of the flowers themselves, and of colors, is infinitely rich to one initiated into the mystery of Japanese thought. The lotus is the ever-recurrent symbol of Buddhism and of death, plum blossoms represent purity, the pine is the symbol of long life, bamboo is constancy. It is always



ARRANGEMENT OF PLUM BLOSSOMS
(BRANCH BENDS INTO AND OUT
OF WATER)

necessary to observe the fitness of an arrangement to the occasion. For instance, red flowers are used for funerals, and are consequently not in good taste for occasions of rejoicing. Furthermore, red is unlucky because it is the color of fire, dreaded, with so much reason, by the Japanese in their little houses of wood and paper. Once at New Year's time—I was then uninitiated—I asked my flower teacher for red camelias, to my way of thinking the gayest of flowers. Needless to say, I did not get red camelias! No one ever, by any chance, attempted to over-ride convention in Japan, without running into a stone wall.

[Continued on page 64]

THE WIFE WHO MADE ME

[Continued from page 23]

"Ralston told me they had asked him to join the Golf Club," said the first.

"Well, then, he has arrived," replied the second, smiling. "I wonder if he knows how much he owes Eleanor."

I sat bolt upright and held my breath.

The second lady laughed.

"He has improved," she said, "but not so much as that! Why, it was Eleanor who visited Allen and persuaded them to put that house in order, and then took her husband around to see it. He thinks it was his discovery. It was she who gave them their start by getting friendly with the Mayberrys. And, of course, I don't know about her private affairs, but I would be willing to wager that she is responsible for his change in manner to the older men, and for his recent effort at self-cultivation—at least, I suppose it is recent, from what you say. Eleanor has just made him."

I quietly left the car at the next corner. I didn't want to be discovered. And I was in a red rage.

So I was a dupe! I, who thought I was bossing the job and my wife and our social affairs, had been blindly led about and put where I had a chance. Considering my opinion of myself, it was a bitter dose. I raged for a good two hours, walking out into the country as I fought it out. At first, I was resentful toward Eleanor; but as I went back, I could not see one way in which she had deceived me or played the hypocrite. She had simply helped me where she could, and had not bragged about it—that was all. I was a wife-made man, whether I liked it or not. I thought it all back to the time of that talk on tennis, and for the first time I saw how she had helped me even then. I laughed aloud as I realized that. From first to last, she was the prime mover. When I finally got home, it was late, and Eleanor was anxiously awaiting me. Something in me that never lets me keep a secret made me anxious to have it out at once. I took her in my arms, and led her into the living-room and shut the door.

"Eleanor," I said, "how long have you known your husband for a fool?"

Eleanor looked frightened. And then I told her just what the ladies in the car had said.

"It isn't true!" she protested passionately. "Oh, it is true I hoped you would take the house, and it is true I helped where I could, but it isn't true as they said."

"It's true enough," I said emphatically. "And don't you worry about it, sweetheart. I'm glad that it is true! All my life, I suppose your tact will help me, and I'm glad of it. Only, in the future, you

[Concluded on page 65]

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HONORABLE FLOWER TEACHING

[Continued from page 62]

The perfection of a flower arrangement is carried much farther than the mere arrangement of the flowers; the water in the vase, and the vase itself, and the stand upon which the vase rests, are all integral parts. The surface of the water is usually thought of as the ground out of which the plant grows: therefore the stems and branches of an arrangement must all start from one place, and must remain parallel for some little distance, as if they really represented one parent stalk or stem. But there is a very practical reason for the large open-topped type of vase which is so common. The Japanese long ago discovered the secret, entirely disregarded by us, that the oxygen of the water alone is insufficient for the needs of the flowers, unless it can be constantly renewed from the air. Flowers choked up in a narrow-necked vase die several days sooner than those in the Japanese vases. When this discovery was made, it was necessary, of course, to find some means of holding the flowers together and keeping them from falling down, and a great many supports were fashioned by the different schools. Sometimes a forked branch can be fitted across the mouth of the vase, and the stems run through the opening of the fork. Frequently it is more convenient to have little wooden supports, with two wedge-shaped slits into which the stems can be inserted, made

of infinite grace and charm, if you examine them. Such monstrosities as our "hand-painted" porcelain vases, usually decorated with some brilliant flower pattern that cannot but war with any flowers put into the vase, never offend the eye in Japan. Braided wicker baskets, of a rich dark-brown color, with metal cups to hold the water, are frequently used for flower arrangements. Another popular type of receptacle is the bamboo vase, especially adapted for

the arrangements of more than one kind of flower. Sometimes the top section is filled with

water but no flowers, to represent the moon. The low flat varieties of vases are especially appropriate for the so-called water arrangements, filled with white pebbles, out of the interstices of which the reeds or grasses or water flowers seem to spring. Whatever the arrangement, it must always be suited to the type of vase. If the arrangement, when finished, is placed upon a small stand or taboret, it will immediately acquire, by reason of its isolation, a grace and charm which are lost if it is set on a table loaded with other things.

Of all those points and secrets of the flower art handed down from master to pupil, those of preserving the flowers are perhaps the most interesting. As large a surface as possible of water, to give plenty of oxygen, is the first rule. It is advisable never to let the stems come within

more than two inches of the bottom of the vase or bowl, since allowance is thus made for the flower to draw plenty of water. All the leaves under the water should, of course, be stripped off in order not to poison the flowers with decaying matter. It has been found that a flower will last for the longest time when the temperature inside the stem at the time it was picked is maintained by artificial means. For instance, all flowers picked outdoors in summer will last without wilting for a much longer period if the ends of the stems are immediately put into boiling water or into a direct flame, and held there until they turn white or become charred. Precaution must be

[Concluded on page 65]



SOME JAPANESE
WOODEN PROPS AND
METAL FLOWER
HOLDERS



THE HONORABLE FLOWER TEACHING

[Continued from page 64]

taken, however, to wrap the main branches and the flowers themselves in a damp cloth, and to keep them from being steamed. As soon as the stems have been burned, they should be plunged into cold water. Green branches in winter are best put into ice-water. A morning-glory can be made to live all day by picking it early in the morning and splitting the end of the stem into four parts with a needle, and using very hot water. Sometimes salt put into the heart of a flower, as a camelia, will keep it from turning brown for a long time. There are a good many complicated drug mixtures which the Japanese have evolved for the preservation of flowers, but the more natural means are just as effective and are much more popular among the Japanese themselves.

We, who are content for the most part with merely cutting off the heads of our flowers and putting them with no arrangement whatever into ugly vases, have much to learn from the Japanese: in simplicity of arrangement, in adaptation to special surroundings and particular occasions, in scientific ways of preserving life. Above all, we need to develop a genuine appreciation and love of flowers and growing things—a love that will feel that leaves and even grasses can express beauty as well as, or far better than, masses of hot-house roses or carnations. Flowers should be a common necessity of life, not a luxury. The real lesson of "honorable teaching of flowers" is a gentle communion with wayward petals and the gracious intercourse of leaves.

THE WIFE WHO MADE ME

[Continued from page 63]

can do it openly. I'm humble enough to believe you."

And I am. Looking back, I can see that the very sureness that made me a success was also a stumbling-block. Eleanor has plenty of faith in me, but not the blind faith that I have in myself. And I have learned that her wisdom in this direction surpasses mine. I can find no shame in the admission. I am, thanks to her, far more successful in every way, in business, in social affairs, and even as a man, than I could be without her. She made me, and I am duly thankful; only I am glad that my eyes have been opened, for now the process can go on much faster—and the ladies in the street-car will have less to talk about.

For, on the very first occasion, which has not yet arrived, but which will ere long, I shall make it a point to let them know that I am awake. Eleanor is going to get due credit from me hereafter.

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THOSE INCONVENIENT HIPS

By ANNETTE BEACON

IF you are of just average height, weigh somewhere around one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty pounds, and feel yourself being drawn backward by the tide of fashion, I know your secret sorrow. Hips!

No wonder you sigh when you compare the lithe *svelte* figure of the 1914 young woman, so supple that one wonders if there are such things as boneless human beings, with the substantial outline your mirror reflects.

Sighs alone will not mend matters, however, whereas active measures will.

WE might just as well admit, to begin with, you and I, that your diet and I, that your diet needs regulating. None of us ever get beyond a graceful weight without having committed the crime of over-eating—not necessarily too much food, but too much of some particular fattening kind—sweet, sugary things, an over-generous amount of butter, hot breads, potatoes in abundance, rich gravies.

A graceful figure is worth some sacrifices—not alone for vanity's sake, but because there is so much more ease and freedom of movement with lessened pounds, to say nothing of the increased physical vigor and quickened mentality.

Except for the woman who has hard manual labor to perform, I recommend the no-breakfast plan as one of the best methods of restoring physical balance. Begin the day with at least ten minutes of special exercises while still in nightgown or pajamas, and follow by drinking the juice of two or three oranges. You will feel no sensation of hunger after the first few days, only a freshness and a clear-headedness which will surprise you. Drink plenty of water during the day—eight to ten glasses—eat a light lunch, with no sweets, gravies, or starchy foods, and at night have your dinner, being sure to avoid fat meats and fried foods.

For your morning exercise practise the following, the main purpose of which

is to reduce those offending hips—incidentally, digestion and elimination will be beneficially stimulated:

TO REDUCE HIPS

Stand with heels together, toes out, hands on hips. Now, rotate the hips; that is, seek to move them in a circular direction, bending the knees, but not the upper part of the body. Make all the muscles tense, and exert strength as if the moving of the body were being opposed. Continue this for two or three minutes, or until you begin to feel fatigue. Rest for a moment, then resume again.

Another good exercise for general grace and as a stimulant to the circulation should follow:

TO STIMULATE CIRCULATION

Standing, heels together, toes out, hands on hips, head up, rise on toes slowly, then gradually sink to the heels again. Take each motion as if a strong resistance were being exerted against you.

Exercise is essential if you would lessen your pounds, so neglect no opportunity—a broom, a hoe, a sewing-machine may be disguised instruments of rejuvenation. Any exercise that makes you perspire should be welcomed, for every drop of water means a decrease in your weight. For this reason I want you

to indulge in a hot water orgy once a day. On retiring, this should be, preferably; as, otherwise, you will have to lie down, well covered up, and keep quiet until your temperature has cooled again, or a cold may result.

Going-to-bed time is a perfectly safe hour for such indulgence, however; so slip on a warm bathrobe, put a big fat pitcher of hot water on the table at your side and start in.

You can drink three or four glasses

by sipping the last two, and, though you will feel like an inflated balloon, your warm robe outside and the hot water

[Concluded on page 67]



STIMULATING THE CIRCULATION

A HOT-WATER ORGY



LET ORANGE-JUICE SUPPLANT BREAKFAST

THOSE INCONVENIENT HIPS

[Continued from page 66]

inside will create a rejuvenating perspiration which you should hail with delight. Do not wander all over the house afterward, however. Have your bed all ready and pop right in with the warm covers up to your chin.

If you have an obliging sister or friend, or can afford a masseuse, a vigorous massage of the hips will help in the good work, but do not take this immediately following the hot-water treatment. Another time is preferable.

An excellent way to induce the perspiration which has such a grateful mission to perform is to wrap the fleshy parts of the body in rubber sheeting. Buy by the yard and cut a strip the width of abdomen, bust or waist, whichever is to be bandaged. Draw firm and secure, and fasten by encircling strips of linen pinned by safety pins.

Take swimming lessons at the nearest pool, and swim several times a week. Skate, dance, walk, ride, climb—do everything which you know in your heart of hearts will use up your superfluous fat and leave firm, lean, supple muscles.

PUT your blue pencil through candies, sweet desserts, pies, cakes, preserves; eat sparingly of potatoes, rice, wheat breads, macaroni and other starchy foods; confine yourself to lean meats, roasted or broiled, never fried; and make a friend of fresh fruit.

Must you adhere to this diet forever and a day? No, not quite so bad as that—only until your hips are as they should be; until the new basques are possible for you; until your figure is remodeled. Then, after a reasonable time, you may let sugars and starches come back into your diet list, but in moderate quantities only. Remember, they created those hips that you deplore!

If you would like one or two more exercises for too fat hips or fleshy abdomen, let me know, and I will come to the rescue. In the meantime, remember, no breakfast but orange-juice, but little lunch and a frugal but well-selected dinner; water, exercise, and perspiration! Will you do it? Then you may look forward to wearing the "basqueiest" basque of all with impunity.

Editor's Note.—Every woman possesses the possibilities of attraction. Beauty often lies merely in clear eyes, well-cared-for skin, nicely manicured nails, soft and luxuriant hair, and an attractive figure. It is Miss Beacon's object in this department to lend every aid to the woman who wishes to improve her appearance and her health. All inquiries will be cheerfully answered by mail, if a stamped, addressed envelope accompanies the request.

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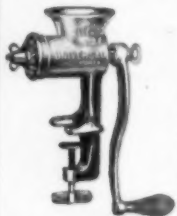
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A MATCHLESS CUP OF COFFEE

By FRANCES CHENEY DAWSON

YOUR coffee is absolutely matchless, Mrs. Cranston," exclaimed Mrs. Bayard, as her hostess passed a dainty tray laden with good things to each of the members of the Domestic Science Club. "Won't you tell us how you make it?"

Good coffee is certainly a fit subject for our club to discuss."

"Why, certainly, if you wish," Mrs. Cranston responded. "Though, I suppose, most of you are wondering why I had coffee instead of tea. I felt

that after our strenuous club meeting coffee would be more bracing than tea. In moderate quantities, you know, it has been proven that the stimulating effect of coffee is healthful, especially for brain workers. And I must confess I am very fond of it!"

"Do tell us about making it," urged Mrs. Farr. "My husband is always complaining about my coffee, and I don't seem to learn what's the matter with it."

Mrs. Cranston stepped into the pantry and brought out her cold-water self-percolating coffee-pot. "These are usually aluminum," she explained, "and the medium six-cup size costs about four dollars. At first, this price seems high, but as this kind of pot is 'fool-proof', as my husband says, even the stupidest maid can make good coffee in it. The newest thing in coffee-pots is an electric aluminum percolator, but as I happen to have only gas in my house, I have to be content with this kind."

AUTHORITIES on coffee agree that it should never be made in tin, and even object to the tin canister," commented Mrs. Turton. "And it is easy enough, when a sealed tin is opened, to put the coffee in a glass jar. How much do you use in a percolator?"

"For early or breakfast coffee for three of us, I measure a liberal six cupfuls of cold water, put in the pot, place seven rounded tablespoonfuls of coffee in the strainer, and adjust the top rings and glass dome. I set the coffee on the ring that comes with the pot over the gas flame turned half down, and in about fifteen minutes the coffee is strong enough. After early coffee, the pot is kept warm in a pan of hot water till

breakfast. I do not like the taste of coffee that has cooled and been reheated. By keeping the pot hot, palatable coffee may be served hours after it is made."

"What do you mean by 'early coffee'?" inquired Mrs. Jackson. "Do you have coffee twice in the morning?"

YES. It's a Southern habit, to which my husband has been accustomed all his life. He has a cup of coffee brought to his bedside before he gets up."

The ladies all looked at one another, smiling at such laziness. "And I suppose you get up and make it?" Mrs. Farr found voice to say.

"I used to," pursued Mrs. Cranston, "but, with this pot, the cook does very well. When my children were little, and woke up before six o'clock, I found it prevented many a headache to take a good hot cup of coffee as soon as I could make it. Waiting from 5:30 a. m. till breakfast is a poor plan."

"My coffee is almost as good as this," put in Mrs. Turton. "I make it in a French drip pot, or biggin. There are two or three secrets connected with mak-

ing coffee successfully this way. You must have boiling water, and keep it boiling till you are finished. And no matter how little coffee you want, you cannot get the desired strength unless the filter or top part is at least

half full. It is better to use enough coffee than to try to refilter it through the grounds. Also, scald the pot before beginning, so the drip does not become chilled. That much done, the work consists merely in pouring boiling water, a little at a time, through the filter to make up the desired amount of liquid. These biggins come in all sizes, in enamel, earthenware, and silver-lined copper; the pottery is the right thing for coffee, but the filter-holes are often too large, and it is hard to get the coffee both strong and clear. Coffee made in a biggin just before breakfast is excellent, but one cannot run away and dress, as Mrs. Cranston does, for the water must be poured in a little at a time."

"How about boiled coffee?" Mrs. Farr wanted to know. "Is it ever good?"

[Continued on page 70]



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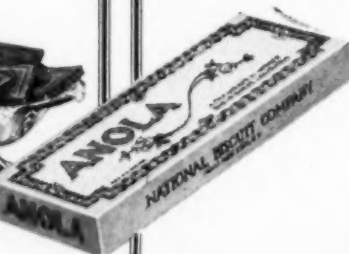


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A MATCHLESS CUP OF COFFEE

[Continued from page 68]

"Many people like it," answered Mrs. Cranston. "Strictly speaking, it isn't really boiled. I make it when out camping. I allow the usual rounded tablespoonful of ground coffee to the cup, and mix the white of an egg with it then, or afterwards clear the coffee with an egg-shell. The coffee and cold water are put on to simmer; when at the boiling-point—it should never actually boil—I throw in a tablespoonful of cold water and bring again to boiling-point. This time I set it in a warm place for ten or fifteen minutes to settle, putting in the egg-shell, if I use this."

"Should coffee be bought ground or whole?" some one questioned.

"In the bean," Mrs. Cranston insisted. "Most good brands are packed both ways.

Coffee that is exposed to air quickly loses its delicate aroma, and this happens far more rapidly with ground than with bean coffee. I find it makes a difference when the coffee for the next morning is ground overnight instead of immediately before breakfast, but owing to our family predilection for early coffee, it is not best to stir up the household with the welcome but unmistakable noise of the coffee-mill. We have the nicest coffee-mill I have ever seen," and the hostess led the way to the pantry, where a contrivance with a glass top and a jelly glass under the grinder was screwed to the wall. "This cost a dollar, and holds just about a pound of coffee at a time, keeping both the beans and the newly ground coffee air-tight."

BUT you can't take it away with you for the summer," smiled Mrs. Turton. "I find any good brand of ground coffee in a sealed tin perfectly satisfactory. Most ready-ground coffees are about as coarse as granulated sugar; and there is also a tinned kind on the market which is cut by steel machinery instead of being ground; and the process is said to be particularly good because chaff is eliminated."

"We like the coffee that is made in the cup itself," said Mrs. Knight. "We have found it splendid to take on walking trips or out camping."

"Bottled coffee-essence is another form of instantaneous coffee," added Mrs. Jackson, "convenient to use for the after-dinner *demi-tasse*."

"I wish you'd tell us something about buying coffee, Mrs. Cranston," several ladies begged. "How can you detect adulterations?"

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A MATCHLESS CUP OF COFFEE

[Continued from page 70]

"The law requires the presence of chicory to be declared, and as many people like chicory and ask for it, no surreptitious use need be made of it. The greatest protection the housewife has, as in the matter of any food adulterations, is a well-known dealer's name. The continued sale of a brand of coffee depends on uniformity of flavor, and this can only be obtained by steady adherence to an established standard of purity. The blend is of so much importance that when a coffee merchant's name becomes known, he cannot afford to change the blend in the slightest degree. Certain tests are helpful in regard to the adulteration of coffee, such as floating the grains on water; most of the real coffee will float, but chicory and cereal adulterations sink to the bottom, as they are not coated with the oily substance characteristic of the coffee bean. But a reliable ground coffee sold in sealed tins will not contain such adulterants."

"Isn't the idea sometimes advanced," queried Mrs. Farr, "that coffee should be bought green and roasted at home?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Cranston, "but even if a housekeeper had the time to attend to this, she has not the apparatus with which coffee-roasting houses are equipped. In those establishments experts are on hand to test the roasting as it progresses."

"And how much should we pay a pound?" was another question.

"The cost depends on the particular flavor that appeals to you as an individual, and there is no way of finding out what it is except by sampling many coffees, and discovering the combination that strikes you as exactly right. There are many good brands on the market, each of which derives its special taste and aroma from a certain mixture of different coffee beans, which are always used in the same proportion in that brand. The higher-priced blends represent careful selection by experts, and may generally be depended on to please the fastidious; but for twenty-five or thirty cents, coffee may be bought which will make an excellent drink if care is given to the making. Sometimes a ten- or even a fifty-pound bag may be bought and divided among neighbors like ourselves, to advantage."

"Time to get back to our dinner preparations," suddenly announced Mrs. Farr. "I think I've learned more through our informal chat than in our regular domestic science lesson. I hope some one will think of another good topic."



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THE ELOPEMENT OF MERRYLEGS

A Jinks-and-Betty Story

By MYRA G. REED

I DON'T care. I think you're just as horrid as you can be to go without me. I'm mad at you, and I won't ever speak to you again." Betty turned hastily away to hide the very undignified trembling of her lips. "I know something you don't know, anyway; and you'd be very glad to know it," she called back over her shoulder.

Jinks shouted after her in a tone of superiority. "You're only a girl, anyway. Girls can't go places with men. I don't care about what you know; I'm going up into the mountains for wood."

Betty did not deign to reply to this sweeping accusation; but from the shelter of the big grapevine she watched Jinks and her father and Mr. Patterson drive off toward the mountains in a wagon. Then she looked around disconsolately. There wasn't a single thing she wanted to do. She might have played house if Robin Hood hadn't eaten Pinkie, the

looking pony, so much bigger than Betty had expected. He even had a name-plate over his stall, on which was painted the name "Merrylegs". Robin Hood smelled at the pony's heels and Betty cautiously patted his side. The new saddle hung on the opposite wall, and, after a moment's hesitation, Betty strapped it on the pony.

"I think I'll get on you for just a moment, Merrylegs," she said, and, as Merrylegs seemed to take this announcement in a friendly spirit, she climbed on his back. Without further encouragement, Merrylegs backed out of his stall, and, while Betty did not know whether to be delighted or afraid, started for the door. But in bending over to avoid being twisted off the saddle, when he went through the door, the bridle slipped out of her hand. Merrylegs gave a long sigh of relief as he breathed in the outdoor air, and then, with a snort, he was off. Betty grabbed his neck in terror. Every leap he took nearly shook her off.

"Mother! Mother!" she cried, but Merrylegs was off for the open country, and the house was even now a whole field away. She heard a queer noise and looked down. There was Robin Hood holding on to the fallen bridle with his teeth and thumping up against the pony with every stride.

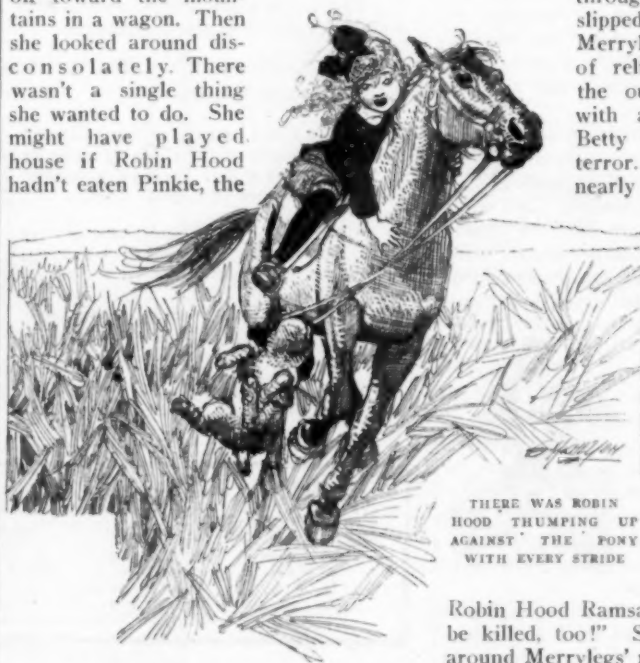
Betty's face went whiter still. "Oh,

Robin Hood Ramsay," she wailed, "you'll be killed, too!" She took a fresh grip around Merrylegs' neck and dug her heels into his sides in a vain attempt to make him stop.

"Merrylegs, you'd better stop this very minute, or you'll be sold right back. They thought you were a gentle pony or they would never have taken you," she gasped out. Merrylegs put his ears back to hear what Betty was saying, but he showed no signs of slowing up. And then Betty screamed: "Oh, dear, there goes Robin Hood. He's fallen off." But she did not dare to look around to see what had happened to him. Her saddle was slipping, and she expected every minute to find herself on the ground.

"Oh, I wish I hadn't been so horrid and cross and selfish to Jinks," she thought. "Perhaps I'm being punished." Merrylegs had long since abandoned the

[Continued on page 74]



THERE WAS ROBIN HOOD THUMPING UP AGAINST THE PONY WITH EVERY STRIDE

last of her doll family, the day before. "I just wish I knew something to do to get into mischief," she said aloud. "Mother could have made them take me if she'd wanted to."

"You needn't sniff so loud, either, Robin Hood," she called crossly. "I hate to hear any one sniff."

But, suddenly, the significance of Robin Hood's puffs aroused her interest. "He's smelling Jinks' new pony," she thought. "I wish I'd told Jinks about him. I don't care if it was to be a surprise. Perhaps he'd have stayed home, then. I think I'll go in and look at him. He'll be some company anyway." She brought a box and climbed up to the nail where she had seen Mr. Patterson put the key. When she opened the door she gave a little cry of astonishment at the fat, jolly-

Warner's Corsets-



What Features

Do you consider in choosing your corset? Compare your corset with a Warner's. Style, comfort, appearance and quality are combined in

Warner's Rust-Proof

Style is authoritative. Intimate fashion information enables us to design accurately a corset to set off fashion's lines.

Comfort with a Warner's comes from thin double boning rightly placed; cloth accurately cut and joined; bust heights and skirts of varying lengths for every figure and size; rubber button hose supporters with strong elastic.

Appearance—Compare the soft fabrics and dainty trimmings of a Warner's with any other corset of equal price—your eye will note the superiority of Warner's.

Quality you cannot see, but a trial will convince you of Warner value. Double boning, double interlinings, soft cloths severely tested, enable us to always guarantee Warner's Rust-Proof Corsets against rusting, breaking or tearing.

Ask your merchant for a Warner's—you will find them wherever corsets are sold.

\$1 to \$5 Guaranteed

THE WARNER BROTHERS COMPANY

225 Fifth Ave.
New York

367 W. Adams St.
Chicago

28 Geary St.
San Francisco

THE NEW SMART HATS

[Continued from page 28]

it through the middle, lengthwise, and stretch the fold. Lay the fold over the edge of the brim and pin in place. Pleat the fulness of the head-size on top and underneath the brim. Join the seam, bias, one side of the back.

For the crown frame, cut a double piece of crinoline long enough to fit around the head-size of the brim and seven inches wide—seven inches after it is doubled. Stretch the folded edge enough to make it fit around the brim on a line two inches from the edge. Sew flat braid around the top and bottom of the side-crown; then sew four short strips of the braid inside the side crown from top to bottom. These will make the side-crown stand up well. Sew a wire around the top of the side-crown frame so that you can shape it after it is covered. Cover the side-crown with a nine-inch strip of bias velvet. Turn the edge of the velvet over the top and bottom edges of the side-crown, and catch the edge of the velvet to the inside of the frame. As the velvet is wider than the frame, it will lay in folds around it and be "draped". Slip-stitch the seam and place it a little one side of the back. Bend the wired top of the side-crown to make it about three inches longer than the width. Then cut a velvet oval tip about eight inches wide and eleven inches long. Sew it inside the top of the side-crown and let it lay full—not drawn tight across. Sew the base of the side-crown to the brim on a line about two inches from the edge. Shape the edge of the brim so that it rolls (Figs. 2 and 4).

Long, slender pheasant feathers make this hat look very Scotch (Fig. 2). Push them through short holes in the velvet, then make fast with stitches taken under the velvet. Your old ostrich feathers will also trim this toque most effectively (Fig. 4) by dampening the feathers until the flues are straight. Arrange the feathers around the side-crown if you want low trimming, or stand them up straight if you want high trimming. Instead of velvet, satin or corded silk or plush may be used to make this hat.

Either the toque or the sailor model can serve as the backbone of your millinery wardrobe the whole winter through. Both shapes promise to remain popular until early spring models displace them.

Editor's Note.—If you have hats to trim, retrim, or make over, Mrs. Tobey will tell you how. This department will contain, from time to time, clear instructions in every branch of home millinery; while letters submitting special problems will be gladly answered by mail by Mrs. Tobey if stamped envelope is enclosed.

Warner's Brassieres



What Features

Do you consider in choosing your brassiere? If you are not wearing a Warner's, compare it with a

Warner's Brassiere

Style—They are shaped by the designers of Warner's Corsets with every consideration of fashion's edicts to supplement the corset.

Comfort—In their design they embody the elements of comfortable support that can only result from scientific knowledge of the figure's need.

Appearance—Warner's Brassieres are finished in a variety of choice laces and embroideries. They harmonize with dainty lingerie and afford a beautiful lining under a transparent waist.

Quality—Warner's Brassieres show the same standards of quality as Warner's Corsets. Your Warner's Brassiere can always be fresh and clean, for you can launder it as often as you wish. Water will not hurt the bones and all metal parts are Rust-Proof.

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has caused women and dealers who appreciate good things to ask that we make other things of similar kind.

We make Kabo Brassieres and Kabo Garters for men, women and children.

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Be sure to get the new Fashion Book C. Ask your dealer or send to us direct. It's Free.

Kabo Corset Company
Chicago New York San Francisco

THE ELOPEMENT OF MERRYLEGS

[Continued from page 72]

fields he had first selected, and had been traveling along the highway, but now he turned abruptly into a smaller, sandier lane leading off across the valley and dropped back into a trot.

"You let me get off this minute, Merrylegs Patterson. I've got to go back for my poor little Robin Hood that you've probably killed."

But Merrylegs trotted urbanely on, occasionally walking for half a mile or more, and even stopping for a nibble of dried grass, but always quickening his pace when Betty made any movement to slide off. Finally Betty espied a ranch through the trees. She sighed with relief. "I'll scream when I go by and perhaps they'll come to get me."

At the road leading to the house, Merrylegs turned in and swept briskly around to the barn, where he stopped.

Betty slid down without a second's hesitation, and immediately Merrylegs took hold of her dress with his teeth and tried to pull her toward the closed barn-door.

Not a single human being in sight! She peeked in at the windows and tried the back door gently, but the place was completely deserted. It wasn't such a relief, after all. Here she was, miles away from home, alone with a naughty pony, with nothing to eat, and not the faintest idea of how to get home.

"I suppose you came back here because this is where you used to live, Merrylegs, but you needn't have brought

going to speak to Jinks again. It was an unhappy world, anyway. Even home wasn't a nice place when punishment for paying Merrylegs a forbidden visit awaited one. Betty wearily went over to the pony: "Now, Merrylegs Patterson, you've been a very naughty pony—much naughtier than I've been, and I'm going to tell my father so, too. You've got to take me right home this minute, or you'll



SHE FINALLY LAY DOWN WITH ROBIN HOOD CUDDLED CLOSE BESIDE HER

be punished." She put her head against his warm neck for a moment and cried just a wee bit. The pony's plight reminded her of her own.

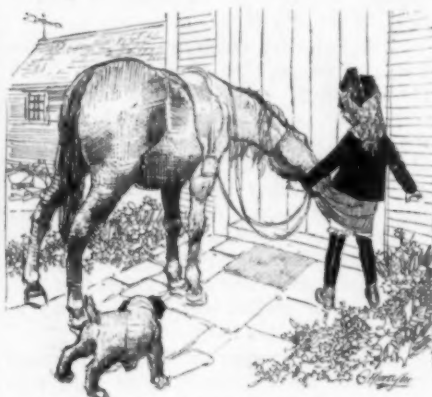
Then, picking up his bridle, she led him down the path to the road. Riding him was too uncertain a matter. She wouldn't risk it again. With Robin Hood on one side of him, and Betty on the other, Merrylegs strolled peacefully on, not a bit in a hurry now that his companions were so anxious to proceed. Every clump of grass he saw he stopped to taste, although Betty tugged at his bridle with all her strength.

Later and later it grew, and still no familiar landmarks appeared. "Oh, Merrylegs," Betty cried finally, "I don't believe you know at all where you're taking us." They had been off the road for a long time now, and were wandering across the cacti-dotted valley. The sun was fast slipping over the horizon, and by the time they had reached the live oak tree which Merrylegs had seemed to be aiming for, the black California darkness of night, which descends so quickly in the Pacific States, was upon them.

Betty gathered up Robin Hood. "I'm so scared!" she whispered. The pony was standing still now, and she squeezed up as close as possible to him. "Merrylegs, we're lost; and you don't know a bit more where we are than I do."

Normally, Betty was not afraid of the dark, but this terrible inky blackness

[Concluded on page 75]



MERRYLEGS TOOK HOLD OF HER DRESS WITH HIS TEETH

me," she declared. Then the grass moved beside her, and Robin Hood, dusty, limping, and very tired, emerged.

Betty dropped on the ground beside him and put her arms around him. Seeing him, somehow brought her nearer home. But she had to do something. She couldn't just stay here. How she wished that Jinks were with her, and then she remembered hastily that she was never

THE ELOPEMENT OF MERRYLEGS

[Continued from page 74]

where she could not even see her feet, way off in the midst of a lonely country, made her forget that Jinks had a vast contempt for girl cry-babies. She finally lay down on the ground, with Robin Hood cuddled close to her, and fell fast asleep.

The next thing she heard was a confused murmur of sounds and a voice strangely like Jinks' whispering in her ear, "Betty, it would have been much nicer if you had been along, and I brought you a bag of candy from the store."

Betty opened her eyes. It was morning again, and there was Jinks, and there was her father with the wagon, and he didn't look a bit cross.

"And, Betty," Jinks added eagerly, "I'll give you half of Merrylegs."

Under ordinary conditions Betty would have replied, "I don't want half of such a naughty pony," but now she merely slipped her hand inside of Jinks' and whispered sweetly, "It's very nice to be made up again, even though it did take such a lot of trouble."

WORN-OUT GARDEN HOSE

By C. O. HOLSER

DO NOT throw away the old garden hose, though it may be necessary to purchase a new one for the lawn. There are good portions in the old one which may be used in many ways.

For instance, cut a piece about three feet long, slip one end over a stout stick or handle, and use for a carpet-beater. It is better than many which are sold for the purpose.

Cut another piece long enough to reach from the water faucet in the kitchen to the boiler or tub, and use for filling these receptacles on wash-day. As a time-saver and back-comforter, it cannot be improved upon.

Have a length in the basement with which to fill the tank beneath the hot-air furnace—which tank is so necessary to the healthfulness of the air above. Attached to the penstock at one end, the other reaching to the tank, it may be quickly filled, and there is no longer an excuse for neglecting this necessary task.

By the aid of a piece of the old hose, avoid the trouble of constantly emptying the drip-pan under the refrigerator, or suffering the consequences of forgetting it. Bore a hole in the floor just beneath the drip-pan and attach a piece of the hose to take care of the drainage for you; the other end may be carried out onto the ground or rest in a large tub in the basement.



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A THANKSGIVING REUNION

By ELEANOR OTIS

OF all our national holidays, none is dearer to the American family, as a family, than Thanksgiving Day. It is a day when the junior branches of the family like to bring their little ones, and assemble at the old home. However, those of us who have been behind the scenes on Thanksgiving Day can remember how long Mother labored in the kitchen, how hot and tired she was by the time the big dinner was served; so tired, in fact, that she could not enjoy even the sight of the young people she loved gathered around the board.

Now, our Puritan ancestors meant that Thanksgiving should stand for something more than a feast, and the woman who does her own work will enter into the spirit of the day much more joyfully if she is not tired out with performing kitchen duties. The day of the "safe and sane" Fourth has arrived; let us have, also, a sane Thanksgiving Day, a celebration that will bring the family together without such a very heavy strain on time and strength.

Plan your reunion, therefore, for the afternoon, letting the various families have their Thanksgiving dinners in their own homes; then, when dinner is over for all the "dozens and dozens of distant cousins", assemble at Grandmother's, each child bringing an offering of fruit or flowers, just to teach them something of the spirit of the day.

All the flowers that can be found in garden and field should be used to decorate the rooms, with strings of dried vegetables, also, to remind that it is the harvest season. Around the walls you can make a lattice work of plaited corn-stalks, holding, here and there, tiny cornucopias filled with nuts and candies for the little ones to carry home. A big horn of plenty makes a pretty decoration for the chandelier, and tea can be served from a table laden with fruits and flowers.

Church duties being over, even our Pilgrim forefathers relaxed somewhat on this gala-day, and our young people will naturally turn to lively games to occupy their time. Up Jenkins, charades, and other favorites are fun, and here are two good new games to pass away the time: For an Indian Corn Race, begin at the

center of the room—or lawn, if you wish to play out of doors—and lay out a convoluted labyrinth by scattering grains of corn in a track. Let the track wind in and out, but never cross itself, and gradually cover a larger field until it ends somewhere at the edge of room or lawn. A runner starts along this track, and five seconds later another contestant starts down the track, as many as wish to joining in the race, with five seconds between each two. One foot must always be on the track of corn, and this necessitates that the contestant walk "Indian-fashion"—one foot before the other—which makes the race all the more difficult. If a player catches up with one ahead, that one must drop out, and if a player gets off the track the same penalty is exacted. Those who finish the course successfully are entitled to draw for a prize. For this, what could be nicer than one of Grandmother's pumpkin pies in a shiny tin trimmed with frilly paper, or a pretty box filled with nut-meats?

Another jolly game is played as follows: Divide the company into two groups, ranged in two lines about four feet apart. The leader of one line now takes two glasses filled with water, and



READY TO TAKE A FLASHLIGHT PICTURE WHEN THE FOLDING-DOORS OPEN

starts down the line. She places on-glass before any player in the opposite line, who then picks it up and tries to catch her before she can get down the line and safely back to its head again. The first player on the opposite side now takes the glasses and starts out in similar fashion. If a player is caught, or if she spills any of the water from her glass she must drop out; so, one line or the other soon becomes shortened. When all the players on one side have been caught, the players on the other side draw for a big cornucopia filled with nuts, fruit and home-made candies.

[Concluded on page 78]

Immediate Shipment

How an eight hour schedule is maintained to fill your orders

—By Elizabeth Davis Brown

After you have chosen the suit or waist you want, and mailed the order to us, how soon can you expect to receive the merchandise?

After style, material and price, *this* is the next point in which you are interested. When you have made up your mind, naturally you don't want to wait.

So important do we feel it to please you on *this* as well as on the merchandise, that *this* is what we do to enable us to ship orders *the day they are received*.

The Charles William Stores is but six city blocks from the Post Office, but we do not wait for the letter carriers to deliver our mail. Before our Stores themselves are opened, our automobiles are at the Post Office to bring the mail to us to save *half an hour*! As each order is opened, the time is stamped upon it and the time for shipment, just *exactly eight hours* from the time it is received.

If for any reason the articles in your order cannot be shipped that day or by the following morning, a postal will be mailed to you, telling you why. Delays happen sometimes, of course. It is impossible for them not to, among the thousands of orders received, but the exceptions are rare.

Our systems are especially designed to facilitate prompt shipments to our customers, and thousands of letters come from our friends everywhere, thanking us for the surprisingly quick deliveries we make. Your orders will receive the same prompt attention—the same care in filling—the same careful handling. You are certain to be delighted with your experience when you send us your order.

This satin slipper for \$2.29



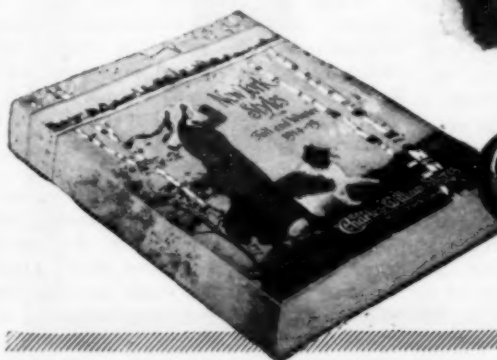
THE MAXIXE. The style slipper endorsed by the greatest dancing master in New York. Made of high grade satin; IMPORTED Ornament of exquisite design; wide instep strap with elastic instep band underneath it to hold slipper firmly. Last

has short vamp lines; Spanish Louis heel covered in satin; flexible hand-turned soles. Sizes 2½ to 8. Widths C D and E. Give size and width. No. 764A1616. **Prepaid \$2.29**

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LADY LAURETTE. Seal Plush Coats are so becoming in their silky richness that they remain the queen of wraps season after season. New modes developed for 1915 use this fabric to the greatest advantage, and we have secured one of the most charming models in large enough quantities to make substantial Christmas reductions. It is made of lustrous Seal Plush; 48 inches long; lined throughout with black mercerized sateen. The deep shawl collar can be buttoned up close to the throat in cold weather. Closes with three large plush buttons and silk loops. Fashionable Raglan sleeves are set in from the neck, with no seam at the shoulder. Deep cuffs. In black only. Sizes 32 to 44. State size. No. 964A95. **Prepaid \$7.98**

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THE MARLBOROUGH. Fur fabric coats have held the attention of designers this season to as great an extent as have the genuine furs. The effects secured are so becoming and their service so satisfactory, the vogue for them is rapidly increasing. This model is made of Silky Astrachan Cloth, carefully handled to obtain slender, graceful lines. It has roll collar and turn-back cuffs of lustrous Seal Plush. Closes with three large Plush Buttons and Silk Loops. Length 48 inches. Lined throughout with good quality of Sateen. In black, navy blue or brown Astrachan Cloth, trimmed with Seal Plush. Sizes 32 to 44. State color and size. No. 964A97. **Prepaid \$5.98**



THE MARLBOROUGH

Special Early Christmas Bargains

In selecting these Christmas offers, we have searched New York to get offers which would be most unusual savings.

It means everything to get your Christmas gifts where you can choose from an absolutely unlimited selection and at the lowest possible prices. This is the real purpose of the Charles William Stores—to enable you to shop from the greatest store in the world and make your selections from the best New York has to offer. This is what we call Charles-William-Service; the widest possible selection, prompt free delivery and wonderful values! Every purchase

you make represents a *real* saving.

Then behind the whole transaction stands our strong, broad guarantee—you must be thoroughly satisfied with your purchase or you may return it and we will refund your money.

Our Fashion Book "New York Styles" is full of lovely Christmas presents which can be secured for 25, 35 and 50 cents. It also shows thousands of special Charles William styles in Wearing Apparel. Write for it today. Anything you order from it will be DELIVERED FREE and promptly. Send us a postal now.

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THE CZARINA. Luxurious fur set of Russian Bear (comes from Chita Goat). A long, soft fur of great durability. The shapely scarf measures 44 inches long and fits closely about the neck and shoulders. The deep points are effectively completed with three full brush tails. The large pillow muff is fitted with a wrist cord. Both scarf and muff are lined with satin to match. Compare this price with what you usually have to pay. Take advantage of this exceptional Christmas offer now. In black, grey or brown. State color. No. 964A525. **Prepaid . . . \$3.98**

This bargain for the baby \$1.49



TINY TOT—This wouldn't be a Christmas page without a special offer for the baby! Child's 3-piece Brushed Sweater Suit—sweater, leggings and cap. Sweater has deep roll collar of contrasting color which buttons up close to the neck. Leggings full length, tie with tasseled knit cord at waist. This snug, fleecy suit will keep your little one warm in the coldest weather. In all white, in red trimmed in grey, or grey trimmed in red. Sizes 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. State size and color. No. 2564A2350. **Prepaid . . . \$1.49**

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A THANKSGIVING REUNION

[Continued from page 76]

After the games, assemble the com-
pany in the parlor, and have living pic-
tures, using the folding-doors for a stage
curtain. Turn out the lights in the par-
lor, and have all the lighting in the room
where the pictures are being given, pref-
erably from a row of lights placed on the
floor like foot-lights. Riley's *An Old
Sweetheart of Mine* is delightful if given
in this way, and there are parts for every
one to take, from Grandmother down to
the littlest baby.

The first picture is called Dreaming,
and shows Grandfather as sole actor.
He is seated in an easy chair by a table
littered with books. His book, however,
has fallen from his hand, and he sits dream-
ing. During this scene, the
fifth and sixth
verses of the
poem are read.

The next
shows The
Dream. The
scene is the
same as before,
but Daisy or
Madge or any
of the pretty
daughters is
seen standing
in the shadows of the room. She is all
in white, her arms filled with flowers, and
she looks straight ahead. The old man
gazes at her intently. The first verse of
the poem is read.

For the third picture, a schoolroom
is shown. Aunt Sallie makes a formid-
able teacher with her hair sleeked back
primly, and glasses perched on her nose.
By her side sits Johnnie, aged seven, a
dunce-cap on his head. On the bench,
the other children of the family are
ranged, and among them is Lucy, aged
six, whom Johnnie eyes admiringly over
his book. She looks haughtily in the
other direction. This is First Love, and
the ninth and tenth verses are read.

NEXT comes The Offering. The same
scene is shown, but Johnnie has pro-
duced a large apple—reversing the Bib-
lical story—and holds it towards the
fair Lucy, who smilingly holds out a
hand for it. The twelfth verse is read.

The same scene is shown again, the
fifth picture being The First Kiss. Teacher
stands with her back turned, dis-
missing the pupils, but our hero and
heroine have lingered behind. His lips
are gingerly pressed to her cheek, she
hangs her head shyly, and gazes down at
both hands, which are filled with all the
pelf of his emptied pockets—balls,

marbles, fish-bait, and the like. The
eleventh and thirteenth verses are read.

Planning the Future is the next pic-
ture, and shows an old-fashioned well-
sweep, with Madge, at the winsome age
of eighteen, sitting by it. Her dress is
simple, her hair in two long braids, she
holds an empty water pitcher in her hand;
by her side, his arm about her, sits her
cousin Dick, a year or so older, eagerly
reading a poem. Of course, we know
without being told that it is a love poem.
The fourteenth verse is read.

NOW comes Love in a Cottage. A
simple home scene is shown. Aunt
Mary has been chosen for this part, for
she and Uncle Will have only been mar-
ried two years, and their baby is the tin-
iest member of the family, and so must
have a part. Uncle Will leans over the
chair that holds Aunt Mary, who is sing-
ing a lullaby to the baby. Verses fifteen
and sixteen are read to this pretty scene.

The last scene is the same as the first.
Grandfather sits once more by the lamp-
light. The curtain is drawn for a second,
and Daisy is discovered as in the second
scene; then, the curtain is drawn, and

when next
raised, we see
Grandmother in
all her gray-
haired sweet-
ness and digni-
ty, standing
where Daisy
stood. The last
verse is read:
"to greet the
living presence
of that old
sweetheart of
mine".

As each
scene is shown,
take a flash-

light picture of it, for these snap-shots,
developed later, and prettily bound to-
gether with verses from the poem, make
lovely souvenirs for the various guests.

After the pictures, the lights are
turned on, and refreshments passed
around—chicken salad in fresh corn
shucks, tomato jelly with nuts in it, served
in hollowed apples, and orange sherbet in
halved orange skins—all suggestive of the
plenteous harvest-time of the year.

Editor's Note.—All of us like to strike
an original note in our entertaining. Miss
Otis, Entertainment Editor, is bubbling
over with ideas for every kind of party
or entertainment you could possibly want.
She will gladly offer suggestions by mail
if a stamped envelope is enclosed.



GETTING GRANDFATHER
POSED FOR A LIVING-
PICTURE



"THAT OLD SWEETHEART
OF MINE"



DON'T WAIT 'TIL YOU GET COLD.

THE first chilly days of fall are treacherous. It is too early to start the furnace or a big stove, and yet without some heat the house is damp and cold.

Get a **PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER** and keep warm and well. A **PERFECTION** is so convenient and adaptable. Take it to any nook in the house—light it—you have all the heat you want in a few minutes, just where you want it.

And a **PERFECTION** is no trouble at all. It is clean. There are no ashes or dirt—no coal or wood to handle.

More than twelve years ago, the **STANDARD OIL COMPANY** adopted the **PERFECTION HEATER** as its standard. Today it is used in more than two million homes.

The **PERFECTION HEATER** costs little to buy and little to use. It burns kerosene, a fuel that is ideal because it is low priced, efficient, easy to handle and everywhere available. One gallon gives ten hours glowing warmth. Think of it! An hour a day for ten days. It is made so that it will not smoke or smell; handsomely finished; it will last indefinitely.

For sale everywhere by hardware and furniture dealers; general and department stores. Ask your dealer to show you one.

Like all good things, **PERFECTION HEATERS** are imitated. Be sure you get the real thing. Look for the **TRIANGLE TRADE MARK**.



PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATERS

MANUFACTURED AND GUARANTEED BY

THE CLEVELAND FOUNDRY CO.
7501 PLATT AVENUE, CLEVELAND, OHIO

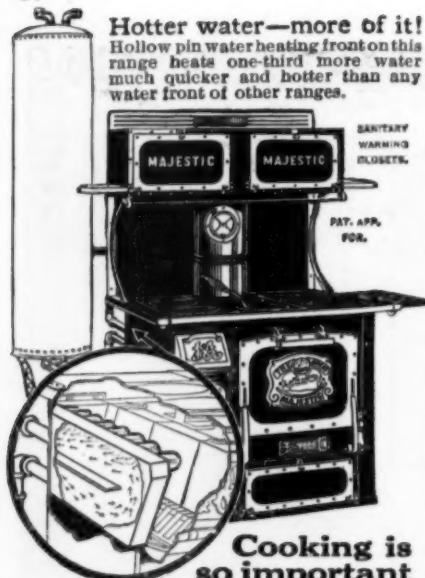
Send to Department D for Booklet, "Warmth in Cold Corners"

Also Makers of **PERFECTION Oil Cook Stoves**

MADE IN CANADA BY

THE PERFECTION STOVE COMPANY, LTD., SARNIA, ONT.





Hotter water—more of it!
Hollow pin water heating front on this range heats one-third more water much quicker and hotter than any water front of other ranges.

SANITARY
WARMING
CLOSETS.

PAT. APP.
FOR.

**Cooking is
so important**

Good cooking helps the health and happiness of your family. Surely you should have a range that will enable you to do your best.

Great Majestic Malleable and Charcoal Iron Range

This range is not "so much metal put together to hold fire" each part is scientifically built to do its work just right. Made of malleable and charcoal iron, metals that resist rust and wear three times as long as ordinary range metals. All joints cold-riveted (no putty used)—a Majestic stays tight and holds the heat in, maintaining uniform heat with least fuel. Oven braced on top by heavy beam and in front by frame—prevents buckling.

The Majestic provides perfect baking qualities, plus fuel-saving and work-easing features that you cannot get in ordinary ranges. The little extra it costs is more than repaid by the years longer wear it gives.

The health and happiness of your whole family are effected by the range you buy. Investigate thoroughly. There is a Majestic dealer in every county of 40 States; if you don't know the one near you, ask us, and get "Range Comparison" explaining Majestic ranges fully.

Majestic Mfg. Co., Dept. 128 St. Louis, Mo.



Cake Secrets FREE 36-Page Book

Contains many cake recipes, thoroughly tried and tested, also valuable hints on cake baking. One woman writes us: "I learned more about cake making from 'Cake Secrets' than from any other book." Write today for this book.

SWANS DOWN PREPARED Not Self-Rising CAKE FLOUR

For Home Cake Baking

Makes Lightest, Finest, Whitest Cakes and Puddings, keeping qualities just as good in July as December. Endorsed and used for 16 years by best cooking teachers. Sold by leading grocers in clean, sanitary packages. If you cannot get it, write us.

ICEHEART BROS.
Dept. R Evansville, Ind., U.S.A.



THE HOUSEWIFE'S BUSINESS

Buying Staple Groceries to Advantage

By AGNES ATHOL

ABOUT thirty per cent. of the entire income of families of five or six living on less than two thousand dollars a year is spent for food. Of this sum more than half is generally needed for what we call the staple groceries—flour, sugar, cereals, canned goods, and crackers; dried fruits, vegetables, and fish; flavorings and seasonings. Soaps too, and cleansing materials, usually come from the grocery store. The money for these supplies, if not the entire family income, passes through the hands of the wife. Whether it is applied wisely or scattered with indifferent return in value depends upon her attitude toward marriage and housekeeping. If she recognizes her position as that of the purchasing partner, she will probably also realize that she should behave as would the buying member of any business firm—invest the money over which she has control to the best possible advantage.

TOO many housekeepers are afflicted with the "small-quantity" and the "last-minute" habits. The size of the income seldom has anything to do with this. Lack of forethought, lazy methods of shopping, and carelessness are usually responsible. To a certain extent, lack of storage facilities contributes to bad habits. The smallest salary on which a family can live may be apportioned on the budget plan, and even the busiest mother can save money by knowing exactly what she wants to buy for use during any period, and by getting it at one time.

The secret lies in the knowing. To buy anything to advantage, you must know what you are getting, what the price for it ought to be, and why it is a better article than something else. Information about supplies is one of the supreme duties of the housekeeper. Then, substitutes cannot be palmed off on her.

If you rush to the corner store at a quarter of six at night, and buy a can of peas and a pound of sugar, it doesn't matter much to you what brand of peas or what grade of sugar the grocer gives you; your dinner is in a critical state—

anything will do. But in a well-ordered house "anything" decidedly should not do. It is the wife's business to discriminate between good and poor brands; to be able to read labels intelligently; to understand the Pure Food and Drugs Law, and to patronize the manufacturers who strictly conform to it.

HOW is a busy mother to gain the necessary knowledge that will help her determine which foods are best for her family? In exactly the same way that a buyer in a large business conducts his affairs—by constant, careful watching, sampling, comparing, and testing. The buyer takes his trade journal, and through its text or advertisements learns of new articles in his line, and immediately investigates them. He is aware that standard names, widely known, have a reputation to support; that the firms which use them have spent thousands of dollars impressing their names, trade-marks, or catch-phrases on the public, and cannot afford to deviate in any slight respect from established quality; that he can rely on their products. New articles must be given a trial and their value estimated.

The woman's magazine is the trade journal of the housewife. Its pages are filled with special topics related to her business, and its advertising carries news of products she is likely to need, or reminders of standard articles she has always known, and which depend on their name to guarantee their quality. It is imperative for the up-to-date wife who would administer her budget in fairness to the one who earns it, to make herself thoroughly acquainted with the varieties of products available.



THE SHREWD HOUSEWIFE STUDIES THE MARKET PRICES

Take canned goods, for example. Unless one has a kitchen garden, a cherry tree, or a strawberry patch, home canning actually does not pay. I am not, of course, referring to the woman who does canning in her home with the expectation of selling the product, or the woman whose family consumes unusually large quantities of canned goods. In general, the labor involved, the loss in materials bought in small quantities, the cost of sugar, jars, fuel, and other necessities are

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THE HOUSEWIFE'S BUSINESS

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items usually neglected in estimating the cost of one's peaches or tomatoes. The best brands of commercially canned goods are pure because it pays to put things up that way. Reliable manufacturers have always catered to housekeepers who demanded high quality. No paltry profit would tempt them to permit a single unsatisfactory can to leave their factories. They employ expensive machinery and high-priced chemists to make their products right, so as to increase their trade.

Once in a while, a can of moldy beans or copper-colored peas finds its way to a kitchen. It is probably a back-yard or cellar article, made and sold under cover—sneaked on the market, so to speak. It trades on the "just-as-good-as" delusion, and copies the label and appearance of a better brand. It is never the product of a well-known firm. Big firms want you to like their canned beans, and to ask for more of the same kind. If a canned article you buy is inferior, do not condemn all canned goods; try other brands, and report the unsatisfactory article to the State food officials. Speak to your grocer of the incident, and assure him of your continued patronage, provided he carries a better article.

If you want to save money, buy canned goods by the case. In all grocery purchasing, ten dollars in a lump sum buys more than would be represented by one hundred ten-cent items. It is an elementary axiom of trading that the larger the quantity ordered, the lower the price of the single article becomes; and, conversely, the smaller the quantity, the higher the relative cost. Look ahead for the winter, and see how many cans of vegetables you will be likely to use. Purchase, if possible, in mixed cases, saving from one to two cents on every can, and buy at least one whole case of tomatoes if you use them. If these quantities seem too large, get a neighbor to share in the investment with you. The various fruits that come in tins are healthful and not expensive, and enable you to serve fruit, as you should, every day all winter. In lacquered tins, acid fruits, like rhubarb, are perfectly

safe. Canned pineapple is often cheaper than fresh, and unusually delicious for fruit salads.

Do not neglect to include a few cans of fish—salmon, tuna, and sardines—and if you live far inland, where fresh fish is rare, send for the catalogue of some reliable fish-packer, and note what a variety may be brought to your table. Oysters, clams, crabs, lobsters, shrimp, haddock, and mackerel all come canned, and there are many ways to prepare them.

SOAP, as every woman knows, lasts longer after it is old and dry. Buying soap by the hundred cakes, therefore, is the best method, and your dealer is undoubtedly willing to give it to you that way with a slight reduction, as he is saved the trouble of selling and delivering each cake separately. Cleansers are surprisingly cheap by the box.

Baking-powder is one of the few things it does not pay to buy in bulk. It loses its properties with age. A pound can is large enough for the average household. Chocolate and cocoa are changed in appearance, though not in substance, if stale. It is better to buy them as needed. Flavoring extracts which are made with alcohol may be better, possibly, if purchased fresh; but one can at least make a sav-

ing by buying a four- or eight-ounce bottle of vanilla instead of losing some of the liquid on the sides of several smaller bottles.

Any woman's system of buying is regulated to a certain extent by the locality in which she happens to live; in one, she is more or less at the mercy of the general store; in another, she can market where prices and quality are satisfactory. Sometimes, it is a little difficult, when one has been accustomed to marketing every day, to start bulk purchasing for cash.

So much has been said against running charge accounts that no argument need be introduced here in favor of paying

[Continued on page 82]



A SHELF OVER THE KITCHEN DOOR WILL ACCOMMODATE MANY SUPPLIES



Menu
Roast Beef with brown gravy
Brown Potatoes
Macaroni au Gratin
Baked Apples

Cook your whole meal at one time in the

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Roaster

You can cook your entire meal at one time in the "Wear-Ever" Roaster and save yourself labor and expense.

Start the beef in a hot oven and reduce the heat gradually. "Wear-Ever" heats more quickly and retains heat longer than other ware. The meat needs no turning because the "Wear-Ever" Roaster distributes the heat evenly all over.



Prepare the apples and macaroni as usual. Put each in a baking dish and set in the Roaster at the proper time. Pare the potatoes and lay them around the roast beef.

You can use the "Wear-Ever" Roaster on the top of the stove just as well as in the oven. Your whole meal will be ready at the same time. You save money on fuel—and you save yourself time and labor.

The "Wear-Ever" Roaster is seamless—cannot rust—cannot chip or scale—easily kept clean. No other utensil is more generally useful.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

If "Wear-Ever" utensils are not obtainable at your dealer's mail us 10 two-cent stamps (20 cents) stating your dealer's name and we will send you a one-quart "Wear-Ever" Stewpan—stamps to be returned if pan is not satisfactory. Send the coupon for The "Wear-Ever" Kitchen booklet telling how to care for aluminum ware.



The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co., Dept. 30, New Kensington, Pa., or Northern Aluminum Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

Please send me, prepaid, sample 1-qt. "Wear-Ever" Stewpan for which I enclose 20 cents in stamps—(20c)—to be refunded if I'm not satisfied.

Name
Address
I buy my cooking ware of
(Dealer's Name)

Make \$30 to \$60 Weekly

Selling our new unequalled gasoline table and hanging lamp for lighting city and rural homes, stores, halls, churches. Most powerful light known. ABSOLUTELY SAFE.

WE LOAN YOU SAMPLE

More brilliant and many times cheaper than gas or electricity. Guaranteed five years. Everyone a possible customer. No experience necessary. Exclusive territory free. Write today.

SUNSHINE SAFETY LAMP CO.
314 Factory Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.





THE HOUSEWIFE'S BUSINESS

[Continued from page 81]

cash. A good way to do is to invest in one bulk article one week, another the next, and so on. Using as an illustration a very small food allowance—only a dollar a day—fifty cents may be reserved for groceries, and at least thirty-five cents of that, or two dollars and a half a week, expended in a lump sum for staples. The other money, with wise buying, can be made to do for fruits and fresh green vegetables.

One housekeeper I know makes it a practise to divide her budget into two portions—one for "current cash expenditures" and one for "investment". She buys her materials in bulk out of the latter, and every time she takes out a can of corn or a box of gelatin, she drops the ordinary price of it into a bank whose contents is used to start the next "investment" fund. In other words, after buying them by the case, she sells her groceries by the can or box to herself, and the profit, when all are disposed of, goes into the savings account. Either way, the point is that, once started, this system helps itself and helps you, and enables you to buy the best the market affords, provided you know the best when you see it!

A POSTCARD WILL BRING ONE VALUABLE FREE BOOKLETS

cash. A good way to do is to invest in one bulk article one week, another the next, and so on. Using as an illustration a very small food allowance—only a dollar a day—fifty cents may be reserved for groceries, and at least thirty-five cents of that, or two dollars and a half a week, expended in a lump sum for staples. The other money, with wise buying, can be made to do for fruits and fresh green vegetables.

WHERE limited storage facilities form a problem, one can always put up a few extra shelves. A twelve-inch board over the kitchen door will accommodate five dollars' worth of supplies at a time. Soap and cleansing materials can be stacked on a shelf over the bathroom door—or, better still, if the man of the house is handy with tools, a small wall closet can be made, with lock and key, and large enough to hold all a family of five would need in a month.

Fall and winter are the best seasons to buy in bulk. Flour, sugar, cereals, and dried fruits, such as raisins, prunes, apricots, apples, and peaches, will keep in cold weather for several months; but they have a tendency to develop weevil in hot weather. All these articles are better purchased in sealed cartons. With flour, much depends on the milling; certain names stand for purity, full weight, and assurance that the nutritious part of the grain is not removed in the process.

[Concluded on page 83]

Solving the Pie Problem

In many homes pie is a problem. In almost every home it is a favorite dessert.

Many people cannot eat pie without discomfort. Mothers oftentimes do not care to have their children eat it because they consider it indigestible.

Crisco gives pastry a new wholesomeness and delicacy. Crisco pie crust is light and flaky.

CRISCO
For Frying—For Shortening
For Cake Making

Beautiful cloth-bound book of new recipes and a "Calendar of Dinners" for five 2-cent stamps!

This handsome book by Marion Harris Neil gives 615 excellent tested recipes. Also contains a "Calendar of Dinners"—a dinner menu for every day in the year. The Calendar tells what the recipes tell how. Book also contains cookery hints and the interesting story of Crisco's development. Bound in blue and gold cloth. To those answering this advertisement it will be sent for five 2-cent stamps. Address Dept. L-11, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Plain Crisco Pastry

1½ cupfuls flour 1 teaspoonful salt
½ cupful Crisco cold water
(Use level measurements)

Sift flour and salt and cut Crisco into flour with knife until finely divided. Finger tips may be used to finish blending materials. Add gradually sufficient water to make stiff paste. Water should be added sparingly and mixed with knife through dry ingredients. Form lightly and quickly with hand into dough; roll out on slightly floured board, about one-quarter inch thick. Use light motion in handling rolling-pin, and roll from center outward. Sufficient for one small pie.

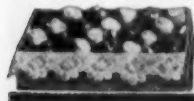
GIRLS! GIRLS!

Make Rare Candies
Like These at Home

The luxurious, costly kinds—rich and delicious—all made in your own home of ingredients you know are pure—the 61c and 86c varieties at a cost to you of 16c to 18c. Every girl likes to make candy—it's fascinating for young folks, old folks too. And these candies are so pure and wholesome; experience unnecessary, anyone can make delicious creams, nougats, orientals, bon bons, taffies, brittles.

Get Our Instruction Book
It tells the whole secret of the confectioner's trade. Write for complete free details.

HOME CANDY MAKERS
301 Barr Street CANTON, OHIO



Rugs, Carpets, Curtains, Furniture, Blankets Direct from the Mill.

Regal Rugs, 6x9, reversible, all-wool finish, \$3.90; Brussels Rugs, 9x12, exceptional value, \$3.75; Superb Brussels Rugs, 9x12, \$6.00; Velvets, 9x12, \$17.50; Elegant Axminsters, 9x12, \$16.80. Comforters, Blankets, a white wool finish, silk bound, \$2.95. Curtains, Linoleum and Furniture at bed-rock prices. New catalog in colors free.

UNITED MILLS MFG. CO.
2438-48 Jasper St., Phila.

BIG MONEY SAVED—We Pay Freight.

When answering advertisements kindly mention McCALL'S MAGAZINE.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S BUSINESS

[Continued from page 82]

Pure honey and maple sirup will keep indefinitely. Molasses is a winter sirup, and is liable to ferment in summer. Crackers in air-tight packages are supposed to keep crisp till the package is opened; but a month's supply at a time is a large enough quantity. If you make many jellied desserts and corn-starch puddings, do not fail to get dozen prices on gelatin and corn-starch. I have bought a splendid gelatin, retailed at ten cents a box, for ninety cents a dozen. One's grocery list comprises scores of articles, and when you save from one to fifty cents on each purchase you can have more groceries or a bigger savings account.

There is a reduction if you buy five pounds of butter at a time. Other forms of shortening, such as lard, compound, and the various vegetable fats, keep very well in five-pound lots. Cotton-seed oil, which makes a delicious mayonnaise, comes in quart tins or by the case. Olive oil purchased by the quart or half-gallon tin is more economical than by the bottle. Tea and coffee are matters of individual taste and choice of a well-known brand.

Keep a bundle of post cards in the house, and when you see a new household product advertised write for information as to where you can buy it. Many manufacturers of standard food products are so sure of your approval if you give them a trial that, for the mere cost of postage, they will send you a receipt book showing how to use their article to best advantage; these little books are an excellent addition to your cook-book shelf, and are well worth having and trying. You will find them a great help in discovering both new dishes and new food-stuffs.

MAKING OVER THANKSGIVING

[Continued from page 24]

Not by little groups meeting separately to give thanks. Not alone by families gathering about thousands of separate, too-bountiful dinners! But, some day, by a great common gathering of the people, come together for a great purpose of thanksgiving.

To dedicate a new building to the people's use.

To open new ways of education and recreation for the people to share.

To inaugurate new methods of cleanliness, sanitation, public safety, purity, for the common welfare.

To talk over still better means for the development of people—people—people!

This is the Thanksgiving that is coming—that is almost here. Perhaps it may already be here, in some small measure, in your town and mine—this year.



From 1914 Corn Fields

Comes a New Table Dainty Bubbles of Toasted Corn

Prof. A. P. Anderson—the man who invented Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—has now created Corn Puffs.

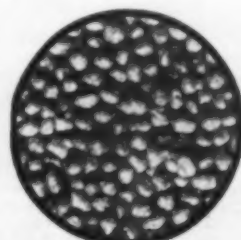
The sweet centers of the corn are made into tiny pellets. These are toasted in fearful heat. Then they are puffed by steam explosion into airy, flaky, toasted globules about rain-drop size.

One cannot describe them. The texture and flavor are new. They seem like mythical morsels, thin, light and fragile. Some say they suggest toasted manna. Some call them the witching food. Folks never have dreamed that a food so fascinating could ever be made from corn.



**"The
Witching
Food"**

15c per Package



The most welcome surprise you have had for years on your table will be your first serving of Corn Puffs. It is novel and dainty and new. Order them now—before your folks hear of them—and ask them to guess what they are.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(697)

\$100.00 TO ANY CHURCH

More than 500 churches have taken advantage of McCall's simple and practical Church-Fund-Raising Plan. It is indorsed by small churches and by large churches, every denomination, everywhere. No expense involved. After you investigate the plan you will thank us for bringing it to your attention.

We Will Give \$100.00 To Your Church

for a few hours' easy work of several women members. Let us tell you how we are helping many other churches raise money easily and quickly. Write AT ONCE for FREE pamphlet entitled "How Other Churches Have Raised Money", which also explains our unique offer to your church.

"Church-Fund-Raising Department"

The McCall Company, 236 W. 37th St., New York



ANCIENT CITY BAPTIST CHURCH
St. Augustine, Florida

This Church Received \$70.00

Mrs. Arthur Manucy, secretary of one of the ladies' organizations connected with the above church, writes The McCall Company as follows:

"The check for \$70.00 arrived yesterday. Thank you so much. \$25.00 goes toward our pipe-organ and the remainder to help pay the debt on our parsonage. We thank you again in behalf of the Philathea Class of The Ancient City Baptist Church, and wish you great success with your magazine."

HOW SIX DOLLARS REMADE A ROOM

By MARY H. NORTHEAD

WHEN I moved into the house where I am now living, there was, at the rear, a large airy room sorely defaced by hard usage. It had two windows on the southwest and one on the north, and the more I studied its possibilities the more eager I became to try to realize them. When I learned that the owner was unwilling to expend any money on repairs, I determined to renovate the room at my own expense. Having had some experience, I was not wholly ignorant of the art of painting and papering, so I decided to do that work myself.

I estimated that the cost of paper, paint, new matting, and curtains would not be great. I had inherited some choice old-fashioned furniture whose fine mahogany finish required a neutral setting, so I chose a one-toned oatmeal paper in old blue. This cost twenty-five cents a roll, and the walls required eight rolls. The trim was to be painted pure white. The total expense was:

8 rolls Paper at 25 cents a roll.....	\$2.00
Paint60
25 yards Matting at 12½ cents a yard.....	3.13
12 yards Cotton cloth for curtains.....	.72
Tambour cotton for working curtains.....	.30
Paste for paper hanging, about15
Total	\$6.90

First, I removed from the walls every vestige of old paper, by going over it repeatedly with a whitewash brush dipped in soap-suds, until the paper peeled off. I washed the trim with soap, water, and a little ammonia, to make it thoroughly clean. Then I made a flour paste the proper consistency for papering.



I WAS DELIGHTED WITH THE RESULT

I did the painting in the afternoon, and it was quite dry the following morning. Then I began the papering. The ironing-board, stretched across the backs of two chairs, sufficed instead of a paper-hanger's board, and I used an old brush.

Upon the cleanly scrubbed floor, from which the old matting had been removed, I laid the new matting of unobtrusive pattern, showing a thread of old blue in its weave. Then in place of the faded cretonne curtains, I hung new ones of unbleached cotton finished at the top and bottom with a border design in cross stitch worked in old blue. With the arrangement of the furniture and rugs, the transformation was complete.

A GIFT SUGGESTION

Can you think of a more acceptable gift for Mother, Wife, Sister, Sweet-heart or Friend—can you think of a more valuable gift, for so little money, than a year's subscription for McCALL'S MAGAZINE at only 50c? A year's subscription for McCALL'S MAGAZINE makes an inexpensive gift that is remembered, appreciated and enjoyed, not for a day, but for twelve months in the year. The subscription "Gift Idea" is growing in favor each year.



Beautiful "Subscription Gift Cards," printed in three colors (design like illustration only larger) for announcing the Gift to the recipient, are furnished by us FREE on request. "Gift Subscriptions" may be ordered now to start with January 1915 issue, which we will mail just before CHRISTMAS.

The "Gift Problem" is thus simplified and solved with a saving of money, time and worry. Many will appreciate this suggestion and give not only one, but half a dozen "gift subscriptions" for McCALL'S MAGAZINE. Where requested, on the order, we will gladly mail the "Gift Card" at the proper time, direct to the recipient of the "Gift Subscription" with compliments of the giver. Place your "Gift Orders" now with the McCall Pattern Store in your town, where you can obtain the "Gift Cards" free, or mail your Gift Orders to

"HOLIDAY GIFT" DEPT.

c/o. THE McCALL COMPANY, 236 West 37th St., N. Y. City, N. Y.

P. S.—50c may be sent in stamps. For amounts over 50c, always send Money Order.

NET INITIALING

By MONICA BASTIN

A PRETTY way of marking linens of any kind is to use an inserted initial of net outlined in satin-stitch. Get a transfer pattern of the particular type of letter desired, place it face downward on the material to be marked, and press with a hot iron. Or you can sketch a letter in pencil directly upon the linen.



Cut a square of fine white net, and place it on the under side of the linen, so that the net extends well beyond the letter. Baste the net securely, taking every care not to stretch it. On a washable material it is a good plan to have the net rather loose, to allow for shrinking, but it should be perfectly flat.



Let the basting carefully follow the outline of the letter on the outside of all its edges; then, just on the inside of the double lines forming the letter, cut away the material so that the net shows through. Overcast the raw edges all around, taking stitches through the net and linen together. Button-hole the lines of overcasting, taking each stitch as close as possible to the one just before it. When this is done, cut away the surplus net on the reverse side, with a pair of sharp scissors, close to the embroidered stitches. With material laid wrong side up over a damp cloth, carefully press the letter.

With some styles of lettering, a very decorative effect may be obtained by embellishing the letter with flower designs, the flowers, leaves, and the letter of net being outlined in satin-stitch. Of course, any other embroidery stitches may be introduced as desired, suitability for size of initial being considered.



In the Hotel Biltmore, New York

Salt's "MERITEX"

At the leading hotels in New York, at the play and opera—wherever the ultra-fashionable woman may be seen, Entire Suits, Coats, Capes and Wraps of Meritex will predominate during Fall and Winter.

Even an expert cannot distinguish Meritex from costly Baby Lamb, yet Meritex garments with all their style and beauty are practical, serviceable and within the reach of modest purses.

Leading manufacturers have produced most exquisite models at astonishingly attractive prices and these may now be seen at the best stores. To appreciate their beauty you must inspect them and make comparisons.

For your protection always insist upon this "Meritex" label in every garment; it insures you against inferior imitations:



We also invite you to inspect garments made of Salt's Arabian Lamb and Salt's Pomoiré.

We will gladly send you samples of any of these materials upon request and refer you to a dealer who can supply you. Many of the best stores are also offering "Meritex" by the yard.

HOUSE OF SALT'S, Inc.
38 East 25th Street, New York City

Photograph of MERITEX Costume

Choice of 1000 Stylish Patterns

A regular 15c dress pattern for 5c and coupon from Baker's Premium Coconut package. Coupon explains—go to your grocer and get a 10c-package of

BAKER'S Premium Coconut

It's ready for instant use. Has fresh, nutty flavor of the whole nut. New recipe book tells how coconut should be prepared for each dessert. Write for it.

FRANKLIN BAKER CO., Philadelphia



Freckles

are "as a cloud before the sun" hiding your brightness, your beauty. Why not remove them? Don't delay. Use

STILLMAN'S Freckle Cream

Made especially to remove freckles. Leaves the skin clear, smooth and without a blemish. Prepared by specialists with years of experience. Money refunded if not satisfactory. 50c per jar. Write today for particulars and free booklet.

"Wouldst Thou Be Fair?"

Contains many beauty hints, and describes a number of elegant preparations indispensable to the toilet. Sold by all druggists. STILLMAN CREAM CO., Dept. 4, Aurora, Ill.



When answering advertisements kindly mention McCALL'S MAGAZINE.



Watch Resinol Soap clear your skin

Try Resinol Soap for a week. You will be gratified to see the improvement in your complexion even in that short time. And it is so easy, too!

Just bathe your face for several minutes with Resinol Soap and hot water, working the creamy lather into the skin gently with the finger-tips. Wash off with Resinol Soap and more hot water. Finish with a dash of cold water to close the pores. Do this once or twice a day, and you will be astonished to find how quickly the healing, mildly antiseptic Resinol medication soothes and cleanses the pores, removes pimples and blackheads, and leaves the complexion clear, fresh and velvety. The same treatment keeps the neck, hands and arms soft and white.

Resinol Soap is not artificially colored, its rich brown being entirely due to the Resinol it contains. Twenty-five cents at all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. For a guestroom size trial cake, write Dept. 38-G, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Agents—New Self-Heating Iron JUST OUT! Burns KEROSENE (Coal Oil) Absolutely Safe



Odorless — Cheapest Fuel Known. Women everywhere want a Kerosene Iron. Low Price Means Quick Sales. Write quick for terms. Big profits. Your territory is open. FREE SAMPLE to Workers.

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By a new successful method you can now learn to play by note, at home, the Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, Cornet, Sight Singing, Cello, and Trombone. Lessons sent weekly for Beginners or Advanced pupils. Introductory Offer NOW OPEN. Write today for FREE booklet. INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE OF MUSIC, Dept. 213, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

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THE DUTIES OF A HOSTESS

What Good Form Demands: A Monthly Department

Conducted by VIRGINIA RANDOLPH

NOVEMBER comes, and with it begins the winter's social season. Every woman has social obligations to fulfill, so I am sure there will be card-parties, dances, and teas before you. Each entertainment brings with it differing duties for the hostess; so let us discuss these problems before you plan your winter's program.

There are certain formalities which every woman who hopes to be considered well-bred must observe when she entertains. First, the hostess must be punctual. Even the best-planned entertainment will lose its savor if the hostess is not ready and smiling when the guests arrive. Then, milady must remember to make no distinction between her guests; the woman we do not like but feel we should invite must be treated as cordially while under our roof as the dear friend who takes us automobiling daily. This is a primary rule of hospitality, as old as civilization.

Another axiom for the hostess is never to overdress. Let one of your guests be the best-dressed woman in the room, and save your most elaborate gowns for festivities outside your own home. And last, but not least, enjoy yourself, or pretend to. Nothing is so ill-bred on the part of a hostess as to show evidences of worry and flurry; so, no matter how badly the dinner turns out nor how naughty the children have been all day, present a smiling front to your guests.

At a formal reception, the hostess has little to do but stand in line all evening. She stands just inside the drawing-room door, the guest of honor at her side, and greets every comer with a cordial welcome. She must not desert her post for refreshments or for rest until the latter part of the evening, when only a few intimate friends are left.

AT an informal afternoon tea, the hostess has a far more sociable time. She often pours the tea herself, remaining seated by the tea-table, with chairs for her guests ranged about her. Under

these circumstances, some friend who is helping her receive greets the guests at the drawing-room door; but the hostess must rise as each approaches the tea-table, and greet her with cordiality. At such small affairs, the guests do not hurry away, as at a reception, but gather around the hostess, who must not neglect to keep the conversation going while passing sandwiches and other simple dainties among her guests.

AT a formal card-party, the hostess receives in the drawing-room, just as at a reception; a maid at the door directing guests to the dressing-rooms. In a maidless house, little Sister can fulfill this duty. When the guests have all assembled, the hostess directs them to their seats, or passes tally-cards if they are playing for prizes. She does not play herself, unless there is some belated

guest whose absence delays beginning the game. When not playing, the hostess takes her seat at one of the tables, and watches the game—without making comments on the play, however, or talking, except during the deals. If there is a stranger present, the hostess should sit by her, at first; but as the evening progresses, she moves from one table to another.

Sometimes, the hostess punches the score cards herself, or she may ask some friend who does not play cards, but whom she wishes to include, to do this



A GOOD HOSTESS SEES THAT EVERY GIRL HAS AN ESCORT

for her. When sufficient time has passed, it is also her duty to stop the play by announcing that the last game is about to be played. This over, she goes from table to table counting the score, while refreshments are being brought in. She distributes the prizes, then takes her place at one of the tables for refreshments, but usually is called away in a short time to bid her guests good-by, which she does standing at the drawing-room door.

At a dance, the hostess receives as at a reception, and, no matter how she longs

[Concluded on page 87]

THE DUTIES OF A HOSTESS

[Continued from page 86]

to be on the floor, she must not dance until the latter part of the evening, after all the guests have arrived. While standing at her post to receive, she must also see that her guests are well cared for. There are no wall-flowers at the home of a capable hostess, and no groups of shy young men timidly hiding in the halls. At supper, she sees that every girl has an escort to attend to her, so that the most unattractive girl has a pleasant time. When the first guest prepares to go, mine hostess must stop dancing and take her stand near the door for farewells.



A HOSTESS MUST BE READY TO SAY GOOD-NIGHT

To be a successful dinner hostess is, perhaps, the greatest triumph of all. The hostess must be in the drawing-room when the guests appear, the meal having been so thoroughly planned that it does not require her personal supervision. When dinner is served, which is almost immediately after the arrival of the guests, the hostess rises, and the host leads the way into the dining-room with the guest of honor, who is to sit at his left. The hostess comes last with the man who is to be seated on her right. She directs the guests to their seats, and takes her own. During the meal, it is her duty to direct the conversation. The shy guest must be made to feel at home, the sensitive guest protected from tabooed subjects. No long silences must be allowed; and before one subject is worn thin, another must be introduced. If the servants make mistakes, they are ignored by the hostess; if a guest meets with a mishap, such as upsetting anything, the hostess must dismiss the matter as utterly trivial. When the meal is over, she rises and leads the way back to the drawing-room. As each guest departs, the hostess must be ready with a hearty good-night, no matter how interested she may be in conversation with another at the time.

Editor's Note.—All of us have been placed at times in some unfamiliar situation which has embarrassed or confused us. "What should I do?" we ask ourselves, and this department is planned to answer that question for our readers. Miss Randolph will be glad to reply to all questions, if a stamped envelope is enclosed.

Our Fall and Winter Fashion Catalogue is FREE!

This Book Will Show You What to Wear



Write For Your Copy Today

If you wish to wear the latest New York Styles and save money on your clothing, be sure to write for our beautiful Fashion Catalogue containing 278 beautifully illustrated pages and showing wonderful bargains in wearing apparel for ladies, misses and children. You will find in this book all the newest styles for this Fall and Winter. Our Catalogue affords you a wonderful opportunity to buy your wearing apparel at amazingly low prices; and it is instructive, too, because it shows you just what is being worn in New York by fashionable dressers. Drop us a postal card today and ask for Catalogue No. 64M. Remember, we pay all mail or express charges on anything you order from us and we guarantee to please and satisfy you in every respect or promptly refund your money.

Real Bargains in Fashionable Apparel for Fall and Winter

1M-65. A Smart Tailored Suit, made of a fine quality all-wool Diagonal Cheviot. Coat is designed in Redingote style, being cut away in front to reveal the skirt, and having a broad stitched belt of self material, fastening with velvet buttons and trimmed with two rows of velvet buttons in back. The cuffs and stylish roll Medici collar are of rich velvet. The model is gathered at the belt in pretty folds and measures 42 inches in length. It is lined to the waist with good quality guaranteed satin. The skirt is made with a yoke extending to the hip line and has a double panel box plait down center of front, as pictured. Colors: black, navy blue, brown or Russian green. Sizes: 32 to 44 bust, 23 to 32 waist, 37 to 44 length. Also to fit misses and small women, 32 to 38 bust, 23 to 28 waist and 37 to 40 skirt length. **Special Low Price, All Mail or Express Charges Paid by Us, \$10.98**

5M-67. A Modish Winter Coat, made of a fine imported Astrachan Cloth. Coat is one of the new Redingote models and is cut to conform slightly to the lines of the figure; it has a wide stitched belt of self material. The lower part is made with a graceful rippling fulness and flares at the lower edge, as pictured. The collar (which may be rolled up or turned down) and the turn-back cuffs are of rich silk Seal Plush. Coat has very wide revers and fastens with two large plush buttons. It is lined with good quality Venetian and measures 49 inches in length. Colors: black, navy blue, brown or Russian green. Sizes: 32 to 44 bust. Also proportioned to fit misses and small women, 32 to 38 bust. **Special Low Price, All Mail or Express Charges Paid by Us, \$9.98**



1M-65
SUIT—\$10.98

5M-67
COAT—\$9.98

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Regular 50c, Double texture 50c, Silk covered 75c, Knockabouts 25c. 3 sizes waist measure, 20, 22, 24. Get the genuine. See the registered Stork trade-mark on the waistband. If your dealer can't supply you genuine Stork Pants, write to

THE STORK CO.
Dept. 6-Z Boston, Mass.



Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Etc.
100 in script lettering, including two sets of envelopes, \$2.50. Write for samples. 100 Visiting Cards, 50c.
C. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1025 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MAKING AN AEROPLANE GLIDER

A Toy for Small Boys

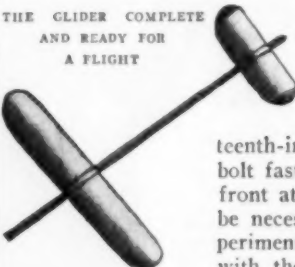
By EVA DEAN

AN AEROPLANE glider that will afford much pleasure for children, in the simple indoor sport of sending it upon flights into the air, may be made by any boy with a little ingenuity.

Examine the diagram carefully. The larger plane, A, is formed from two thin bamboo sticks, each eighteen inches long, which have been steamed over a teakettle until soft and pliable, and then joined together at the two points C and C with strong thread.

The smaller plane, B, is formed by the same process from one stick of eighteen-inch bamboo, with its two ends bound together with thread at D. The plane A is five inches wide, and B is three.

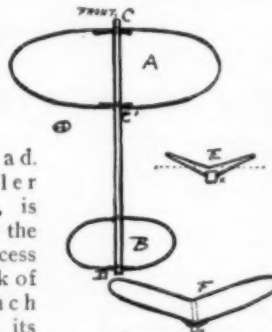
Cover both planes with cloth or paper, sewing the cloth or gluing the paper over the bamboo frame. Then fasten them to the rod, which should be fifteen inches long, and three-sixteenths of an inch square, or it may be a dowel stick one-quarter or three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. The planes must lie flat against this rod at its two extremities.



THE GLIDER COMPLETE
AND READY FOR
A FLIGHT

Weight the glider with a three-sixteenth-inch stove bolt fastened on the front at C. It may be necessary to experiment a little with the placing of this bolt. If the glider "dives", put on a lighter weight; if it "sits on its tail", use a heavier one; or, it may be possible to manage the difficulty by changing position of the bolt.

This glider makes very graceful flights, but it may be made even more successful by bending the larger plane at a slight angle, about fifteen degrees on either side, as shown in F in the cut. To do this, cut a small piece of maple, or some fine-grained wood, an inch or two in length, in the shape E, with a notch three-sixteenths of an inch long in the center to receive the stick. Bind one of these small pieces of wood to either side of the bamboo rim of the frame, as indicated in F. The dotted line shows the position of the stick.



CONSTRUCTION DIAGRAM
FOR AEROPLANE GLIDER



French Twist
Coiffure

Pompadour front of
Nat'l Curly Hair \$2.95
Back finished with 18-
in. 1st Quality Nat'l
Wavy Switch . \$2.95
Both Pieces . . . \$5.75

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Hundreds of newest Paris and London
creations in Hair Goods and Toilet
Articles at guaranteed low prices.
We open accounts with responsible
women everywhere and ship goods
prepaid on approval—no pay unless
satisfied. Selections below are of
splendid quality to match any ordi-
nary shade.

Straight Switches	Wavy Switches
1 1/4 oz. 18 in. \$0.85	20 in. . \$1.45
2 oz. 20 in. 1.25	22 in. . 2.45
2 oz. 22 in. 1.75	24 in. . 3.45
2 1/4 oz. 24 in. 2.75	26 in. . 4.95
3 oz. 26 in. 4.45	30 in. . 7.65
Triple Wavy Switch, 22 in. .	\$3.45
Other sizes and grades .	50c to \$50.00
Natural Curly Pompadour .	2.95
Coronet Braid, 3 oz. Wavy .	3.95
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Rare, peculiar and gray shades cost a
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Largest Mail Order Hair Merchants in the World



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This smart Auto-Hood—a
style hit of the new sea-
son at an amazingly low
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will need it badly in cold
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Handsone, unbreakable, life size,
cloth doll, big as a baby, can
wear baby clothes. Pretty
face with pink cheeks, red
lips, bright eyes and blonde
head. This lovely great
doll can be dressed and
undressed and put to bed
just like a real baby. We
give with it an extra premium
of two pretty 8-inch dolls. All
three dolls given for selling 12
packages Blaine at ten cents
each. Write for Blaine.

BLUINE MFG. CO.
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AGENTS—MAKE \$100 to \$300

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Triplicate Sauce Pan. Cooking
utensil for 3 different foods on one
burner. 400 Specialties—all Wash-
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AMERICAN ALUMINUM MFG. CO.
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This Beautiful Initial Given

TOWEL GIVEN!

Free With Our 25c Embroidery Outfit
(Actual 50c Value - Sent Postpaid)

Lovely! Women cannot repress their delight when they see this dainty Butterfly French and eyelet design (No. 103) stamped for embroidering on this rich-figured Huckaback Towel made of pure white union linen. We make you this princely offer purely to introduce our celebrated R. M. C. Floss. Only send us enough to pay for exact materials necessary to start embroidering at once and to prepay postage—25c in all. You receive—

- 1 Towel as illustrated, size 18x27 inches.
- 1 Diagram Embroidery Lesson, as a guide.
- 1 Alphabet of Transfer Initials.
- 2 Skeins of white R. M. C. Floss.
- 1 Package of Assorted Embroidery Needles.
- 1 De Luxe Premium Art Book picturing 500 exquisite Embroidery Patterns given free for tags saved from Richardson's Floss.

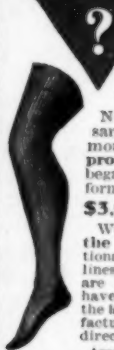
Your 25 cents in stamps returned promptly unless you are delighted with this outfit.

RICHARDSON'S MERCERIZED COTTON FLOSS is noted for its lustre and ease in working. Not affected by boiling—launders beautifully.

Write Today sending us your dealer's name and 25 cents. Then this Towel with entire outfit comes postpaid by return mail. Address without fail—

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Dept. 9068, 305-9 W. Adams St., Chicago
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To educate your children, support a family, pay off a mortgage, buy a home, or dress better? Then do as thousands of others are doing. Make money selling **World's Star Hosiery and Knit Underwear** in your home town.

No previous experience is necessary. We show you how to make money in an easy, congenial and profitable way. Two lady agents began in their home town in California and each made over

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We sell direct from the mill to the home, thereby giving exceptional values for the money. Our lines for men, women and children are famous the world over. We have in 18 years grown to be one of the largest concerns in the world manufacturing and selling knit goods direct to the consumer.

Agents wanted in every town. It is a permanent, pleasant and profitable business. Write today for our free catalog. We protect agents in territory and make prompt delivery.

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AGENTS 100% Profit

Wonderful new shoe scraper and cleaner. Cleans dust as well as mud. Sells the year round. Needed on every doorstep. Enormous seller. W. A. Parker sold 92 in 4½ days—Profit \$10 a day. Write quick for territory and terms and free sample to workers.

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\$1500
a Year

WINTER PRESERVES

By GEORGETTE WATERS

TO SUCCESSFULLY preserve fruit, you must follow these three rules:

First, select only fresh, ripe fruit. No matter how skilful you are, you cannot succeed if you use a poor quality of fruit. Second, sterilize the jars. Your fruit may be of the first grade, may be perfectly prepared, but failure will be the result if the jars are not sterilized. Third, be sure the jars are flawless. Often a small chip on the mouth of the jar will pass unnoticed and will cause the loss of that jar of fruit. Sterilize the lids, be sure they are perfect, and that the rubbers are new.



GINGER PEARS

- 4 pounds Pears
- 2 pounds Sugar
- 1 Orange
- ¼ pound Canton ginger
- 2 Lemons

Wipe, quarter, and remove stems and cores from the pears, and cut them in slices. Cut the ginger in small pieces, add the sugar and lemon- and orange-juice. Cut the orange skin into long, thin strips; add this to the pears, and mix sugar and pears together. Let stand overnight. In the morning, cook slowly for three and a half hours. Fill into small glass jars, and cover with melted paraffin.

Pears that are not perfect for canning whole or in halves may be used to make excellent conserve.

PEAR CONSERVE

- 1 pound Pears
- ¼ pound Sugar
- ¼ cupful Water
- Juice of one lemon

Peel, core, and cut the fruit into quarters. Mix the sugar, water, and lemon-juice. Add the fruit, and let it come slowly to the boiling-point. After it begins to boil, stir constantly. When the fruit begins to darken and break easily, it is done; pour into glasses, and when cold, cover with melted paraffin.

PEAR PICKLE

- 1 peck Pears
- 4 Green peppers
- 8 Medium onions
- 3 cupfuls Vinegar
- 1 teaspoonful Allspice
- 1 teaspoonful Cloves
- 1 teaspoonful Ground ginger
- 2½ tablespoonfuls Salt
- 1 tablespoonful Mustard seed
- 1 cupful Brown sugar

Peel and core the pears. Remove the seeds from the peppers, and chop fine these and the pears. Peel the onions, and

[Concluded on page 91]



Latest Model Upright Grand.

IVERS & POND PIANOS

THIS BEAUTIFUL UPRIGHT pictured above delights every artistic sense. Embodying half a century's experience, it combines charming tone-color with remarkable carrying power, and extreme durability and tune-staying capacity. Its exquisite finish and fine lines, modern to the minute, appeal to discriminating buyers. We build uprights, grands and players, all of but one grade—the highest. Over 400 leading educational institutions and nearly 60,000 American homes now use the *Ivers & Pond*.

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We will personally select for you a beautiful *IVERS & POND* Piano, and ship it for trial in your home (if we have no dealer near you) in whatever State in the Union it may be. Catalogue showing all our latest designs and a personal letter with prices and description of attractive plans for easy payments, mailed free.

Fill out and send this coupon to

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.

149 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Please mail me your new catalogue and valuable information to buyers.

Name _____

Address _____

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Crème de Meridor used regularly keeps the skin free from impurities. When used before and after exposure to weather, painful effects are avoided.

At all stores. 25c and 50c.

Send for sample.

The De Meridor Co.
10 Johnes Street, Newburgh, N. Y.

Gertrude Hayes, popular leading lady, says: "I am pleased to recommend *Crème de Meridor*. I find it excellent to use at all times."



A Woman Said— "I'm going to study stoves before I buy"

**She Sent for the
Kalamazoo Stove
Book—She Saved
a BIG Share of
Her Stove Money**

YOU, too, can make the same sort of saving by the same method. Get the attractive, convenient Kalamazoo Book. Learn how to judge stoves and save money. Get our 30 Day Free Trial Offer—360 Day Approval Test—Easy Payments—surprisingly low prices. Figure out what you'll save by dealing with the factory that makes the stoves.

Ask for Catalog No. 198

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs.
Kalamazoo, Mich.



Send Us Your
Old Carpets
We Dye Them and Weave
Velvety Rugs

Beautiful new rugs in plain, fancy or Oriental patterns—any color you want, any size—totally different and far superior to other rugs woven from old carpets.

Rugs, \$1.00 and Up
Reversible, seamless, soft, bright, durable rugs, guaranteed to wear 10 years. Money back if not satisfied. Every order completed in three days.

You Save 1-2
Your old carpets are worth money, no matter how badly worn.

FREE Write for book of designs in color, our liberal freight payment offer and full information.

OLSON RUG CO.
Dept. A-41 40 Laflin St., Chicago, Ill.

When answering ads. mention McCALL'S

FLANKING THE TURKEY

By ELIZABETH ARMSTEAD

THERE are few housewives who have not their own favorite way of dressing and roasting the Thanksgiving bird; but there always remains the question of what particular dishes shall be chosen to accompany the fowl, and how these shall be prepared for this special occasion. To have something apart from the daily menu, but at the same time to avoid extravagance, is the object of the economical chief of the culinary department. Here are some tempting but inexpensive dishes for flanking your turkey, chicken, or duck:

MOCK CLAM CHOWDER.—Boil two chopped onions for fifteen minutes. Add three medium-sized sliced potatoes, and salt and pepper to taste. When potatoes are cooked sufficiently, add half a pint or more of milk. (For a family of six there should be about two quarts of liquid.) Thicken with three crackers, pulverized. Fry three or four thin slices of pork diced; turn over six or eight split crackers placed in a tureen, after which pour in the contents of the soup kettle. Serve at once.

sweet butter, with which minced gherkins have been mixed. Fill the loaf with the creamed oysters, sprinkle the top with bread-crumbs, and brown hastily in the oven. Garnish with fresh parsley, and serve without delay.

RICE STEAMED WITH PEPPERS.—Use four ounces of rice, one ounce of butter, half a medium-sized green pepper, chopped, one cupful of water, and one teaspoonful of salt. Remove the seeds from the pepper and chop. Wash the rice, put it in the dish with the other ingredients, and steam for one hour over boiling meat.

POTATO PUFF.—Peel and boil six or eight potatoes till tender; mash and season with two tablespoonfuls of butter, and salt and pepper to taste. Add a tea-

cupful of milk or cream, and beat till white and fluffy. Whip two eggs very light, add to potatoes, and mix thoroughly. Put in a baking-dish and brown. Serve immediately.



FOR THE THANKSGIVING BOARD

Mock Clam Chowder
Creamed Oysters in Loaf
Roast Turkey
Creamed Spinach in Sweet Potato Shells
Breaded Turnips
Potato Puff or Rice Steamed with Peppers
Pear Salad
Sweet Raisin Pickle
Cranberries with Dates
Economical Fruit Pudding
Molasses Drop Cakes
Pineapple Mint
Coffee

BREADED TURNIPS.—Choosing solid white or yellow turnips free from blemishes, slice them a quarter of an inch thick, and boil until tender.

CREAMED SPINACH IN SWEET POTATO SHELLS.—Boil half a dozen sweet potatoes, and mash at once. Season with salt and pepper, and add enough rich cream to make a paste like pie paste. Line buttered patty pans with this, and bake in a hot oven until crisp and firm. Remove the shells from the pans, and fill with creamed spinach.

CREAMED OYSTERS IN LOAF.—Bring twelve oysters to the boiling-point in their liquor, and drain. Boil a gill of cream in a double boiler. Rub together a heaping teaspoonful of butter and a rounded tablespoonful of corn-starch, and add little by little to the cream. Put in salt, pepper, and a teaspoonful of grated cheese, stir until it becomes of a thick consistency, then, at the last minute, add the oysters. Take from the fire immediately, and pour into a loaf of brown bread, the top and crumb of which has been removed, and the inside spread with

der. Bread the slices with fine cracker crumbs or rolled bread-crumbs, dip in beaten egg and crumbs, and set in a cool place. When dry, fry a golden brown.

PEAR SALAD.—Place halves of hollowed pears upon lettuce, half a pear to each portion. Fill pears with celery and English walnuts, cut fine and steeped in French dressing; then put a tablespoonful of mayonnaise on each portion before serving, and lay a little ball of cream cheese on the edge of the plate beside it. Use ripe, fresh pears or canned Bartlett's.

CRANBERRIES WITH DATES.—To a quart of cranberries, add half a pound or more of seeded dates, and about half as much sugar as you would without the dates. Cook until soft.

ECONOMICAL FRUIT PUDDING.—Mix well one cupful each of flour, bread-

[Concluded on page 91]

FLANKING THE TURKEY

[Continued from page 90]

crumbs, finely chopped suet, raisins, currants, chopped apples, brown sugar, and molasses, and half a cupful of chopped citron; add one egg, half a teaspoonful of mixed spice, and one teaspoonful of baking-powder. Grease a pudding mold with hot suet, pour in the mixture, and boil for two hours. Serve with drawn butter sauce flavored with nutmeg, lemon, or vanilla.

MOLASSES DROP CAKES.—Mix thoroughly two eggs, one cupful lard, one cupful molasses, and one cupful brown sugar. Add one teaspoonful ginger, one teaspoonful soda in a cupful boiling water, and five cupfuls flour. Drop in small spoonfuls on a greased dripping-pan, and bake in a moderate oven. Do not get the cakes too close together in the pan.

PINEAPPLE MINT.—Make a mint tea the same as you would brew ordinary tea. To half a cupful of the mint tea, add two cupfuls of crushed pineapple with juice, and the juice of two lemons. Sweeten with sugar sirup, and serve over crushed ice with a sprig of green mint.

WINTER PRESERVES

[Continued from page 89]

cut in small pieces. Cover with the vinegar to which the spices, salt, and sugar have been added. Stir well, bring quickly to the boiling-point, lower the fire, and simmer gently until tender. Fill sterilized glass jars, and seal.

CANDIED PEARS

1 cupful Water
1 pound Sugar
Perfect pears which have been peeled and cut in halves

Make a thick sirup by boiling the water and sugar. Drop the pears into this, and let them cook until tender, but not a minute longer. Remove from the fire, and let stand in the sirup for two days. Then take out the halves, drain them, and sprinkle sugar over each piece separately. Dry them slowly in the sun.

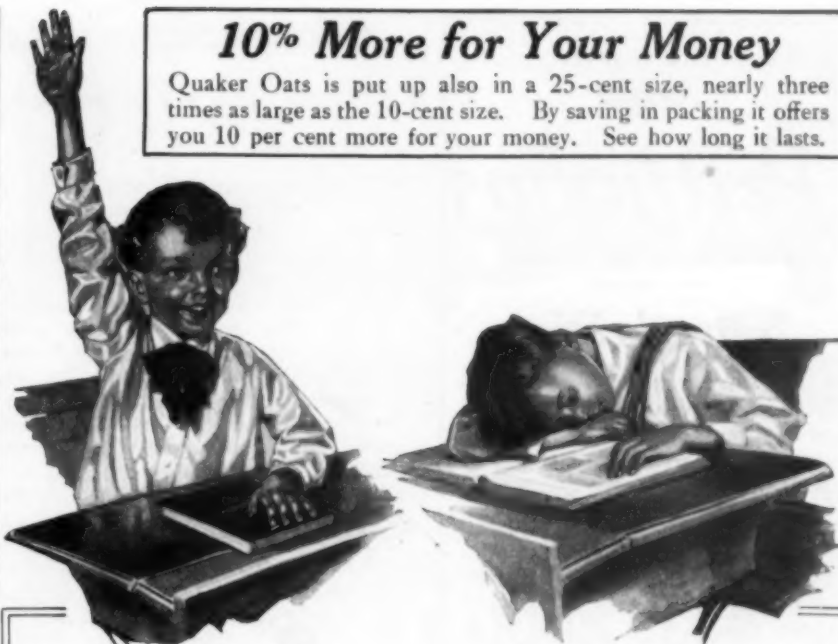
CANNED PEARS

1 cupful Sugar
2 cupfuls Water
8 Pears

Cook together the sugar and water; when boiling, carefully add eight pears which have been peeled, halved, and cored. Cook slowly. Pierce with a silver fork to test, and, when tender lift gently and place in a sterilized jar. When the jar is filled with fruit, pour in the boiling sirup to cover, and seal at once. If desired, a slice of lemon or a small bit of Canton ginger may be added. Bartlett pears are best for canning.

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GAME OF THE KICKED-STICK

An Indian Sport for Our Boys

By EDITH STOW

THE various games of the kicked-stick are to the Indian tribes of the Southwest—particularly the Zuni Indians—what the great sport of baseball is to us. The small Zuni boy coming home from the corn fields, where he has been busily engaged in scaring off crows, kicks a bit of wood before him. Every afternoon, as soon as a pleasant coolness begins to temper the air, the entire male population collects to practise their favorite sport. On the crest of the low hills against the sunset sky, growing boys and stalwart men in groups of twenty and thirty can be seen engaged in stick races. Sometimes the dusk falls before a game



READY FOR THE RACE

is finished; then, the friends of the players make pine torches, and run beside them to illuminate their way. This makes a fantastic scene of flaring lights and shadows, and there are shouting voices and general excitement.

There are several different games of kicking the stick that are worth trying out by the pale-faced American boy. He will find them great sport, and if he and his chums will wear the Indian headbands and choose for themselves Indian names, it will add to the novelty and the fun of this ancient American pastime.

In one particular, the various forms are alike; they are always contests between two players or two groups of players, each of which uses its own stick.

TWO Indian boys will run together for hours at a game which they play as follows: They first decide upon the course, sometimes making it as much as fifty rods long. This may lie through a street or along a stretch of level country at the edge of the village. Two sticks or two small stone-piles are set up, five feet apart, at each end of the course, to serve as goals. Between one pair of these, the two players stand side by side, each poised upon his left foot; his right foot, across the toes of which is laid the stick, is placed a few inches behind, lightly touching the ground. When the cry of "Si!" is given, and the little billets of wood are sent toward the opposite goal, what they receive is not so much a kick as a fling.

Just here lies the difference between the successful and the unsuccessful player. The stick that is merely kicked

(Continued on page 93)

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GAME OF THE KICKED-STICK

[Continued from page 92]

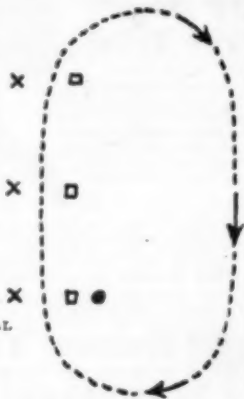
along the surface of the ground stands a chance of being stopped by one of a dozen obstacles. It may strike against a stone lying in the course; it may get tangled in the grass, or run its nose into a pile of heavy dust or sand; but the stick that is sent with a low swoop into the air skims along like a bird, free from interference, and finally drops with a gentle curve far ahead. A champion Indian athlete will send his stick a hundred feet.

THE minute it has left his foot, he dashes after it. His object is not only speed, but to note accurately, while running, where his stick falls, so that he will lose no time in hunting for it. He is not allowed to touch it with his hands, but keeps sending it forward with the foot until at last one of the two gaming-sticks passes between the goal-posts at the other end of the track. Each player carries in his left hand five smooth twigs as counters. The one that first succeeds in making the goal discards one of these.

Lining up again side by side, they place the gaming-sticks in position with their hands, poise themselves alertly for the start, and, at the quick cry, are off once more down the track on the next round of the game. This continues until one player has discarded all of his five counters, becoming the winner.

The kicking-sticks vary from two to five inches in length, and are cut from saplings an inch in thickness. Young growth of oak or willow is often selected. If no sapling is at hand, a section from an old broom-handle will answer nicely. It is necessary that each stick should bear some distinguishing mark by which a player can recognize it at a glance. In a hard-fought contest, it would be no small misfortune to make the mistake of speeding the opponent's stick toward the line. The Indians have two ways of marking a stick: one is to paint it, making the entire stick red or yellow, or giving it a band of red around the center or the ends; the other is to leave the bark on, and carve designs in it.

[Continued on page 94]



COURSE FOR THE GAME OF KICKED-STICK



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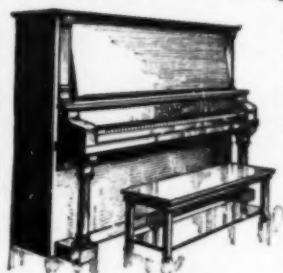
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GAME OF THE KICKED-STICK

[Continued from page 93]

However much fun two boys may have together, the sport is nothing compared with that in a game in which two teams play against each other. From three to six players on a side are considered best, though sometimes the teams run as many as twenty each. When two parties are playing, a circular track is preferred to a straight one. A goal consisting of two sticks or stone-heaps is set up in the plaza of a Zuni village from which the players leave. They make a circuit of a mile or two through the outlying country, enter the village from another quarter, and kick the stick through the same goal from which they started.

When it is impossible to have a circular track, the wood is kicked from one goal to another, after passing through which the team returns, without waiting for a fresh start, by way of the outside of



KICKED-STICKS MARKED IN COLORS

the goal-posts to the place of beginning. Thus, in reality, the course is a circle that has been pulled out to a straight line. Whatever the shape of the track, the manner of playing the game is the same.

Between the goal-posts the two captains wait side by side, each with the kicking-stick of his team poised on his foot. Before them, down the track, stand the other players at certain distances apart, arranged in pairs consisting of a member from each team. The more skilful the athletes, the greater the distances agreed upon in stationing the men. At a signal, the captains give the game-sticks a swinging kick, and then dash at top speed to a position down the line beyond their farthest players, where they are ready to turn and keep an eye on what is happening behind them.

IF A captain has given an unfortunate start-off kick, so that his stick does not pass in front of the first member of his team, he runs forward and gives it a second kick. If, with the first kick, the billet lies in front of the first team-man, it is that person's duty to send it on down the line without a second's loss of time. But, as often happens, suppose the captain sends it flying over the head of his first man, so that it falls before the second; the first, being useless in his present position, races down the track to a place at the head of the line, while the second team-man, before whom the stick is lying, is the one to forward it toward the goal.

[Concluded on page 95]

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GAME OF THE KICKED-STICK

[Continued from page 94]

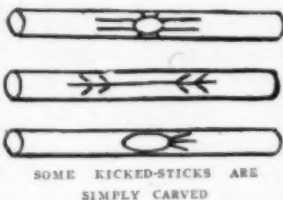
So, there is not the loss of an instant. To a spectator, the little pieces of wood seem constantly in the air, and the men always moving forward to receive them.

In this exciting, constantly shifting scene, it is important for a team to be able not only instantly to identify their own stick, but also the members of their party. This is managed by each group wearing something to distinguish them. Usually, those on one side wear white head-bands to tie back their long hair, and their opponents wear red ones. Into the knot that ties the band, each puts an arrow-head as a symbol of swiftness. A feather or two stuck in between the band and the head is an omen of good luck, and keeps a player as light-footed as a bird.

ASIDE from these, many also wear a belt from which hang sticks, beads, deer bones, and, in fact, anything that will rattle and make much noise. These belts are supposed to help them on to victory by preventing them from falling asleep on the track. This last is a remnant of the red man's belief in bewitchments. The pale-face that watches one of their games, and listens to the tumult of cries that accompanies it can see not the least danger of any one falling asleep, either on the track or anywhere in its neighborhood.

Just before and after planting-time, the great holidays of the tribe, the Zuni Indians hold their big public stick races. The track covered by the racers is then fully twenty-five miles long. Part of the time, it is merely a little, sandy foot-path bordered by weeds. The trail winds through rocky passes, crosses corn fields, and climbs hilltops clothed with sage-brush. The player needs not only skill in giving the stick a long, forward kick, but, also, the ability to aim it accurately, so that it will not fall out of the trodden path. Only when it lodges in a crevice of the rocks from which sandaled feet cannot free it, or when it falls in some stream, are the racers permitted to pick it up and put it back in the trail.

Throughout the entire circuit, the teams are accompanied by a great throng of men yelling with pleasurable excitement, and waving yards of bright colored calico. As many of the spectators as can do so follow on horseback, and the rest run along on foot beside the contestants. It is an inspiring and healthful game and our own boys should add it to their sports.



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LEFT-OVERS

[Continued from page 17]

That was why she was unaware of John Massingberd's proximity, until she walked into him and found herself steadied by a strong arm.

"There's simply no standing, higher up," he shouted. "Let me advise you—why, Miss Jane, is it really you? What in the world are you doing out in such weather?"

Jane drew herself away; warmth stole through her frozen veins; her heart beat so tumultuously that surely he must hear it above the raging of the elements.

"I am going on," she said in a moment, pantingly.

"I'm hanged if you are," responded Massingberd shortly. "At least, not alone."

"Yes, alone," said Jane, thrilling under his masterfulness, yet making a fight. "It's absurd to suppose—"

"I don't suppose—I know," he interrupted. "Up higher it was almost too much for me—a great, broad, hulking chap like me. What chance would you have, a little wisp of a girl?"

"I am as tall as Ariadne," said Jane crossly.

"You don't look it, then; and you're degrees slighter. And, anyhow"—his deep voice took on a deeper tone—"you look tired to death. Didn't you sleep well last night?"

Jane shook her head. She had looked up once, and surprised an expression in his eyes that made it impossible to look again.

"Neither did I," Massingberd said slowly; "not a wink of sleep had I—the first time in all my forty years that I can remember. I wonder why?"

Jane made no comment. She almost wished he would go, and yet she longed to have him remain there, looking down at her, his cap drawn in a penthouse above his intent, searching eyes.

"I think you had a good deal to do with it, Miss Jane."

"Please don't talk nonsense," said Jane desperately.

"Come down the lane," he said suddenly. "Up here there's no hearing one's self speak; and I was coming along to see you, Miss Jane; to ask you a question or two."

Jane's scarf blew out towards him like a banner, the ends touching his breast. He tucked them away inside her coat, his big, gloved hands lingering clumsily over his task.

"To see me?" asked Jane incredulously. "You mean—"

"I mean you," said Massingberd. "You who kept me awake last night, making me do a sum in subtraction all through the long hours. And, I couldn't make twenty from forty-one leave less than that con-founded twenty-one."

"It never could leave less," replied Jane, literally. "And—and—does it matter?"

They had turned their backs on the storm, and, now, forgetting her resolution to mount higher alone, she was walking by his side.

When they reached the comparative calm of the lane, he turned and faced her, his big hands on her shoulders, compelling her to look at him.

"There's such an appalling difference between forty-one and twenty. Thirty would be bad enough, but forty-one—impossible!"

Jane, a red June rose blooming in either cheek despite the December weather, gave her head the faintest shake.

His expression grew less tense.

"Let me put a few facts before you," he said, "and then you shall judge. No doubt it seems to you extraordinarily sudden in a man of my age?"

"What?" asked Jane. But, of course, she knew.

"I'm forty-one years old," went on Massingberd, his hands still on her shoulders. "Think of it, twice twenty, and a year over. A hard man; practical; a struggler from youth up; no fool, though I say it; with the reputation of getting what I want simply by taking the tide at the flood, and seizing my opportunity."

The wind, finding a little cleft in the high hedgerow, blew a wisp of Jane's hair into her eyes. Massingberd put up a hand and smoothed it back with an almost incredible tenderness that made Jane's pulses thrill.

"I'm telling you things now, little Jane, that I've never breathed to a living soul. It seems as if I must have known you all my life."

"I'm glad," said Jane as he paused—"glad!"

The storm roared far above their heads among the tree-tops, but here it was so quiet that Jane's whisper, low as it was, reached his heart.

His strong face softened, and he went on.

"There was one thing I wanted badly and never found, though I saw less successful men than myself secure it. At first, life was too strenuous for me to give a thought to love. But, later, when I'd made my pile and wanted to settle down and marry, love seemed to have no use for me. All the women I met on my way never made my pulses travel at the speed I've heard they're due to travel when the right woman comes along. Yet within me was a vein of sentiment that no one suspected. Are you listening, Jane? I'll soon be at the point of my tale."

[Concluded on page 97]

LEFT-OVERS

[Continued from page 96]

Jane nodded, standing very still.

"I'd almost made up my mind to try for the next best thing, concluding that I wasn't going to be one of Love's chosen few, when suddenly, last night"—his voice grew husky—"She came into my life, a slip of a girl with a rose in her hair, tucked behind her little ear—a girl one and twenty years younger than John Massingberd. I always make up my mind in a hurry, Jane, and I made it up there and then. I said: 'If she'll marry me some day, when she knows me better, I'll be the luckiest man alive.' You're the only one I've ever loved, or ever wanted to marry."

Jane raised her eyes, full of incredulous wonder.

"Are you sure? The only one? In all your life?"

He had her hands in his own now, eyes scanning her face, wondering at its eloquence. Jane gave a little laugh, half sob, full of happiness and amazement.

Here was no love "left-over", but her very own—to take or to refuse, the best and the finest a man had to offer.

Massingberd, who did not understand what was passing through her mind, waited a moment with unusual patience. Then, suddenly, his arms closed 'round her, as if he would hold her against the world.

"Will you marry me, Jane, one of these days when you know me better?"

"Yes," said Jane, with a direct simplicity that matched his own.

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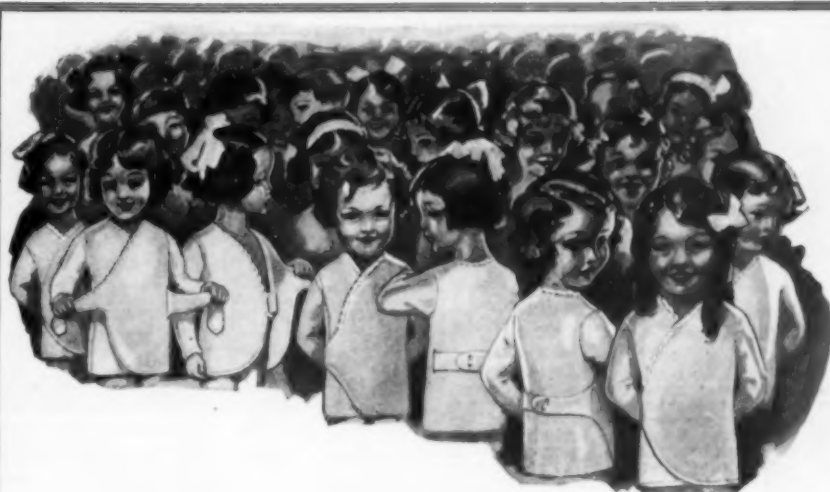
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Two men were delegated to see what was the matter. "What in the world is the matter up here?" asked one of the men, as the door was opened by the new boarder, apparently breathless.

"Why," came the answer between gasps, "I'm taking my medicine."

"Medicine?" echoed the men.

"Yes," said the man, as he dropped into a chair from sheer exhaustion. "It's tougher on me than on you. But the doctor said I should take it two nights running, and then skip the third night."



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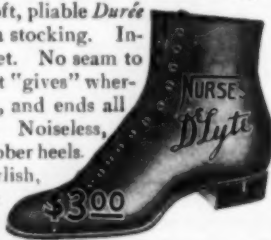
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By JOSEPH H. ADAMS

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An attractive table-lamp may be made from a box six or seven inches square, having a five-inch circular hole cut in the top to receive a lamp of the standard size. In order to admit air to a central draft burner, it will be necessary to make several holes an inch in diameter in the bottom of the box. The sides and top of the box may be stained and given two or three thin coats of shellac, or covered with denim or burlap of any desired color. The fabric may be made fast to the plain wood with liquid glue or strong paste having a little glue added to it.

With an old pair of shears, bands of thin sheet-lead or iron, such as may be purchased at a tinsmith's, should be cut three-quarters of an inch in width, and attached to the upper and lower edge of the box with upholsterer's oval-headed tacks painted black.

A decoration on the plain wood of two sides of the box may be pyrographically burned, and tinted with oil or water-color paint; on a fabric, this or any other appropriate design may be stenciled.

RINGS for handles may be purchased for a few cents each at a hardware store, and attached with screws at two opposite sides of the box. All the metal work, including the wire shade frame and fount, should be painted black. A dead-black-paint for metal may be had at a paint store. Small wooden balls sawed in halves and screwed fast, one under each corner, serve as feet to elevate the box, so that air for combustion may pass through the holes at the bottom.

The lamp fount, burner, and shade frame may be purchased at almost any general store. The frame may be covered with silk or any soft, transparent fabric, over a lining of cambric. The latter should be put on plain, being cut fan-shaped to fit; but the outer covering of silk is more effective if gathered.



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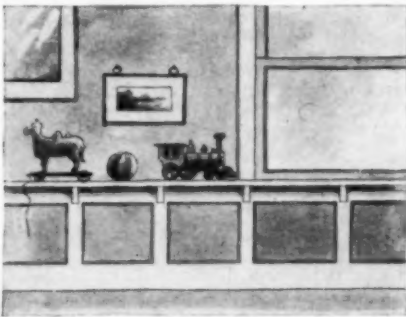
A TOY LEDGE

By JOSEPH H. ADAMS

A TOY ledge is one of the best and most convenient features in a nursery or playroom, and will prove a pleasure to both the children and grown-ups. It may extend part of the way, or all around, the room. If the ledge is placed about the height of the average window-sill, or thirty inches above the floor, it may be most conveniently reached by the child for whose toys it is provided.

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SMALL brackets four inches wide by five inches long are cut from wood and made fast to the facing, one at the top of each upright strip, for the purpose of supporting the ledge, which, for general use, may be seven or eight inches wide and three-quarters of an inch thick. In order to keep the surfaces of the facing, division strips, and surbase even, it will be best to remove the molding from the top of the surbase; also have the facings of wood the same thickness as the surbase, so that when painted there will be no joint to show very noticeably.



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THE CROWNING

[Continued from page 19]

"He knows you, I remember. What was it he called you?"

She blushed a little again. "Jinny—it's a nickname for Virginia."

"I don't like it; Virginia is stately, it sounds Roman, but the other—it doesn't suit you."

"He used to call me that when we were children. I didn't like it, and he did it to tease me."

"Oh, you were children together."

"Yes, playmates."

The King sighed.

"We're the Fairfaxes Your Majesty so nearly visited in Virginia," she said hurriedly; "don't you remember? Billy Knapp wrote to Father to arrange for it; and then, quite unexpectedly, I think, you had to sail for Europe."

He remembered. "And I should have met you then!" he exclaimed.

She smiled. "Yes, sire."

"On what a little thing hangs a man's fate!" he said moodily. "If I had met you then—"

He stopped and Virginia tried wildly to stem the tide. "I wonder Mr. Knapp doesn't come, now, to tell Your Majesty what he thinks of Mirovitch. I told him and the Potters."

"No one can come while I'm talking to you, you know."

Virginia smiled. "I almost forgot you were a king, sire."

"I wish you'd always forget it!"

She colored gloriously. "No, no! I can't—but I'm not so democratic that I can't shout; 'God save the King!'" Then she added quietly; "I think the Princess Olga wishes to speak to Your Majesty."

The King started. "I'd entirely forgotten her!" he said.

On the staircase, going out, Judy Potter whispered to Virginia. "Wasn't he splendid in his uniform? Didn't he receive the Austrian Ambassador finely? What did you think of him?"

"Oh!" cried Virginia, "every inch a king!"

Billy Knapp turned and looked at her. "Don't, Jinny," he said gravely, "don't—he's King!"

The girl blushed crimson. "I don't know what you mean!" she cried indignantly.

CHAPTER VI

When Virginia's dispatch finally reached Vienna, Mrs. Chatfield-Murray was preparing to leave at once, and, as her niece was already too late to reach the steamer, she wired her consent to a longer stay with the Potters in Terek. So, a week later, Virginia wrote a letter to her cousin, Katherine Murray; a letter that was intended to smooth a certain

young war correspondent's path to love and happiness. Thus it may be seen that Virginia bore no ill will.

She was very tired; they had been sight-seeing all the morning, and she had only managed to escape because the Potters were lunching out with friends. Virginia, in a charming negligee, had taken a cup of tea in her rooms and let down all her beautiful hair. It fell around her shoulders in a soft wavy cloak as she leaned on the table and, drawing the ink-stand nearer, began to pen her letter.

Billy is here [she wrote] and looks the picture of woe. Perhaps you know why! It was a shame to flout him for Lord Hemmerstein. I think you know that now. He's such a nice fellow, Katherine. I'm always glad I know him and proud he's here to show them how fine an American he can be. They say the King loves him, and I'm not sure but that I do myself—

Virginia added this touch on purpose. "If she thinks some one else wants him, she'll be sure she does herself," she reasoned, with a wicked little laugh.

She was just planning another coup when some one tapped lightly on her door, and she heard Ellis ushering in Mrs. Potter. Judy wore an elaborate gown and a still more elaborate hat, and looked extremely pretty and very plump and small, like a little fat partridge tucked into the tight-fitting, gorgeous plumage of a humming-bird.

"Good gracious, Jinny, you're not going to take a nap at this hour?"

Virginia laughed. "No; I'm writing letters and resting my head. Sit down, Judy, and tell me about your luncheon."

"Oh, we had fried chicken and asparagus. Von Hillern eats it with his fingers like an Englishman. I suppose it doesn't matter, as long as he's so fond of the King. What beautiful hair you have, Jinny!" she added irrelevantly; "it's an exquisite color. I never saw anything just like it except amber."

"Ellis takes wonderful care of it; I think it's grown a foot."

"Ellis is splendid, but—" Mrs. Potter looked guiltily over her shoulder and lowered her voice—"don't you think she's rather chilling? Of course, I know she's invaluable, those terrible straight-sided women always are. They're as reliable as slabs of granite. My Susie isn't; she's perfectly worthless now, for she's in love."

"How inconvenient!"

"Isn't it? You'd never think it possible, either, if you could see him! He has long yellow whiskers, just like a whisk-broom and positively warlike eyebrows. Yet she's head over ears in love! I believe it's just because he's called Nikolas Rassinsky and waits on the Prime Minister."

[Continued on page 101]

Xmas
1914

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50¢

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THE CROWNING

(Continued from page 100)

"Oh, does he? How interesting! Do you suppose he knows anything, Judy?"

"If he does, he'll tell it, my dear. He simply can't keep his mouth shut—it goes from ear to ear. Jinny, do you really think you've fooled Mirovitch?"

"I hope so. You know they've stopped his Russian letters and examined them. Only that one telegram got through, and that must have been about something else. But it can't last much longer. I—I hope it won't!" she added, her face flushing a little. "I—well, to tell you the truth, Judy, I don't like it, because I think the Princess says things to me she wouldn't say if she knew who I was."

"What things?"

Virginia hesitated. "Just little things."

Judy Potter gazed at her thoughtfully. "Jinny, Putney wants to leave day after to-morrow and sail on the 'Ruric'."

Virginia did not answer for a moment, but put her hand out mechanically and moved the inkstand; as she did so her lovely hair fell forward, shading her face.

"Are you going, Judy?"

Mrs. Potter touched her arm. "Jinny, do you want to go?"

There was a little silence. "Perhaps I do," she answered in a low voice, "perhaps I'd rather go; but, Judy, I promised to be at the King's ball."

"Then we'll stay!" Judy's face flushed. "I want to stay myself. Jinny, you'll be able to tell your grandchildren how you played a part here and a king fell in love with you."

"Nonsense, Judy! What is it, Ellis?" she added quickly, turning her head sharply as the maid entered, tall and frigid. "Count Mirrorfits to see you, Miss Virginia."

"Count who?" Judy Potter cried.

"She means Mirovitch," Virginia explained, in a quick aside, and then to Ellis: "Say I'll be down immediately, and then come back and help me."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Potter, "I couldn't think what she meant. What do you suppose he wants, Jinny?"

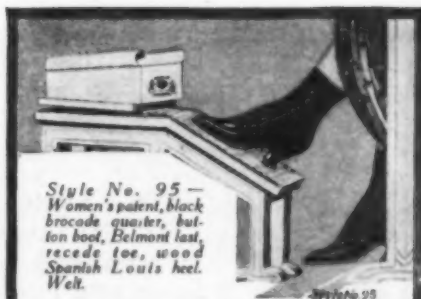
"Heaven knows!" said Virginia, struggling with her heavy hair. "Judy, do please help me find my hairpins—a conspirator leads a dreadful life!"

"It must be something important!" Mrs. Potter was excited. "Do you want those long ones with the amber tops? Oh, Jinny, what a lovely gown! I haven't seen that before."

"I got it at St. Petersburg. There's Ellis—did you give my message?"

"Yes, Miss, I did, and he's prancing up and down like a wild tiger, and the man that's keeping company with Mrs. Potter's maid is in the hall outside."

(Continued on page 102)



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Royal Granite Enameled Ware

THE CROWNING

[Continued from page 101]

"Poor Susie!" Judy laughed. "You see, Ellis, these foreigners are so fascinating!"

"Yes, m'm." Ellis was hooking up Virginia's gown, her face immovable. "He looks right nice in that green and black kimono of his, and the peaked hat, but she wouldn't think as much of him if she saw him in America, sitting up on a rag-cart buying bottles. That's what he'd be doing where I come from, Madam."

Virginia left Mrs. Potter laughing, but she herself did not laugh. She was thinking of the strange rôle she had been playing for ten days, the rôle of the King's agent; Mirovitch would call it the King's spy. Yet she was glad to feel that, perhaps, her warning had meant Rupert's safety. But now—she must go home, back to the America she loved, and the King—he would marry the Princess Olga.

She was very pale when she entered the little room where she had first seen Mirovitch, and even that hardened old sinner thought her supremely lovely; a slender girl in a clinging robe of black and gold, her white brow framed with glorious hair and her eyes a little haughty and grave. She held out her hand, and the Prime Minister bowed low over it.

"Countess," he said briefly, "I have a letter from Russia."

She started slightly, but he gave her no time to reply.

"It's from the Grand Duke's aide; you remember Count Hitrof? He writes a request that the Countess d'Espinac see the Princess as soon as possible and question her. He believes that she'll tell you, as one woman to another, her real mind. It's thought she'll prefer the Russian marriage."

Virginia colored. "I don't think that she—or any woman—would tell me that, Count Mirovitch! That question belongs to the Grand Duke himself."

The Prime Minister smiled. "Madame, don't you see he's asking it through you?"

Virginia hesitated. What could it mean? Had he really a letter, or was it all a ruse to test her? Was it possible that the Countess d'Espinac had not even told her sister of her change of plans?

"I think he'd better ask it himself," she said.

"And force the King's hand? No, Countess, that's impossible; not now—we want the Princess on our side. It remains for you to win her."

"I?" Virginia's blush deepened. "What can I do?"

"Prevent the betrothal," said Mirovitch warmly; "plead the Grand Duke's cause with the Princess. As for the King"—the old man smiled grimly—"permit me to congratulate you, Madame, on your

[Concluded on page 103]

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THE CROWNING

[Continued from page 102]

wit and skill; it's plain that you can persuade him to delay."

She drew back haughtily. "I'll have nothing to do with it!" she cried.

He saw that he had gone too far.

"Let us leave the King out, then," he said hurriedly. "Will you see the Princess now? My carriage is here, and Her Highness has consented to the interview."

Virginia hesitated; her impulse was to refuse but she recalled her promise to Rupert. She must temporize.

"Send your carriage to-morrow morning, Count; if I decide to go, I will then. If not, the coachman will tell you."

"Countess, I beg of you—for your own sake, for mine, for the Grand Duke's! These instructions are plain. I think, too, that the Princess will listen; they saw she doesn't like the King's open neglect. You'll go, Madame?"

"Perhaps."

The Prime Minister began to pace the room; he almost wrung his hands. "Madame, I offended you—forgive me! Go, I entreat, for the Grand Duke's sake."

Virginia paused. "Send the carriage to-morrow, Count, and—if I think well of it to-night—I'll go."

"That can't be, Madame; surely, you see it? Her Highness expects you. I beg, I implore! I can't think you want to force the issue; I'm holding the others back now, keeping the climax off the King, but—if you don't go to-night—he shrugged his shoulders—"it will be thought the Grand Duke is trifling with us."

He was watching her face, saw the change in it and played his trump card. "They won't touch the King now, if they can make the Princess consent to the Russian marriage."

Virginia stood still. "Why?" she demanded.

"Because then we'd have every card in our hands; we'd soon uncrown him."

"And if I fail to-day?"

"He must go. But you won't fail! Madame, permit me to hand you to the carriage."

"I go alone, Count?"

"Absolutely."

Virginia ran up-stairs, dashed off a note to Billy Knapp, and gave it to Ellis.

"Watch for Mr. Knapp in the corridor, and give it to him the moment he comes in. It's a business matter," she said.

"And give my cloak—the long one—and the Countess d'Espinac's bag."

Ellis found it; and Virginia slipped her hand into it and took out the pistol, hiding it in the long pocket of her mantle. A moment later Mirovitch helped her into his carriage and, directing the coachman to drive to the Princess Olga's residence, stood bare-headed as it left the courtyard.

[Continued in the December McCall's]

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ELLA L. BLAIR—LAWMAKER

[Continued from page 16]

eager to carry back to the women throughout the State the message of the new health, eager to learn all the wisdom she can from these men who have spent their lives learning of just such matters, and then to gather her forces together to "spread the news".

There is hardly a community in the State, now, that has not its Woman's Club, and this year, although the Council has only been in existence during 1914, it is expected that, as a result of Mrs. Blair's connection with it, every one of these will have a health program, from which committees on clean milk, clean streets, clean and healthy babies, sanitation, will emanate, to scrub taintless and germless their particular community. The infant welfare stations, to one of which Baby Joseph owed his life, and which are starting up all over the state, are instituted in many cases by the regular machinery of the health department, but as very few village boards will appropriate sufficient funds to carry them on, it has been the woman's clubs, newly awakened to interest in health matters, that have subscribed the rest of the fund.

It must not be assumed that Mrs. Blair's educational work is her only mission on the Council. She has her share of the work as a "lawmaker", just as much as the other five members. When the Council first convened, certain health matters in the State needed urgent attention, and Dr. Biggs assigned these to each member for investigation and possible remedies. To Mrs. Blair was given the task of discovering remedies for the evils of the common drinking-cup and towel, of expectoration, and of the unlicensed midwife.

Probably every one has ideas as to what should be done with these problems, yet none of us would care to suggest them off-hand to a legislative body as a solution to stand for all time. It meant weeks and months of study and investigation before Mrs. Blair could submit her recommendations to the Council. She read all of New York State's laws on the subjects, and the various local ordinances; she wrote to every State in the Union for copies of their laws; she interviewed numerous doctors; she conferred with the expert investigator the Carnegie Foundation had sent to Europe to study just such matters; and finally, she made up her report, and her recommendation as to what would be the best and safest measures to take. The whole body of the Council, of course, had to deliberate on the report she submitted, just as she has to give her vote when some other member submits his recommendations, and there were probably many suggestions and many criticisms; but, in substance the health law on these subjects in

the State of New York will be primarily the work of Mrs. Blair.

These particular recommendations, in which Mrs. Blair had so intimate a part, have not yet been published, but the first two chapters of the Sanitary Code, the name by which the health laws made by the Council are to be known, and which deal with regulations for cleansing and disinfection, are already out, and results are beginning to show. As an instance:

Young Jamie Maguire, who lived on a dairy farm up in the north of the State, was taken sick with diphtheria. He had a particularly bad case, and was kept off by himself in an isolated wing of the house, with only his mother to nurse and care for him. In the course of time, however, he began to feel better, and was soon walking around again, and able to get out to play. Jamie said he felt all right, and the doctor in charge pronounced him well; but, curiously, after he had been about a few days, various other members of the household began to come down with diphtheria, first one and then another, until, finally, six of them were in bed.

Jamie, because many of the helpers were ill, assisted in milking the cows so that the milk could be sent out to the surrounding country as usual. And then it was that the State's new health machinery, which the Council had helped to energize, was set in motion. The local health officer knew all about the conditions, and, under ordinary circumstances, if he had considered the milk uncontaminated, there would have been no court of appeal. But, now, the Council has decreed that the "minimum period of isolation [for diphtheria] shall be extended until two successive negative cultures have been obtained from the nose and throat at intervals of twenty-four hours". And its decree is a law which may not be violated! It had not been done in Jamie's case, because the physician in charge thought such "new-fangled" notions unnecessary. The result was sufficiently disastrous, and might have been more so if it had not been for the sanitary supervisor, who might be said to be the Council's policeman, and who had been summoned by neighbors when the local authorities proved inadequate.

These sanitary supervisors were brought into being by the recommendations of the same commission that created the Council, when it advised that the State be divided into twenty sanitary districts with a supervisor over each one; but it has been the Council that has decided on what qualifications they must have, and, to a certain extent, just what they shall do. Each township and hamlet must have its local health officer, as

[Continued on page 105]



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ELLA L. BLAIR—LAWMAKER

[Continued from page 104]

before; but, now, instead of having to answer only to their respective villages, they have to demonstrate their efficiency to the State, as well, under the supervision of this State officer. If it were not for these supervisors, Mrs. Blair's task would be much harder, as they not only see that the routine health work of their counties is well done, but work for constructive health work and legislation of every kind. They act as the pioneers for the forward movement of the woman's clubs.

How this militant health legislation has worked can hardly be decided yet, as the first supervisors were only appointed in May, and in September there were still seven districts without any, because of there being no available men in the communities capable of passing the strict civil-service rules the Council has laid down; but the results obtained by Dr. L. W. Hubbard, the supervisor for Westchester and Putnam Counties, are more or less typical. Birth and death registration in this district have been stimulated to a high degree of perfection, so much so that in checking one community, chosen at random, only one baby was found unregistered; three infant welfare stations have been established; local ordinances for clean milk have been passed in several places; and half-way steps have been taken in many others for sewerage villages which, before Dr. Hubbard's arrival, were entirely content with their present unsanitary condition.

With a State supervisor in charge, not only families can be reached, as in Janie's case, but whole villages spanked into speedy obedience, where before it was more or less a matter of the individual citizens caring enough about sanitary conditions to propel their community into action.

In Dr. Hubbard's district, for instance, there is a thriving town which, early in his incumbency, had one very unsanitary street, of which it remained sublimely and steadfastly unconscious. This street was opened up three years ago with a sewer at one end which had no outlet but the ground. The street was accepted in that condition by the village and thirteen houses built upon it. For some time, the thirteen distressed householders had been making urgent appeals for help to the local health officer, who did his best to get the village trustees to appropriate the necessary money to remedy conditions, but nothing was done. Then, all at once, Dr. Hubbard, in making the rounds of his district, discovered the situation. He asked for an explanation, and the trustees had a very good one to give: they intended to build a large trunk sewer

[Concluded on page 106]

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ELLA L. BLAIR—LAWMAKER

[Continued from page 105]

shortly which would take care of that whole district, and, in the meantime, did not want to waste their money on any temporary measure. This, however, did not satisfy Dr. Hubbard, who told them that certain protective measures would have to be taken at once. They promised docilely, and Dr. Hubbard went on his rounds. Some weeks later he returned to find nothing done. This time, the town was notified that if it had not begun work by the following Monday, the matter would be taken up with the department at Albany. There was no room for wondering whether the work should or could be done. With a big State so close at its heels the element of choice was removed.

It is in situations like this that the women's clubs can be of inestimable service. What escapes the eye of the sanitary inspector must come under the notice of one or more women in any town which is violating health laws; with their interest and intelligent co-operation assured, the sanitary inspector will be promptly advised, the machinery of the State set in action, and the public health conserved.

That in New York State this interest and co-operation will be given by every woman's club within its borders, that they will back up the work of the sanitary supervisors and the local health officers with money, where needed, with public opinion, and educational propaganda, is assured by the presence upon the Council of Health of a woman who will keep them informed of every change in the health regulations of the State, who will call their attention to particular abuses which should be done away with, and upon whom they can rely to carry back to the Council word of additional reforms, which from their observation and the needs of their community, seem necessary.

A HINT FOR KNITTERS

By ELMA IONA LOCKE

Keep several small, new corks in your knitting-needle box; you will find them very useful. When doing such a wide piece of work that the stitches are too numerous for the length of the needle, place a cork firmly on one end of each needle, which will keep the stitches from slipping off, and it does not add to the weight of the needle. This is much more convenient than working with an extra needle. Also, a pair of larger corks are very handy to use as needle protectors in the work-bag. Place the pair, or set, of needles in use, side by side, and put a cork firmly on each end of the bunch, and the needles will be in no danger of working through the bag, and getting lost, or of dropping the stitches.



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The Rat! He lives in filth—is alive with germs—swarms with vermin. He infects your meat, poisons your food—and thus transmits fatal diseases. Get him before he gets you! Use

The New Poison in the Tube

—Rat Biscuit Paste—just squeeze a little on any bait—it spreads itself—simple, easy, sure. No odor; rats die in the open. 25c and \$1 tubes at any druggist's or general store, or direct from us postpaid. Money back if dissatisfied.

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For Mice, Roaches, Waterbugs, too.



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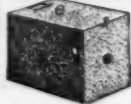
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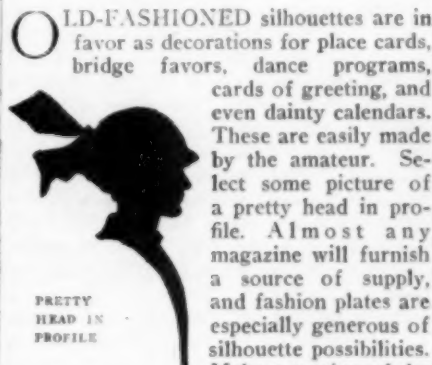


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THE RETURN OF THE SILHOUETTE

By EVA DEAN



PRETTY HEAD IN PROFILE

OLD-FASHIONED silhouettes are in favor as decorations for place cards, bridge favors, dance programs, cards of greeting, and even dainty calendars. These are easily made by the amateur. Select some picture of a pretty head in profile. Almost any magazine will furnish a source of supply, and fashion plates are especially generous of silhouette possibilities. Make a tracing of the head you select and transfer it to black or colored paper; cut out very carefully, and paste it on the card you have chosen to use for a background. You can add a great deal to its attractiveness by framing the silhouette in a strip of the same paper from which it was cut. This frame may be round, oval, or square, as desired.

FOR a calendar, cut the card for your background an oval shape, and after the silhouette is in place, glue the card to a ribbon of the same color, fastened, fob fashion, to a crocheted ring, which will serve as a hanger. A small calendar just a little wider than the ribbon is glued to the ribbon about an inch below the silhouette.

By experimenting a little, very effective things may be made by combining papers of different colors. Silhouettes as favors for children's parties may be given a touch of humor by accentuating the particular features of familiar characters, such as Little Red Riding Hood, with a black wolf; Bo-Peep, or any of the more up-to-date and popular doll figures. An imitation of an old cameo may be made by putting a white figure on a soft brown background. An oval of this sort, framed in a strip of gold paper, would be a pleasing decoration for cards to accompany gifts. Should you have a good profile photograph of yourself, your friends would appreciate a silhouette cut from that, and it would give a personal touch to your gift-card. Several may be cut at once.



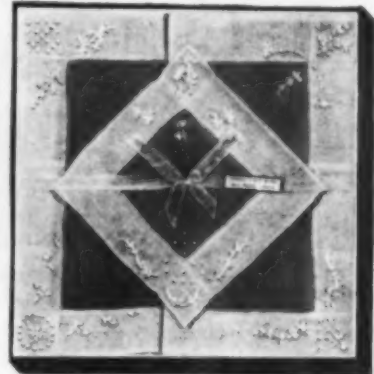
A SILHOUETTE CALENDAR



AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH MAY BE TRACED

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HOW TO MAKE SIMPLE DESKS

By A. E. SWOYER

THE advent of the so-called "mission" furniture has not only relegated the hair-cloth sofa and the Louis Fourteenth abominations to the background, but has developed a type whose strength and simplicity peculiarly adapt it to home construction. With due care in the selection of a proper wood, and proper attention to the final staining and waxing, the mere tyro can make pieces which will compare favorably with those he might buy, nor need he go to great expense for tools or materials.

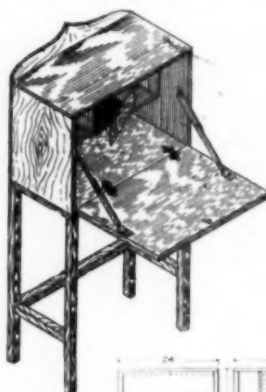
In certain types designed for cottage or bungalow use, a certain amount of beauty may be sacrificed to the cause of utility, or the craftsman may so elaborate them as to make the pieces more attractive.

A table desk (see illustration) is a simple type, very popular for den or living-room. In making this, the top and legs should first be assembled, after which the end shelves and crosspieces may be put on; it is to be noted that the book shelves have notches one and one-half inches square cut from the outer corners, in order that they may fit snugly up around the legs. It is a simple matter to fit the drawer, as the work already done will hold the frame of the table rigid, and allow any errors so far made to be corrected. The drawer is made in the usual

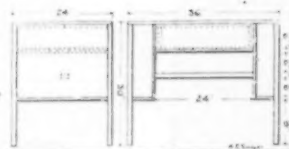
manner, but having the addition of a top twelve inches wide which is hinged to a two-inch strip. This hinged top must rest flush with the edges of the drawer when lowered, which is accomplished by fitting two blocks in the drawer corners. The piece which supports the drawer being fitted and nailed in position through the shelf backs, the table desk is ready for finishing by staining and waxing. It is to be noted that the drawer pulls out from either side, one side providing a desk surface, but, if opened the other way, an ordinary open drawer is disclosed. If care is used in fitting the drawer properly, so that it is rigid when extended, the table desk is a very satisfactory piece of furniture.

A desk with a drop-leaf is designed to furnish the utmost compactness (see illustration). It may be made either with or without legs; in the latter case it is screwed firmly to the wall with the drop-leaf twenty-nine inches from the floor. As it is only twelve inches deep, it is apt to tip forward in use unless the back is screwed to the wall; if a movable desk is desired, the same design may be followed and the depth increased to eighteen inches or two feet. The construction is very simple, the supports for the drop being the only item requiring explanation. They may be chains of the right length fastened to the drop and to the sides of the desk with screw eyes, or they may be made of strips of brass; in the latter case, the pieces are riveted loosely in the middle to form a hinge, and, with a pair of pliers, the ends of the lower strips are twisted over at right angles, in order that they may be screwed to the drop. The compartments may be arranged to suit, and the middle compartment fitted with a door instead of the drawer usually seen; this is easier to make, and gives the desk a unique appearance.

One of the most simple styles is a plain desk or writing table with a flat top, a drawer, and an open rack for stationery. As this desk is small, the top being but eighteen by twenty-four



DROP-LEAF
DESK EASILY
MADE



SIMPLE
TABLE DESK

inches, the legs are set flush with the corners

in order to provide the maximum room for a person to be seated comfortably. A glue-and-nail construction may be used throughout, with the exception of the bottom braces, which should be mortised into the legs. The drawer slides upon a pair of cleats, the knob being either purchased or made from a bit of hard wood or a good-sized spool, a bolt run through it and the front of drawer, being fastened inside latter with bolt and washer.

For one not familiar with carpentry, it may be stated that suitable wood rarely

[Concluded on page 109]

HOW TO MAKE SIMPLE DESKS

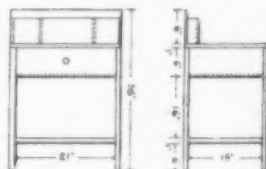
[Continued from page 108]

comes in widths great enough to allow making the desk tops of one piece; they must be made up of two or more strips. These should be glued together at the edges and left to dry for twenty-four hours under pressure and upon a perfectly flat surface. Better still, use dowel pins

together with the glue. All nail heads should be countersunk and the holes filled with putty before staining; also the wood must be sand-papered smooth and clean before applying the finish.



A WRITING TABLE
FOR YOUR OWN
ROOM



MATERIAL LIST

TABLE DESK—			
Top	1 piece	36 in. x 24 in.	x 1 in.
Shelves	2 "	24 " x 21 "	x 1 "
Drawer	1 "	24 " x 5 "	x 1 "
"	1 "	24 " x 6 "	x 1 "
"	1 "	24 " x 22 "	x 1 1/2 "
"	1 "	22 " x 5 1/2 "	x 1 1/2 "
"	1 "	12 " x 22 "	x 1 "
"	1 "	22 " x 2 "	x 1 "
Drawer rest	1 "	24 " x 24 "	x 1 "
Brace	1 "	24 " x 2 "	x 2 "
Legs	4 "	20 " x 1 1/2 "	square
One pair hinges and two drawer handles			

DROP DESK—			
Top	1 piece	24 in. x 15 in.	x 1 in.
Back	1 "	22 " x 24 "	x 1 1/2 "
Sides	2 "	17 " x 14 1/2 "	x 1 "
Bottom	1 "	24 " x 14 1/2 "	x 1 "
Drop	1 "	23 " x 17 "	x 1 "
Legs	4 "	20 " x 1 1/2 "	square
Braces	1 "	22 " x 1 1/2 "	"
"	2 "	13 " x 1 1/2 "	"
Partitions, 2 pr. hinges, 2 knobs, chain for drop			

WRITING TABLE—			
Top	1 piece	18 in. x 24 in.	x 1 in.
Comp'tm'ts	1 "	24 " x 6 "	x 1 "
"	1 "	24 " x 4 "	x 1 "
"	3 "	4 " x 3 "	x 1 1/2 "
Sides	2 "	15 " x 6 "	x 1 "
Drawer	2 "	21 " x 6 "	x 1 "
"	1 "	18 " x 21 "	x 1 1/2 "
"	2 "	18 " x 6 "	x 1 1/2 "
Legs	4 "	30 " x 1 1/2 "	square
Braces	2 "	16 " x 1 1/2 "	"
"	1 "	22 " x 1 1/2 "	"
Cleats	2 "	18 " x 1 "	"
Knob for drawer			

The finish depends largely upon the kind of wood used. If the material is oak, chestnut, or other wood having a decided grain, any of the stains or dyes are appropriate. The piece is then finished by a coat of wax well rubbed in, not only to bring out the grain, but to preserve the finish already applied. On the other hand, if the wood used is of poor quality, then a coat of paint or enamel should be used to cover defects.

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IF YOU KNEW how very little effort and time are needed to get a few subscribers (renewals count the same as new) for McCall's MAGAZINE and thereby obtain some present that you have wanted for so long—

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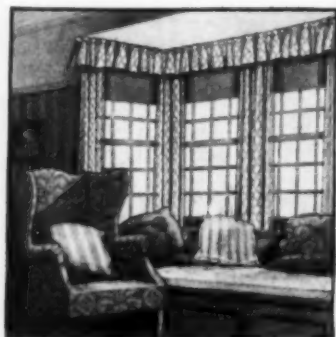
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OUR HOUSEKEEPING EXCHANGE

Conducted by HELEN HOPKINS

STAINS ON EGGS.—When shipping eggs, it is necessary to have them clean and white if you wish to obtain the best prices. This can be done by placing the stained eggs in a basin which contains two cups of water, one of vinegar and a dessert-spoonful of salt. Allow the eggs to remain in this only long enough to remove the stains, then rinse in clear water. If left in this solution too long, the shell will become thin and break easily.—N. L. G., Cholame, California.

SAND IN VASES.—If you want to prevent your valuable vases from toppling over and breaking, fill them with sand. They will gain so much stability that only a blow can knock them over.—G. E. N., Aztec, New Mexico.

TO HANG A SKIRT.—I punch a hole in the top of the neck on my dressmaker's form, put a loop of cord through, and hang it on a link in a doorway so that the waistline is the same distance from the floor as my own waist. I can then put my skirts or petticoats on it and hang them with the greatest ease.—Mrs. J. R. M., Caldwell, New Jersey.

DISHWASHING WISDOM.—While spending the day with a friend on a farm last summer, I noticed a clever little arrangement of hers in washing dishes. The water was piping hot, as it should be, and in the middle of the dish-pan she set a small deep pitcher full of hot suds for the silver. This obviated the need of plunging her hand down to the bottom of the dish-pan, as I have always done, and also kept the silver from collecting grease.—Mrs. M. S. H., Dorchester, Massachusetts.

RUSTY NEEDLES.—The best way to clean rusty needles is to run them up and down in the earth. Have the needles threaded, so there will be something to catch hold of to extract the needle.—Mrs. J. J. O'C., Washington, D. C.

PARAFFIN OIL.—For cleaning, dusting, and polishing materials, pure, plain paraffin oil is excellent. It may be procured at almost any paint shop at about

thirty cents a quart. For smooth surfaces, apply with any kind of cloth. Use a brush for carvings and ornaments. It quickly covers scratches and removes dust with the least amount of rubbing. It does not collect dust like most oils. It cleans and brightens any wood.—I. H. W., Hot Springs, Arkansas.

AN INEXPENSIVE HOUSE-PLANT.—If you wish a California date-palm as a house-plant, plant the seed of one of the ordinary dried dates. I have two beautiful palms which were obtained in this way.—L. C., Salem City, Indiana.

TESTING OVEN.—To test an oven, use a bit of white paper. If it burns, the oven is too hot; if it turns a delicate brown, it indicates pastry heat; for cake it will be dark yellow; and light yellow shows the proper heat for biscuits and sponge cake.—E. W., Spain, South Dakota.

STAINED GRANITE PANS.—When your granite pots become stained, they may be cleaned by boiling in them a solution made as follows: Boil three pounds sal-soda in a gallon of water for five minutes, or until dissolved. Add one pound chloride of lime which has been softened in cold water. Boil ten minutes, cool, add half a teacupful of strong vinegar and allow it to settle. Decant the liquid, and it is ready to use. Keep it in glass jars and use again and again.—D. H., Littleton, Colorado.

TO CLEAN A RAIN COAT.—Sponge with a mixture of ether and alcohol to which has been added a little ammonia.—L. M. T., Waverly, New York.

Editor's Note.—If you have discovered how to do some one thing just a little better than your neighbors, let us hear about it. We pay a minimum of twenty-five cents for each available contribution, and fifty cents for such as are one hundred words or more in length. Contributions copied from books or other publications cannot be accepted. No manuscripts can be returned, but those not used and paid for will be destroyed.



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CONGOLEUM

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